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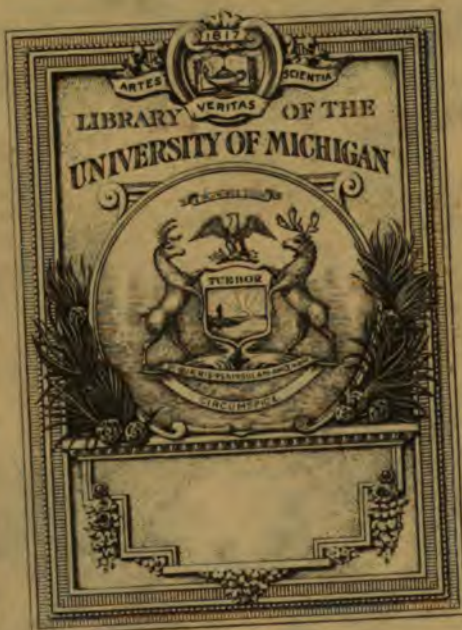
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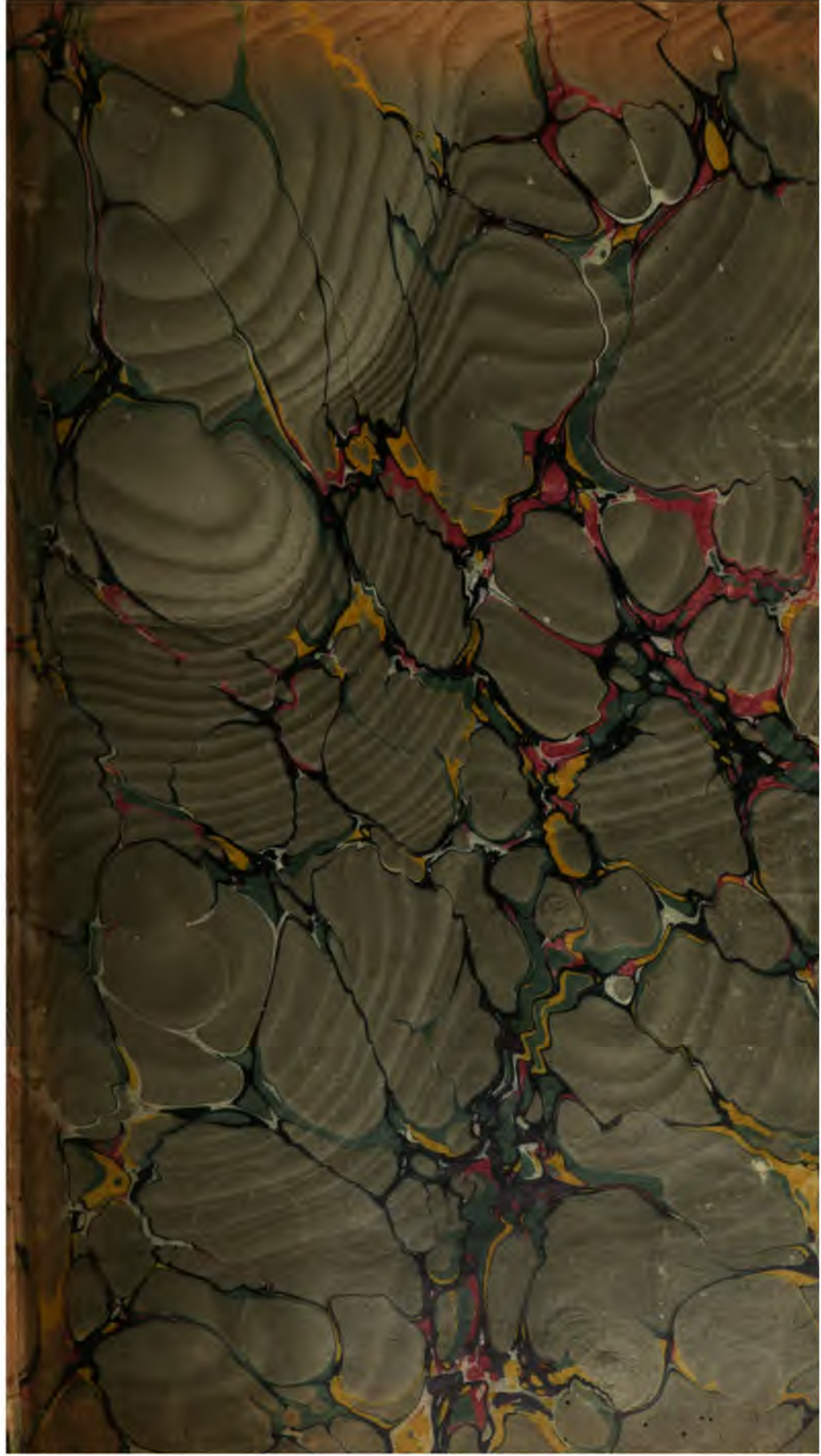
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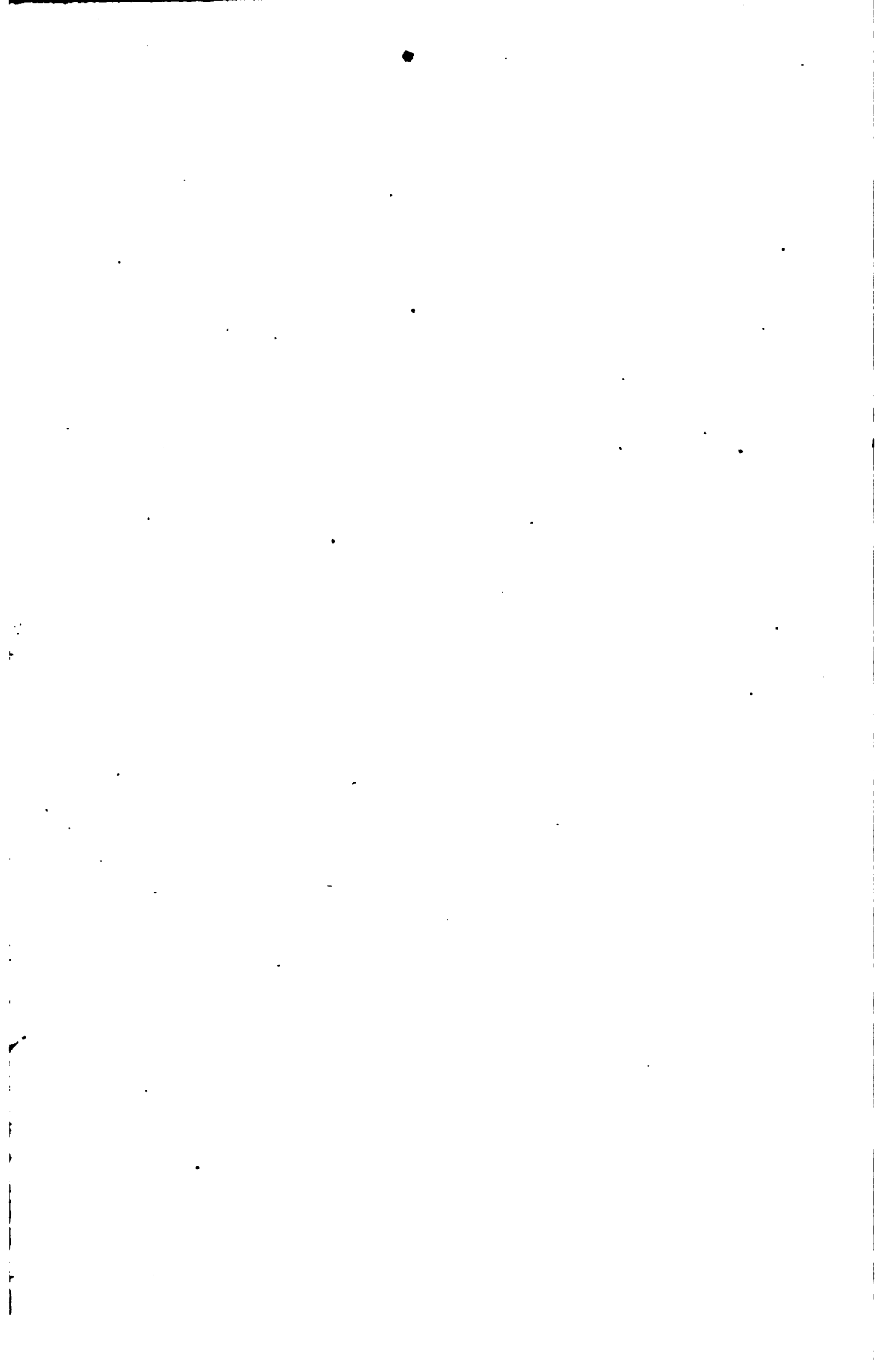


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The Tiger Hunt
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THE
LADIES' COMPANION,
and literary expositor.
A MONTHLY

MAGAZINE,

EMBRACING

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.

EMBELLISHED WITH

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, HARP, AND GUITAR.

VOLUME II.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER, 1838.

Original.

THE TIGER HUNT.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE day broke over a green and luxuriant valley of Hindostan, with a sudden glory peculiar to the East. A flood of gorgeous light flushed the sky and fell among the wet flowers, the trees and the flowing vines, with that radiant and yet balmy influence, which makes the beautiful contrast between morning and noon, in that burning climate. Never did light dawn over a more lovely spot than the valley we have mentioned. "The Vale of Flowers," it might well be called. On either hand towered abrupt hills, loaded with leafy trees, and broken here and there by a precipice, down whose sides budding vines shed their rich, heavy foliage like a drapery. A forest of roses spread away, wave after wave, down the heart of the valley, swelling at intervals up the sides to the rife green foliage on the acclivity, which walled the blooming space with one vast leafy rampart. Near the foot of the valley the hills were cut in twain, and two corresponding gorges led to the open country on the east and on the west, so that a man standing within the jaw of the gorge, on either side, with his face turned valleyward, might see only a high broken pass, with a long strip of the adjacent country undulating away to a soft amber sky, without dreaming of the beautiful nook to which they gave an outlet. On the brow of a steep hill, which formed one of these gorges, stood a stately dwelling commanding a view of the pass, the valley and the surrounding country. It was inhabited by a native Rajah, who derived his revenues from the ottar distilled from the valley of roses, which at once composed his wealth and made his home a paradise.

The morning breeze was sighing balmily through the open blinds and lattices of this dwelling, when the Rajah's daughter left her perfumed mattress, and stepped out on the veranda which overlooked the valley. Beautiful was the flowery nook which lay, bathed in dew and sunshine beneath her feet. Myriads of roses had burst to blossom during the night. Gem-like insects flashed among them in and out, now in the sunshine, again sending their soft hum from the clustering flowers, or fluttering high in the air like a cloud of "winged buds" floating away from the overburthened thickets. Gorgeous singing-birds ruffled their plumage in the warm sunshine, or sent out strains of melody from their nestling places in the green leaves. On every hand bright and beautiful things presented themselves to the Hindoo maiden. She girded the embroidered sash which confined her pearampoor more tightly about her slender waist, shook back the braids of her redundant hair, and

with a light leap sprang from the veranda. A moment after, she was wandering away up the blooming heart of the valley.

An hour after, the Rajah's daughter ascended the hill which formed one wall of the eastern pass. Her dwelling stood on the opposite precipice, and the sunlight poured hotly through the gorge. The maiden was scarcely weary with her walk, but she stopped in the shadow of a clump of thorns to brush away the dew which had sprinkled her silken slippers, and dimmed the golden border of her pearampoor. She had performed her task and stood leaning against the trunk of a young tree, with her red lips parted in a smile of pleasant enjoyment, and her large black eyes fixed on the opposite hill—where the sunbeams were playing about her dwelling and bathing the trees with a stream of silvery light—when the thicket above was agitated, and a shower of snowy petals fell over her from the disturbed branches. She started, gave a quick glance at the thicket, and fled from the spot with a wild cry of terror. A huge tiger lay crouched among the matted branches of the thorn, his eyes glaring upon her and his limbs gathered up for a spring. She had scarcely made one desperate leap for safety, when her foot became entangled in the long grass, and, with another wild cry for help, she fell forward upon her face. It was her salvation. The claws of the ferocious beast grazed her garments as he shot over her with an impetuous spring, which carried him sheer over a precipice that walled a ravine some thirty feet beneath the place where she had fallen. She heard the crash of his fall and the fierce, cat-like howl which followed; then the sharp cry of an elephant, the shout of many human voices, and the report of a musket sounded in her ears, and she became senseless.

The wounded tiger dragged himself along the bottom of the ravine, leaving a trail of blood in his progress, and now and then uttering a low howl of pain, till he came to the open gap in which it terminated. Here, with brute instinct, he slunk together and crouched down in the rank grass, for a party of European hunters, with elephants and native attendants, had been arrested with his cries, and now halted in the gap. The leading elephant, an old sagacious animal, stopped and drew slowly back when he entered the pass. Then curling his trunk and fixing his eyes on the mouth of the ravine, he rushed forward with a force that nearly dislodged his riders, and uttering a cry that seemed almost human, he plunged his tusks down into the long grass where the wounded tiger was striving to conceal himself. A howl of terrible agony burst up the ravine, and the goaded beast leaped up into the open space with a desperate effort at escape. But the elephant wheeled his ponderous frame with astonishing dexterity, and tossing the poor creature on a little embankment which

formed the lip of the ravine, he planted his heavy foot on him, and deliberately gored him through the body with both his tusks. The death howl of the tortured animal was horribly mingled with the sound of crashing bones, and the low fierce cries of the victor. A native rushed forward and fired upon him; but it was a useless waste of powder: blood and foam were already oozing from his open jaws, and his limbs lay, with the life literally trodden out of them, beneath the massive foot of the elephant. The huge victor stood for a moment, his trunk rolled tightly under his nether jaw, his huge form swelling with rage, and his small eyes dilated and fixed with sagacious fierceness on his crushed enemy, as if deliberately enjoying the agony of his death throes. When no struggle or sign of life remained, he withdrew his foot, and, after slightly shaking himself, allowed his riders to resume their equilibrium, without retaining any appearance of conflict, save the red stain which died his tusks.

"There was a human voice—the cry of a woman in fear, I am certain," said the leader of the party to his companion, as they resumed their seats on the victorious elephant. "It came from above the ravine, yonder—here, take my gun while I dismount."

"You will find that it was but the moan of the tiger: their cry is strongly human at times," replied his companion.

"I will see, however; the poor beast there must have had a very musical voice, if that was his."

The speaker was a young English nobleman, who had just entered on his station as governor of the province. He had brought all the fresh and vigorous feelings of his climate and age to India, and filled with the excitement of his first hunt, was eager for any new adventure that might present itself. He dropped lightly down the side of his elephant, and running up the brow of the hill, disappeared among the trees on the summit. A few moments elapsed, and he re-appeared, bearing the Rajah's daughter in his arms. She was still insensible. One slender hand hung helplessly over his shoulder, and the braids of her long hair almost swept the grass as he bore her rapidly down the hill.

"Bring wine—wine—she has fainted from terror," exclaimed the young governor, as he came on a level with his party, and stood panting with his lovely burden still in his arms.

Wine was forced through the Hindoo maiden's lips, and at length she recovered sufficiently to point out the path which led up from the valley to her father's dwelling.

The sun was getting high; our party of hunters had secured the slain tiger to the back of an elephant, and remained in the gap, impatient for the appearance of their leader. They had watched the old Rajah's dwelling a full hour, when a messenger was sent with word that the party might return home; and that the governor would follow in the cool of the afternoon.

A few days after the tiger hunt, the same old elephant which had filled so prominent a part in it, knelt within the gap which opened to the "Vale of Flowers." Native servants were disencumbering him of a bale of rich

scarlet cloths and other costly presents, which the young governor of the province had sent to the Rajah in exchange for his daughter; and in the shadow of the old man's dwelling, four slaves supported a gorgeous palanquin, ready to convey her from the home of her nativity. Again the Hindoo maiden came out upon the veranda. A brilliant expression of happiness sparkled in her dark eyes, and gave a richer beauty to the rare loveliness of her features. Jewels glowed upon her bosom, and shed their light around her arms and small naked ankles. She bowed herself a moment before the old Rajah, her father, and then entered the palanquin. Smiling one more adieu, she sunk back to its cushions of damask silk, drew its azure curtains about her, and was conveyed away from the home which had in all things been to her a "Vale of Flowers."

A feeling of bereavement was for a moment busy at the father's heart, as he caught a last glimpse of the palanquin, when it was carried through the gorge; but his eye fell on the sack of rupees and on the princely gifts for which he had sold his daughter, and his heart was comforted.

Twice had the old Rajah's jars received their annual tribute of ottar from the valley, and its rose thickets were flushed with blossoms for the third season, when a solitary woman entered the gorge and bent her way up the path which led to the old man's dwelling. Her features were youthful, but hardened with the impress of strong, severe and fully matured passions. There was something heart-chilling in the stern, cold look of resolute daring settled upon a face of such transcendent beauty. She paused a moment at the scene of the tiger's death, and when she resumed her course, a smile was on her lips, but it was one of those mocking smiles which distill a bitterness over the whole face. It was fierce and painful to look upon. She reached the Rajah's dwelling and entered his sleeping-room through the veranda. With a quiet, stealthy tread she moved across the room, and sat down by the divan where the old man lay asleep.

"Father," she said, in a voice thrillingly sweet, yet which had something in its tone that fell strangely on the ear. "Father, awake—thy child would speak with thee."

The old man started from his repose and looked with an expression of sleepy wonder upon his daughter. Before he had time to welcome her, she spoke again, as if careless what her reception might be.

"Thy child returns an outcast, old man—her lord has thrust her forth from his heart, and another, a creature beautiful as the sunshine, one of his own people, has taken her place. Shall she not have vengeance?"

The old musselman folded his arms on his bosom, and with his eyes half closed, sat as if unconscious of her presence. "My lord, the governor, has been very bountiful," he at length muttered, but without looking on the pale stern creature by his side.

"Has my father received his usual gifts since the Englishman chose a wife at Calcutta? Will the heart continue bountiful which has wearied of that for which

it paid? See, I have brought thee gifts more precious than thou can'st ever hope from him; they were his—why should they not purchase rest to my soul?"

She removed the jewels from her head and bosom, and unclasping the golden bracelets from her arms and ankles, laid them at her father's feet.

The old miser stooped down and clutched the glittering mass in his bony hand. "My daughter has but to speak, and her will shall be done," he replied, thrusting the jewels into his bosom, but without lifting his subtle eyes from the floor.

"There is a poison known to my father which is sudden and deadly; but which kills with little pain. I would that in exchange for those gems he give me a flask of this poison."

The Rajah went to a lattice and pointed to the ravine which we have spoken of as opening into the gap beneath. "Thy father's limbs are getting old, and he dare not trust his secret with a slave; in yonder hollow his child will find small blue flowers, with a drop of gold color in the heart of each, on stalks which droop to the earth with the slightest touch—let her bring me some of those flowers."

The daughter turned away and went down to the ravine. The flowers grew in small delicate tufts along the crevices of the precipice. She gathered of them and returned to her father. He received the sweet burthen at her hands and went out. In about an hour he returned, bearing a small crystal flask filled with a purplish liquid, and carefully sealed.

"Put a few drops of this in his drink, and his death sleep will soon follow," he whispered, placing it in her hand.

"And is there not enough for more than one?" she inquired with stern impatience.

"For more than one? Allah be praised! there are twenty deaths in that little flask."

"It is well."

The young Hindoo bowed her pale face for a moment and left the room with the vial grasped tightly in her small hand.

All was silent in the dwelling occupied by the provincial governor. Master and slave were asleep, when a female form might have been seen stealing cautiously through the shrubbery of the garden, toward a private entrance. A poor travel-worn creature she appeared in the dim light; her long hair fell in disordered braids over her soiled garments; her silken slippers were torn, and hung in damp tatters from her small feet, and every thing about her spoke of the long and weary road which she had travelled. As she entered the dwelling her step became firmer, but more cautious of sound, and she paused to listen more than once as she traversed the sumptuous apartments. She found the door of the governor's sleeping chamber. Her hand lingered for a moment on the latch, and then she entered. Her face looked stern and strangely corpse-like, and her eyes had a deadly gleam in their black depths, as she passed by a night lamp which shed its faint rays through the apartment. She gilded with a noiseless step over the

snowy matting to a large divan which stood in the centre of the room. A cloud of silvery gauze fell from a canopy over it, and through its transparent folds, the outlines of two recumbent persons were discernible as in a mist. On a small table at the head of the divan, stood a cup of gilded crystal, containing a night draught for the sleepers. The midnight intruder drew back the curtain, and with her pale, steady hand emptied a small vial into the goblet. She did not look upon the two persons whose mingled breath floated over her head, but a shiver ran through her frame as the drapery fell back. The heavy golden fringe and bullion tassels which weighed it to the floor, swept with a grating noise over the matting. It was the only sound that had marked her deadly progress.

The murderess moved to a dark corner, and there, with her pale lips motionless and partly open, and her hands clasped tightly in her lap, sat watching the divan. An hour of intense stillness reigned through the building; then a soft murmur stole from the divan. A delicate form half rose from the pile of cushions—a little hand was extended, and the lifted goblet gleamed through the curtains. The Hindoo clasped her hands till the blood started to the nails, and bent more earnestly forward as the deadly draught was swallowed.

"Will you not drink, love, the sherbet is very cool?" breathed a soft, sweet voice from beneath the drapery. Another form started from the cushions, and the goblet again flashed before the distended eyes of the wretched watcher. She started up, then sunk back with a faint gasp, and all was still again.

A solemn hour swept on, and then a deep groan arose from the couch. A faint, shuddering cry followed, as if heart and limb were rent in twain by a fierce fang. The snowy covering was tossed about among the cushions, and the whole mass of drapery shivered, as in a high wind, from the convulsed writhings of a stout form in its death agony. The large black eyes of the Hindoo dilated fearfully; her lips grew deathly pale, and her face gleamed out in the dim light like the head of a Judith. She neither moved nor seemed to breathe. Another moment of intense stillness, and then death again began its ravages. A small hand clutched the curtain—its fingers worked among the gauzy folds a moment, and then fell heavily down. A sob—one quick, deep gasp—another—and silence reigned as before.

A few minutes passed, and then the Hindoo went to the divan and lifted the drapery from the scene of death. She gazed on the murdered pair for the space of a moment, and then grasped the goblet and drained it to the dregs resolutely and without the least sign of hesitation.

When the attendants entered their master's room late in the morning, they found him lying upon the divan, composed as if in sleep, but dead. A pale, lifeless form lay by his side; one arm was flung over his bosom, and a mass of golden hair gleamed with painful contrast against his ashy cheek. The drapery was rent away from the canopy, and there on the floor, entangled in its folds, as the agonies of death had left her, lay the Rajah's daughter.

Original.
THE NIGHT ATTACK.

A TALE.

—
BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.
—

IN the year 1689, the little village of Schenectada was the most Northerly of the Dutch settlements in America. It consisted of some forty or fifty houses, clustered together, as if for protection, in the middle of a clearing, surrounded on all sides by thick pine forests, from whence its Indian name, Schenectada, was derived. A rough road cut through the wilderness enabled the inhabitants to obtain from Albany the necessary supplies for the use of the settlement, and also to forward their furs, the only article of trade, to the seaboard. Near the centre of the village stood a neat log house, furnished with more regard to comfort than most of the dwellings in the neighborhood, and adorned, in the summer season, with various flowering plants, trailing around the rude door and window. This was the residence of the only English settler in the place. Charles Dalton had come to Schenectada about two years previous to the date of my story, bringing with him a very young wife, whose petite figure, dark complexion and large black eyes, clearly betrayed her French origin. It was supposed that he was, from some unknown cause, a fugitive from Canada, and the cautious Dutchmen were rather disposed to look upon him with an evil eye; but he paid so liberally for his land, and traded his rich furs so fairly among them, that all suspicion was soon allayed. In fact, he was soon found to be of great advantage to the settlement, for he brought with him the trade of several tribes of Northern Indians, with whom he had trafficked when in Canada, and who were glad to avail themselves of a more direct intercourse with the flourishing colony of Niew Amsterdam. Bold and enterprising in character, gentle and kindly in manner, and possessing the finest traits of Saxon beauty, he was a universal favorite with the Indians, who had given him the poetical designation of the "Eagle Eye."

But his pretty little Angelique was most deplorably deficient in the requisite qualifications of a settler's wife. She could neither spin nor knit, and her delicate hands were singularly awkward in the milking, churning and cooking, which employed a large part of the time among the females. The substantial-looking vrows of the sturdy Dutchmen wondered at her ignorance; but she was so good-tempered, and laughed so good-humoredly at her own mishaps—moreover, she was always so ready to tend a cross baby, or watch a sick child, when the mother was busied in the active duties of her household, that they soon learned to forgive her deficiencies, though they could not help pitying the husband of so inefficient a wife. Dalton, however, seemed to be quite unconscious that he needed their compassion. His greatest pleasure seemed to be found in indulging his darling Angelique, and every pack of furs which he sent to Niew Amsterdam brought him a return of some unwonted luxury for her. Fortunately for the comfort of his household, he had engaged the

services of a poor widow whose husband had perished on the voyage to his adopted country, so that his domestic affairs went on as regularly as any other settler though his wife knew nothing about them. She was, however, an expert needle-woman, and more than once did she find some choice garment, an heirloom from several generations, entrusted to her delicate fingers, to repair an envious rent or the slow decay of time. She was skilled in leechcraft too, learned, as she said, from her Indian nurse who knew the virtues of every plant in the forest, and many a simple ailment did her herbal medicines relieve.

Angelique Dalton was the daughter of a French officer in the Colonial service, who had resided many years in Canada. Her mother, an Indian girl of great beauty, had died while she was yet an infant, and the care of her early years had been entrusted to a faithful old squaw who was generally believed to be her maternal grandmother. Her father, satisfied with seeing her well clothed and apparently happy, paid little further attention to her. His whole time was devoted to the military regulation of the colony, and to the trading in furs with the Indians. The wife of the governor, attracted by the child's beauty, had offered to receive her into her family to be educated with her own daughters, and limited as this education necessarily was in that remote colony, it was yet far better than the little orphan could else have obtained. She was about fifteen when her father was obliged to visit France on some Colonial business, and she found herself entirely alone though still under the protection of the Countess F—. Her old nurse had died a short time before, and Angelique felt all the bitterness of a lonely and affectionate heart pining for objects of affection. The family of the governor were kind to her, but she could not love those who never forgot that *their* veins were traversed by the purest blood of France, while the eloquent flush in *her* cheek was derived from the darker current of an Indian race. It was just at this time that she accidentally encountered Charles Dalton, who had lately settled in the new English colony at Saybrook, and was then visiting the Canadas for purposes of traffic. But little time was required to awaken sympathetic feelings in the hearts of the fiery young Englishman and the lonely maiden. Angelique knew that her father's hatred to the English forbade all hope of obtaining his consent to their union, and Dalton was too ardent a lover to wait a year for her father's return with the chances of a refusal at last. The result may easily be anticipated. They fled to Saybrook, where a clergyman was found to unite them, and, leaving an impression that they had departed for Europe, in order to mislead any future search, they reached Niew Amsterdam, from whence they proceeded to settle in Schenectada.

Angelique's first real sorrow was the loss of her infant. Scarcely had its soft eyes opened to the light of day, when its faint pulses were stilled for ever by the cold finger of death. It was a bitter grief to the young mother, and nothing but her entire and devoted love to her husband supported her to bear it with resignation. But the feeling of maternity had been so new and so

transitory in its duration, that after a brief interval of sorrowing, her cheerfulness revived, and she learned to think of it as a sweet dream which had visited her once with peculiar happiness, and might again be hers at some future day. The heart is so full of hope during the sunny season of early youth that even death can only throw a passing shadow over its brightness; alas! how different is the pall-like cloud which his hand draws over our fair prospects in later days. Angelique had one of those cheerful sunshiny tempers which we rarely see except in early childhood. That day must have been stormy indeed which did not shed some gleams of light over her path—that plant most deeply imbued with bitterness from which she could not extract one drop of honey. Her light laugh and cheerful song were the delight of all her neighbors, for even the care worn and heavy hearted could not refuse to sympathise with a creature so formed for joy.

The life of a settler must necessarily be one of hardships and peril. The wolves that howled about their dwellings were to be destroyed—the panthers that glared at them from tree and cliff were to be exterminated—the bears that prowled along the borders of the clearing were to be hunted for the double purpose of security and sustenance, and all these perils were to be daily encountered in the search for daily food. Such a life naturally made men courageous. The dangers which they face continually, cease to seem perils to their imagination, and the instinct of self-preservation is in itself a cure for cowardice. Dalton was known to be one of the boldest hunters in Schenectada, and every enterprise of unusual peril was entrusted to his guidance. During one of these excursions into the depths of the forest, the hunters accidentally encountered an Indian badly wounded in an encounter with a bear. He belonged to a tribe of Mohawks who had never yet been induced to trade with the Dutch, though they had long carried on a commerce with the French Canadians. Policy no less than humanity induced the hunters to bear the wounded warrior to their settlement; but when there the difficulty was to provide a home for him. Not one of the good vrows were willing to admit a red man into their household, and the poor Indian stood some chance of being once more left to the tender mercies of the forest dwellers, when Angelique hastened to her husband, gently reproaching him for not at once depositing his burden at home. The Indian was a young Mohawk warrior with the form and bearing of one of nature's princes. The practical skill which all men acquire in times of need, enabled the experienced hunters to relieve his suffering, and the strength of a hardy frame together with the gentle cares of his kind hostess, wrought his final cure. During the first days of his illness, all Angelique's attentions were requisite to reconcile him to the necessary restraints. From her old Indian nurse she had learned several of the dialects peculiar to the Northern tribes, and had often been summoned to act as interpreter during their bargaining with the whites. She now found her knowledge still more useful, since it enabled her to quiet the restless spirit of her unwilling guest.

At first the haughty warrior looked with contempt on the little creature who came to offer him the cooling draught, or the soothing potion; but he soon learned to greet her coming with savage courtesy, and to watch for the usual visit with an anxiety very unlike the usual Indian apathy. A change seemed to come over his nature, and in proportion as he recovered his strength his anxiety for freedom seemed to diminish. He no longer demanded his bow and arrow, or pined for the liberty of the forest. Hour after hour he would sit, silent and motionless as a statue, watching Angelique's every movement, and listening to her every tone. More especially did he delight in her song. Her voice was sweet and clear as the mocking-bird of the Southern woods, and the gladness of her heart was perpetually bubbling over in gushes of melody. The warrior seemed perfectly entranced by this music, and in the gaiety of her spirits, Angelique would often burst into some wild and beautiful strain in order to awaken the enthusiasm of this "stoic of the woods."

At length the Indian took his weapons to depart. Dalton stood ready to accompany him into the forest, when the warrior suddenly paused, and turning to Angelique, bent down to the ground before her, while he took up from beneath her tiny foot a handful of dust. Pressing it to his heart and brow, he said:

"Onalaska departs for the land of the setting sun, and his shadow will no longer darken the white man's lodge. Will not the singing-bird raise the song of farewell?"

Angelique smiled as she began a low, plaintive melody such as the warrior asked. His eye never turned from her face till the song was concluded, then in a low voice, he said:

"When four moons shall have vanished from the sky, Onalaska will return; he will bring with him furs such as white men never have yet seen; will the singing-bird smile to see him once more?"

A sudden gleam of light flashed on Angelique's mind as she met, and for the first time *understood* the Indian's gaze. Her heart trembled as she replied:

"The singing-bird will always welcome him who comes with good tidings to the Eagle Eye, for she loves the Eagle Eye, and her songs of rejoicing are for him."

A long deep gaze was Onalaska's only reply, and folding his arms in his blanket he disappeared in the forest.

Four months slowly waxed and waned. Happy in the affection of her husband and in the trustfulness of her own loving heart, Angelique had almost forgotten her Indian guest when Onalaska suddenly appeared before her. He brought furs of the most costly kinds, and refused to receive any equivalent for them beyond a swift horse which he had long coveted. The furs were ten times more valuable than the animal, and Dalton cheerfully made the exchange. Onalaska remained with them many days. His natural stoicism seemed forgotten, and his questions respecting the customs of the whites were unceasing. Their marriage customs particularly excited his attention, and nothing could exceed his surprise and even chagrin, when he found the white squaws were not to be bought with skins and

wampum. On the day of his departure he sought Angelique and conversed earnestly with her in his native dialect. Indignation, terror, surprise, by turns marked her speaking countenance as he proceeded. Her little figure seemed to dilate, and her eye actually flashed fire as she bitterly reproached the haughty warrior and waved him from her. A scowl of fiendish malignity darkened his brow as he strode out of the settlement and returned no more to the peaceful village.

Not long after, the settlers were aroused by a night attack on their homes, or rather on the home of one of their number. A few straggling Indians surrounded the house occupied by Dalton, forced the door and had nearly succeeded in carrying off the inmates, when the numbers who hastened to the rescue succeeded in driving them from their prey. Two of the Indians were killed, the rest escaped; but Angelique asserted that, in spite of his war decorations, she recognized the face of Onalaska among the invaders. The inhabitants immediately made preparations to resist future attacks. The stockades were repaired, and new regulations for the keeping vigilant watch were made. But the Indians appeared to be satisfied that they possessed not the means of success, and no further alarms occurred.

Onalaska had determined to obtain possession of Angelique, and, finding his first attempt ineffectual, resolved to obtain further aid. His intercourse with the Canadians had made him acquainted with the jealousies existing between the French and Dutch settlements, and his acuteness led him to discover that he could most efficiently complete his purposes by fomenting those jealousies. He knew that the old French governor had long looked with an envious eye upon the sheltered villages in the rich valley of the Hudson, and he now set himself to the task of exciting his cupidity so far as to induce an incursion into the Dutch possessions. There were many in Canada to aid him in this purpose—men who could thrive no where by industry, and whose only hope was in tumult and disturbance. Some mismanagement in the negotiations then pending between the colonies came in aid of the project, and, while the Dutch were totally unsuspecting of danger, a detachment of two hundred Frenchmen and nearly as many Mohawk Indians, were on the march to attack them. The conduct of this expedition had been entrusted to Colonel Audelet, a man of great boldness and possessed with a deep hatred of both Dutch and English settlers. His feelings of cupidity and revenge were enlisted in the cause, since to the Dutch he owed the destruction of a thriving trade in furs, and to the English the loss of a daughter, of whom an English settler had robbed him some years before.

More than twenty days the little army toiled through the wintry wilderness towards Schenectada. The forests were almost impassable with the accumulated snows of the whole winter, and the cold was intense, so that their sufferings from fatigue and hardship were almost incredible. It was the season when but little food could be found in the forest, and each man was obliged to carry his provisions strapped on his back. Many a time they would gladly have turned back, but that they feared a

renewal of hardships, and hoped each day to find themselves at the goal of their efforts. A few days before they emerged from the forest, Onalaska left them, and hastened onward to provide for them on the borders of the village. With all the cunning of Indian artifice he managed to procure food, and secreted it in the clefts of the trees till they should arrive. At length, on the evening of the nineteenth of February, 1690, the worn out soldiers reached the outskirts of the village. Onalaska met them, but what was his rage when informed that they only waited for daylight to surrender themselves prisoners of war.

"Is the white warrior mad?" exclaimed he to Colonel Audelet. "Is he cold as the snow that crackles beneath his feet? The pale faces are sleeping around their fires—their doors are open to your swords—would ye go forward like dogs to crouch beneath their feet and lie down in the ashes before them, when ye might trample on them ere they awake to avenge the blow?"

"But our men are faint with hunger and perishing with cold," said the Colonel: "a child can overthrow them."

"Onalaska can find them food," said the Indian; "the red warrior fights first and feeds beside the bodies of his slain enemies—but the pale faces are like women, they must be made strong with meats."

"Give us food," exclaimed the weary soldiers, "give us food and two hours rest, and we are ready to attack the village."

A look of contempt was Onalaska's only reply.

"Can you furnish us with food?" asked Audelet.

"Onalaska has said it, and Onalaska speaks not with a lying tongue," said the warrior; "but the white man gives nothing without a price, and the red man has learned to traffic also. Onalaska seeks a wife from the lodge of the white man, swear to me, then, by the great Manito, whom the white man fears, that if I snatch the singing-bird from her nest, she shall be mine."

Audelet paused a moment, and replied: "Why does Onalaska ask this? The lodges of the white men are before him—whatever the warrior's hand can win belongs to him alone. If Onalaska seeks a wife among the pale faces, let him take her and no man shall stay him."

"It is well," said Onalaska; "now shall the famished warriors find rest and food—then to the white man's lodge for plunder and revenge!"

The peaceable inhabitants of Schenectada were sunk in profound sleep, totally unconscious of danger, when at about an hour before midnight the horrid warwhoop echoed through the settlement. One moment of black terror succeeded, and the next every man snatched his musket and every woman clasped her children. But what could the half-naked inhabitants do amid double their number of savages, and men worse than savages. A heavy snow was falling, and the intensity of the cold almost deprived them of the use of their limbs. The army was divided into detachments of five or six, who surrounded each dwelling, forced the door, murdered the inmates, and then commenced the task of plundering. All the awful horrors of savage warfare were there ex-

hibited. The crushed body of the helpless infant was flung in mockery to the bleeding mother, as her dying eyes turned towards her child while the father, struck down by half a dozen swords, was scalped ere his lips ceased to implore mercy. It was in fact less a conflict than a carnage. When morning broke, the scene was indeed frightful, even the Frenchmen shuddered as they beheld the dreadful witnesses of their cruel excesses. Sixty persons who slept in quiet happiness but a few hours before, now lay dead upon their own hearthstones. Forty more, deprived of the fruits of a life of industry and of all that rendered life desirable, were captives; and of the few who struggled through the storm so successfully as to reach Albany, not one escaped without wounded or frozen limbs.

The first house attacked in the settlement was Dalton's. Fastening like a bloodhound on his prey, Onalaska had forced the house, and ere Dalton could grasp his weapons, had buried his tomahawk in his brain. Angelique, terrified by the sudden tumult, awakened from her slumbers only to sink again into utter unconsciousness beneath the shock. Hastily tying her so as to prevent escape, Onalaska left her in the keeping of a trusty follower, while he hurried to complete his work of destruction. Day had dawned over the scene of horror ere he returned to seek his victim. Sunk in the stupor of grief and terror, Angelique was entirely passive in his hands. She suffered him to wrap her in blankets and bear her through the blazing ruins of the village, which the Indians had set on fire, without appearing to be conscious of any thing. At length he reached an open space in the midst of the settlement, where the officers were assembled to concert their best mode of retreat before the alarm should have been given to Albany. He was hurrying through the midst of them when Colonel Audelet approached. A loud cry burst from his lips as his eye fell on the face of the captive, and the next moment Angelique was in the arms of her father.

The brow of the Indian grew black as midnight as he viewed his prize thus snatched from his grasp. Gloomily gazing on the group around, he seemed to be waiting till Colonel Audelet should return her to him. Not a shadow of relenting was seen upon his countenance.

"The white man has promised that the warrior might keep what the warrior had won," at length he said; "will our white brother eat his own words? The woman is mine—the Eagle Eye can watch over her no more—the music of the singing-bird will now be heard in the lodge of Onalaska."

As he spoke he stepped forward as if to take her from her father's hands. Roused almost to madness by the excitement of his feelings, Audelet repelled him with a force that made the Indian reel. The glare of fiendish malignity was in his eye as he turned sullenly away and strode to the forest. Scarcely a moment elapsed ere his return. He was now mounted and his gun was in his hands. The next instant, both father and daughter lay bleeding on the ground, while the tramp of his horse was heard resounding through the forest. His aim had been fatally true, the bullet had

pierced the neck of the unhappy Angelique, and buried itself in the bosom of her father.

The settlers of the new world, the first intruders upon the Indian hunting grounds, have long since passed away, and amid the stately dwellings of our flourishing cities it is difficult to recal the scenes of humble toil and fearful peril which our forefathers encountered. The traces of Indian warfare have long since been effaced from the valley of the Hudson; but many an aged grandame may yet be found who has not forgotten, among the tales which charmed her childhood, the traditions which commemorate the "Burning of Schenectada."

Original.

LA SOLITAIRE.

HE sits upon his shady throne,
Beneath the covert green,
The bee and bird his courtiers are,
But where's the gentle queen?

Around him droop the lily bells,
Beside him opes the rose,
She sighs away her fragrant breath,
To soothe his lone repose;

Yet bee and bird may wander by,
The rose grow pale and dim—
There is no sweet companionship
Amid them all for him.

A light comes o'er his smiling eyes,
A soft and sunny gleam—
And airy fancies floating round
Enfold him as a dream—

"Oh, would that I were Oberon,"
He murmurs sweet and low,
"To seek my fair Titanis, where
The starry jas'mines blow;

To call the knights of fairy land
Upon the circled green—
To steal within a cowslip cup,
And wake my *fairy queen* :

No longer here in solitude,
To gaze around and pine—
Earth's empire let all others claim,
If *cloudland* could be mine!"

Dream on, dream on, thou gentle one,
But better far for thee,
To "bear a charmed heart," and live
In visions bright and free;

Oh, better far, than weep the change,
When youth and love have flown,
To calmly sit a *lonely king*
Upon a *lonely throne* !

Original.

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

Preface.

Friend. Well, Mr. Author, is your tale to be long or short?

Author. Certainly not short; neither, compared with Richardson's Sir Charles Grandison, will it be long. But measured by the average length of magazine stories, it will be somewhat long.

Friend. Pshaw! It will extend, I suppose, into magazine after magazine, keeping the mind upon tender looks, time without end. Abridge it! abridge! abridge! Those tender looks will impale your reputation.

Author. Softly. Here has our proprietor eight thousand subscribers to cater for; embracing as many tastes as there are individuals. "Give us long stories, as the English magazines do, and not surfeit us with little scrimped messes, that provoke but do not satisfy the mental appetite!" cry many in answer to your warning, my good friend. We must try to serve dishes for the palates of all.

Friend. What is to be its name?

Author. It has none.

Friend. No name! Why is that, prythee?

Author. Simply because I cannot think of a befitting one.

Friend. Of what will it treat?

Author. Of character, rather than of incident or manners. Beseeching you, therefore, and through you, the readers of the magazine, to excuse anachronisms and all deviations, I will break the ice.

CHAPTER I.

In a boudoir, at the West end of London, plainly, but neatly furnished, betokening taste, though perhaps not wealth, a lady is sitting, engaged upon some article of needle-work. She has passed the grand climacteric but betrays the remains of superior beauty, while her expression is that of sprightliness and penetration if not of decided talent. She is evidently in deep thought; for now and then she plies her needle with diligence, and anon, drops her work upon her lap, presses her lips with her extended finger, and taps with a remarkably pretty foot, while her eye pores upon the carpet, until, with a long breath, a slight, and a quick nod of the head, intimating satisfaction at some climax of her cogitations, she lifts her work again, and renews her gentle toil; again to pause, to stop, to smile, to nod, and then again, to work.

This is the Lady Caroline Flemming, the widow of Sir Philip Flemming, and a pattern of managing mothers. Her husband had inherited an unsullied name, with but little property. Hospitable and generous, he contrived by shifting and turning, to maintain a house in town and a box in the country, and to make his friends comfortably welcome; and finally died, leaving his widow with five young daughters and an empty purse. It

was the widow's turn to shift and turn; and she did so with an adroitness which testified to her admirable tact; for still the house was open, and daughter after daughter ushered, under the happiest auspices, into fashionable society. A charming place was the Lady Flemmings', for the titled beaux to while away an hour—a charming woman was the Lady Flemming herself, and pretty and agreeable her daughters; and four youthful swains with good establishments, in possession or immediate expectancy, three of them with titles too, found themselves, in succession, to their utter astonishment, in love, betrothed, married, and brothers-in-law, without a pause between these very important passages in life to catch a reflective breath.

The fourth daughter being in the fashionable phrase, "well established," that is, made miserable for life in the companionship of a conceited and obstinate husband, with shallow wits, because he boasted more wealth than his fellows, and could be angled for and caught, as a fisherman secures his prey. Lady Flemming deemed it fit time and occasion to transfer to the surveillance of her own eye, her youngest daughter, Estelle, who had spent the years of her childhood since her father's death—at which period she was but nine years of age—with a maiden aunt, her father's sister, who resided some fifty miles to the Northward from London. This good lady loved poodle-dogs, poll-parrots and cats and kittens, in a far greater measure than she was affected towards the rising generation of the human species, and paid every delicate attention to her canine and feline protégés, while she suffered her niece to consult her own inclinations; and she grew up, in consequence, one of nature's own darling children; robust and ruddy, and laughing and gay, not fettered by artificial prescriptions to improve upon the handiwork of nature, and yet graceful in every motion. She became, ere she left her rustic home, sixteen, and a woman; and it was a sad day for her, with all her curiosity to see the fine sights of the gaudy town where, in obedience to her mother's summons, she bade adieu to trees and flowers, and rivulets and birds, and her pretty pet lamb, and was rattled away to London.

Her mother received her with testimonials of much affection. She had not set eyes on her for three long years, and had hardly thought of her in that period, save to reflect that she was to "be provided for," so soon as her elder sisters had been established in life. It was with some degree of anxiety that Lady Flemming had awaited the first interview with Estelle; for she had been far from handsome in her childhood, and was withal, somewhat wilful; and according to her mother's business-like calculation, she promised to be a drag in the matrimonial market. But with that remarkable transformation of features and form, which sometimes accompanies the development of either sex from youth to manhood or womanhood, Estelle seemed to her mother's eye, to have been touched by a fairy's wand; and when she bounded into the parlor, airy and graceful, glowing with eagerness and emotion, a sweet enticing smile gliding every feature—playing round rosy lips, and twinkling in the corners of her blue eyes,

whose soft and speaking expression revealed the tenderness of her soul; while a tuneful and playful voice exclaimed, "Dear mother, it is I!" The union of the not wholly dormant affection of the mother, with the glad surprise of the matrimonial speculator, secured for Estelle an ardent embrace, and a fervent welcome to the home of her childhood.

It was the third morning after Estelle's arrival in London, that found Lady Flemming alone, and in deep study, in the boudoir, as has been already related. That study was as may be imagined, a plan of operations relative to Estelle's introduction to the "world," and to the preparation of her mind for the part she was to act. This appeared to Lady Flemming, to require much skillful generalship; for in the two days that she had been at home, Estelle had exhibited some evidences that the wilfulness of her more youthful days was by no means subdued, though, chastened by the promptings of a generous nature, it now assumed the praiseworthy garb of independence and firmness of character. She was deeply romantic too; a second provoking bar to her mother's success with her. She had made the beautiful and the glorious things of nature her companions, and they had stamped their impress upon her heart; and she had revelled in day-dreams, all fantastic and enchanting, until her very life had become a dream. Such an one was scarcely a fit subject for the designing plans of a coldhearted, selfish, ambitious mother. But already had Lady Flemming succeeded triumphantly four several times; carrying many hearts *coups de main*, her tactics unsuspected by the vanquished, then and for ever; and she did not now despair, although action was to be maintained in the face of such adverse influences.

Her contemplations were finally interrupted by Estelle, herself, who rushed into the room in a very fever of excitement, holding on high two pink-colored billets, exclaiming,

"Invitations, invitations, mamma, to Lady Lander's! A ball! a ball! And there's an invitation for me, too, —see—a card!" "Lady Flemming and daughter!" "I may go, mamma? I know I may. I never was at a ball in my life! I never saw more than ten people in a room together! Aunt never had company, only old Mrs. Menot, and the minister's ugly sister. A ball! a ball! I'm going to a ball!"

Lady Flemming, who carried her tactics to the remotest ramifications of thought and action, deemed it proper to draw herself up, and reply with an accent of surprise,—"You forget, or are beside yourself,"—but she was unnoticed by Estelle, who had flung herself into a chair by the window, and was examining billets and card, style and chirography, with an eagerness that seemed to imagine these mute messengers to be capable of adding more to the pleasant story they had told. When her curiosity was thus far satisfied, she started up, and dancing up and down the room, she recommenced her strain of girlish and romantic wonder and delight.

"Oh, only to think of it, a grand ball! My dancing-master at Clapton, told me about balls, and now I shall

see one. And there will be sparkling jewels, and splendid dresses, and music and dancing! Perhaps I shall dance! I'm sure I will if any body asks me; and I'll make my sisters' husbands dance with me twice apiece! Oh, delicious!"—and she hummed a popular air, and sailed away, peronetting and chasséeing, not ungracefully. But excitement of whatever nature, soon exhausts itself, and Estelle became sufficiently calm before many minutes, to cast a glance at her mother. The stern expression of her features caused an instant revulsion of feeling in Estelle's bosom, and suddenly pausing in both song and dance, she exclaimed, inquiringly:

"You're not angry, mamma?"

"Really! Have you at length concluded to consider me of sufficient importance to inquire whether such a mad exhibition is gratifying or not? I am truly flattered by the extreme condescension!"

"Are you really angry, mamma? I'm sure I didn't think it was wrong"—and Estelle, as she spoke, seated herself on the cushioned stool at her mother's feet.

"My dear, you are not now among the woods and fields of Hampshire, nor are you a child, to be charmed by every roving fancy, and to give vent to every fantastic impulse. You are now a woman, and it is time that your thoughts and feelings should be chastened to an interest in the great ends of existence."

Estelle looked wonderingly in her mother's face as she imparted this exordium of her first lesson. Lady Flemming continued:

"It is time to place a proper estimate upon pleasure, and to pursue it only so far as it will subserve those objects which must necessarily engross the attention of every young lady on her entrance into life. Forgetfulness of this important truth will render you the sport of fortune, and leave you stranded, at length, without hope of relief or rescue."

Estelle's amazement to discover to what this could be the prelude, or what was its import, deepened the expression of wonder with which she listened.

"The conventional pleasures of society are of more significance, my love, than your uninitiated mind may be aware of. A ball, superficially examined, appears to be only the gathering of friends or strangers, as may be, for mutual entertainment; and nothing more. But, in reality, it is an offering of advantages to secure those permanent enjoyments and comforts which every bosom pants for, because nature has implanted there a yearning for them, and which can only be attained by cautious activity and exertion. Of such advantages, only the foolish, the thoughtless, and the unwary forget to avail themselves. My dear, women are not insignificant creatures, dependant upon the will of the stronger sex to the degree which you may, unconsciously—it may be to yourself—imagine; and by which false estimate you may shape your conduct, to your own lasting injury. In the very important matter of love and marriage, with which every young woman expects to have concern, it may seem that woman is passively to await the advances of the other sex, with only the privilege of rejection should she be so fortunate as to obtain a proposal; while man may flit here and there, with the whole female

world before him, from which to choose. So it seems, my love, but be assured that woman holds her earthly destiny in her own hand, and may secure for herself the man she desires, while he may flatter himself that in throwing himself at her feet, he has exercised his sovereign will, and voluntarily assumed the chains that he confesses himself willing to wear. My dear, you know what love is?"

Estelle began, towards the close of her mother's harangue, to comprehend its tenor, at least, enough to know that it was a lecture on love and marriage, for her own especial edification; but her single mind was sufficiently mystified by it, to be unable to estimate precisely its bearings upon herself, or its usefulness. At her mother's abrupt question, she looked up inquiringly in her face, at a loss whether the query was retrospective or premonitory—general or particular; whether she sought to be informed if she had yet experienced the tender passion, or was sufficiently versed in its character to be able to fathom her own heart, should she be in danger of an attack from the blind god. There was something irresistibly comical to Estelle, in the scene that was enacting, and after twirling her fingers, and gazing upon the carpet, and again into her mother's face, she could control her sensations no longer, but bursting into a broad laugh, she dropped her head into her mother's lap, and so remained until she recovered composure. Upon lifting her head, she read strong displeasure in her mother's countenance, and instantly grieved and alarmed, she cried imploringly—

"Now, mamma! I know I'm naughty, but indeed, I couldn't help it!"

It was not Lady Flemming's policy to exercise any great degree of severity, and relaxing her rigid expression, she replied:

"You are forgiven, Estelle; but since you are disposed to receive serious instruction in such a spirit, I will postpone any further conversation; only desiring you to remember that you cannot make your entrée into life until you fully comprehend my feelings, and are disposed to comply with such requisitions as I consider it of the first importance to enforce upon my children, and by which they cannot too early commence to regulate their conduct"—and Lady Flemming rose and left the boudoir.

Estelle readily understood from this, that she would not be allowed to attend Lady Lander's ball, until something or other had taken place, she knew not what. There was the necessity that she should believe something or other, and act accordingly; and that something manifestly had to do with getting a husband; farther, she could not penetrate. Now Estelle looked upon love and a lover, as possessions which would make life an elysium. She regarded the very words as not to be lightly spoken, and firmly believing that matches were made in Heaven, was prepared with her ardent sympathies, her innocence and enthusiasm, to invest her lover—when the talismanic charm that was to draw them together should execute its holy mission—with all the lofty accomplishments of the hero of romance, and to pour out upon him all her soul—to make her love to him,

the pole-star of her existence. With these views, how could she comprehend her mother's language? How could she understand definitions of love, jarring harsh discord with the eager longings and expectations of her own bosom? She paced awhile up and down the boudoir, and then prepared herself to attend her music-master, resolved to consult at the earliest opportunity, some one of her sisters, and obtain, if possible, a solution of the mystery.

To her extreme delight, dinner was scarcely concluded on the evening of the same day, before the carriage of her elder sister, now Lady Fordyce, drove to the door, despatched to convey Estelle to the mansion of its mistress. With delight, Estelle arrayed herself, and was driven away, thinking more and more of the grand ball, and impatient more and more to receive a development of her mother's incomprehensible language, upon which, her appearance at the ball, in some measure, depended. Lady Fordyce was somewhat like her mother, in her love of intrigue, with more bluntness. She had proved a most obedient and faithful aidecamp in the matter of her own marriage, and had secured thereby, a titled and rich husband, in Earl Fordyce, a nobleman of a round, goodnatured face, short stature, and most lymphatic temperament, with an irresistible desire for personal comfort and ease, its natural consequence. He possessed but a moderate capacity, and his sensibilities were somewhat obtuse. When, therefore, Lady Flemming paid attentions to him for her daughter's sake, and the daughter—under her mother's instructions, for her own sake—the usual process in connubial preliminaries being reversed—being much in want of a wife to superintend his household, he was rather pleased than otherwise, that the trouble and exertion of choosing should be spared him. The young lady was well formed, graceful, and versed in the arts of social life. She could converse fluently, draw creditably, and sing prettily. Moreover, she was of good family, and as to wealth, the repletion of the Earl's coffers amply atoned for any lack on her part. A proposal in due form was therefore made; and Catharine Flemming, then eighteen, became the wife of Earl Fordyce, then verging to forty. But Lady Fordyce had a mind, in many respects, superior to this traffic in the heart's best sympathies. She was capable of loving intensely; and there was a void in her bosom. Estelle but little resembled her in appearance, and less in character. Lady Fordyce was tall, and Estelle rather below the average height; Lady Fordyce had a calm, collected expression ever resident on her thin, though intellectual, and somewhat handsome face; emotion and thought pictured themselves in ever varying colors on Estelle's bright features, and kindled in light, or were reflected in tenderness in her eye; Lady Fordyce was more intellectual than Estelle, but she lacked her fervor of imagination, her enthusiasm, her truthfulness and her single-mindedness; while in addition, she was proud and ambitious, and somewhat vain; sentiments that were dormant—wholly dormant in Estelle's bosom. I have said that Lady Fordyce could love; was capable of intense affection, and could exercise the heart's finest, most holy

sympathies. She was a sacrifice to parental influence and her own vanity and pride. Had she found an object to call forth the choice stores of her heart, she would never have striven as she did, to repress and trample upon the gentler emotions, as though they deserved no place in the character—they, the dearest endowments of humanity; She would never have substituted policy for truth, and more than all, she would never have joined her mother in forging for her younger sisters the chains that weighed heavy on her own limbs; she would never have assisted to pour into their cup the poison that had impregnated with death the purest fountains of her own existence!

But situated as she was, her unhappy lot irrevocably fixed before the maturity of her reason had choked the rank weeds of vanity and pride, and taught her to pursue the substance rather than the shadow, she became a social and political intrigante, ever manœuvring either for herself or her friends. She had counselled and materially assisted her mother in disposing of her married sisters, and was now about to render the same services in regard to Estelle. The latter little dreamed as she tripped through the broad and magnificent entries and corridors of Fordyce-house, and up the stairs to her sister's boudoir, that she was the victim of preconcerted arrangements, and that Lady Fordyce was now to enforce the precepts that her mother had inculcated in the morning.

"That's a dear girl, for coming to me. The Earl has a dinner-party, and I resolved to have a delightful evening with you, all to ourselves," said Lady Fordyce, extending both hands to clasp those of Estelle.

"And I'm so glad—oh, so glad you sent for me," answered Estelle, "for I was dying to see you. I'm in such a fever to tell you all about it, that you must sit down with me this moment, here on this sofa."

"About what?" asked Lady Fordyce, as she seated herself.

"Now let me tell you. This morning, for all it's but the third morning since I came to London, mamma gave me the queerest lecture! You see, I met Susan on the stairs with invitations to the ball on Friday, and finding a card and an invitation for me, I was so delighted that I went dancing into the boudoir, and kept talking and singing and dancing till I was out of breath. Well, what does mamma do but begin and talk to me in such a way! I can't tell you half she said, for I no more understood it than I could understand Russian. Let me think. She said that I was now a woman, and must forget children's feelings; that women have their own fate in their own hands, and that they ar'n't the insignificant creatures, dependant on the will of men that they seem to be, and finally, after a great deal that went in at one ear, and out of the other, because I couldn't understand a word of it, she asked me if I had been in love; or knew anything about love; that was it; and I had got so puzzled trying to make out what she meant, and then it was all so really funny, that I burst out laughing. She was angry at that, and said she would talk with me no more, until I showed a more proper spirit, and went out of the boudoir, leaving me in as

complete a quandary as you can conceive. Now, Katy dear, do—do tell me what it all meant, for I suppose you had the same lesson before you came out. I must go to this ball; and I'm sure I'll do any thing, oh, any thing to go! That is, any thing that's proper."

Lady Fordyce was extremely pleased that Estelle had saved her the trouble of introducing the subject, by rushing into it thus at once and unsolicited. She drew just conclusions, moreover, from Estelle's artless and unsuspicious manner, that it would be far more available to open fully and without circumlocution the path it was desirable she should pursue, than to exercise caution in a gradual announcement. There are fearful, suspicious dispositions, whose possessors may be led blindfolded, step by step to whatever goal, who would shrink back, too startled for any progress whatever, if it were proposed to them to leap at once to the position where we would place them. Again, there are confiding trusting hearts, whose own openness leads them to doubt all appearances of effort to practice upon them, but who receive even the boldest assertions with implicit belief, so guileless are they, and thoughtless, that falsehood can seem even godlike virtue to serve its ends. It needed but a single interview with Estelle, to decide to which class she belonged.

"It is true enough, Estelle, I have had the same lesson, so now listen to me. It's a fortunate thing that we have had a mother to open our eyes to the realities of life, before we had suffered from self deceit. Now, no doubt you believe that every thing you see is what it seems to be. Ah, my dear Estelle, I say again, it's well we have such a mother. Should you attend this grand ball with which your head is so full, you would trust implicitly every flattering word, and look upon the thronging and smiling countenances, forgetting that more than half of them are cloaks to aching hearts. Life is a game, Estelle, and you must be well versed in it, if you would win—"

"There," interrupted Estelle, with her rich and playful intonation, "you are getting into the same strain that mother lectured me in, and I don't understand a word of it! If you go on so, I shall run away, or else laugh as I did at mamma. Now, Katy, do speak simply; put your thoughts in every-day clothes, and then I shall know what you mean. Leave this prosing way, and come right to what mamma meant by what she said of love and marriage.

Lady Fordyce smiled, and answered; "Poor girl, your thoughts have only a thin covering of gauze, that hides nothing of their shape and complexion; you must learn, and soon, too, to shroud them in impenetrable folds, through which the eye cannot pierce. But I will speak plainly, and come right to what mamma meant, to use your own words. First, do you know what love is? You didn't answer mamma—now answer me; for you won't be afraid of me. What is love?"

"Oh, it's something delightful; something—" and there Estelle paused, with her eye sparkling, and her cheek glowing, as though she felt what love ought to be, though words failed her to describe it.

"That's the way with the beginners—all ecstasies,

Estelle, seriously, very—very seriously, be careful how you indulge romance upon this very important subject. As mamma says, women have more to do than to stand still, waiting for a lover. Lovers are not so plenty, that they need not be sought. You may love, dear; but not until your love has the zeal of prudence. You are to choose, not to be chosen, and when you choose, you must do it with the same eye to advantages that the merchant exercises in bargaining for goods."

"Oh, Catharine, no! What, choose and not be chosen!—I select a man, not—phoo—you don't mean so! Now I don't want you to joke; for I want dreadfully—dreadfully to go to Lady Lander's, and I know from mother's manner that I can't, unless I understand her, and consent to what she would have me do. Do be serious, sister."

"We shall have to break off our conversation at as unsatisfactory a juncture as that at which terminated your interview with mamma, if this be the light in which you view my communications; for I never was more serious in my life."

"And you really say," exclaimed Estelle, starting up, "that I am to weigh the looks of men."

"No, dear; not their looks," interrupted Lady Fordyce, "for that is but a minor consideration. Had you said purses, you had been nearer the mark; and nearer still, had you thrown rank into the scale. Prudence first, love afterwards. Love never proves more than a will o' the wisp to the faint and hungry traveller. It is not the gleam from the friendly window, where he may find food for his hunger and rest for his weariness. If when he is enjoying the realities of the latter, he chooses to look out upon the dancing mockery, why, then it matters not; but it were dangerous and reckless before. Yes, dear, strange as it may seem, woman must choose for herself; or let those who are better acquainted with the world, choose for her, and then she must advance to the attack as regularly and determinedly as an army proceeds to the storming of a fort—by march, countermarch, trench, mine, escalade and *coup de main*. Is it so very shocking?" concluded Lady Fordyce, taking Estelle's hand in her own, as she observed her quivering lip and fixed gaze, that she was influenced by strong emotion.

"Does mother mean this?" asked Estelle in a trembling voice.

"Yes, all this; and she means, too, that you cannot too soon forget all adverse impressions, and begin to regulate yourself and your conduct by such views; and I entirely agree with her, that such is your best, your only course."

"Then neither of you love me!" cried Estelle, almost bursting into tears, and withdrawing her hand from that of her sister.

"Estelle!" said Lady Fordyce, reproachfully.

"No—no, dear sister; I mean that if this be life, it is not worth living for; and if I must become such a creature, I had better die—yes, die!"

"You are complimentary, Estelle. I have been such a one; and so have Maria and Charlotte—indeed, so

has all the female world who had the benefit of proper instructions."

"Is Cousin Isabelle such a woman?" asked Estelle, with earnestness.

A slight change was visible in Lady Fordyce's face, though her well-governed feelings rarely betrayed her; and for a moment there was a pause.

Isabelle de Rebiera was the only daughter of Count Philip de Rebiera, and Mary, sister of Sir Philip Flemming. The count had visited England when Sir Philip had been but a few years married, in the suite of the Spanish ambassador. Mary Flemming was then residing with her brother, and love and marriage was the consequent of Count Philip's introduction to the family. The happy pair—indeed happy, for the count was a man of elegant manners, a strikingly handsome person, and well-informed mind, and Mary a sweet, placid, gentle creature, soon left England for Spain, and for several years resided at the count's family seat, the count, in the mean time, rising in honor, and filling with credit, several important stations at court. But when their only child was but twelve years of age, the countess lost the bloom of health, and seemed rapidly sinking into a decline. Her alarmed and anxious husband, to whom she was everything, was ready to sacrifice every personal feeling for her security; and fondly trusting that a visit to her native country would restore her to her former self, relinquished ambition and court-favor, and accompanied her to the home of her childhood. She did indeed seem to gain in health from the moment she set foot on the shores of England; and the count, too happy in the thought of her recovery to venture the chance of a relapse by a return to Spain, sold his large possessions there, and became a citizen of the sea-girt Isle. But the symptoms of recovery in the countess were illusory. She suddenly failed beyond the hope of restoration, and died in the arms of her husband, praying him with her latest breath, to guard her child and train her up an Englishwoman. To gratify the dying wishes of his wife, was estimated by the count as a solemn duty, and he continued in England, transferring to his darling child the sympathies that had bound him so closely to her mother, and watching over her with almost painful carefulness. Isabelle was born in the same year with Lady Flemming's second daughter, and, as may be supposed, was often in the company of her cousins. Indeed, when the count was compelled by family affairs to abandon his child for a season, and visit Spain, she was committed altogether to the tutelage and protection of Lady Flemming. Under her ladyship's *chaperonage*, Isabelle had been ushered into society at the same time with her Cousin Maria, so nearly of her own age. But she was a thorn in Lady Flemming's side. Beautiful, sensible and accomplished, at the same time preserving the artlessness of her natural manner, and an enticing modesty and humility, and creating at all times, at home and abroad, the greatest sensations, because never seeming to strive for effect, she was constantly interfering with her ladyship's manoeuvres for the settlement of her two daughters, who were then of sufficient age to be married. Twice, at

the least, she had weaned "splendid prizes" from Catharine, when they were on the very point of consummating the delicate affair; and when the latter young lady was in a quiver of trembling expectation, her hoped-for swains had turned short about, and thrown themselves at the feet of her cousin. What more mortified and enraged both mother and daughter, was Isabelle's conduct in rejecting decidedly and without hesitation, those whom they had looked upon as worthy of a thousand arts to rescue. Lady Fordyce's change of countenance has thus been explained.

Estelle, however, wrapt in the mantle of her own better feelings at the dissipation of the sweet dreams she had indulged in, of ecstatic enjoyment when she should be introduced to society, and miserable at this first knowledge of the deceit and treachery of life, and the hollowness of the gaiety and splendor, that, viewed from a distance by her youthful and enthusiastic eye, had seemed enchantment and ecstasy, did not notice her sister's pause. Lady Fordyce finally replied:

"We may as well say nothing of Isabelle. I have little consideration for those who affect simplicity, and well knowing the requirements of society and the objects of social intercourse, pretend ignorance and unconcern. We will say nothing of Cousin Isabelle."

"But I am sure there is no pretence in Cousin Isabelle," said Estelle, earnestly. Lady Fordyce, however, would not continue the subject, but led Estelle back to the point from which they had wandered, and for an hour or more continued to enlarge upon it, with little interruption from Estelle, whose astonishment and pain incapacitated her for conversation. When Estelle returned home, and sought the quiet of her own chamber, she sat by her window, and wept for hours. Misfortune could have had no keener sting for her, than this first dissipation of the illusions of her imagination; and she resolved again and again to herself, that if such were the cold and designing arts of social life, she would fly from its false glitter, and pass and end her days in the dear country, among the truthful charms of nature, that she so dearly had loved, and whose influence upon her had been so powerful. Thus resolving, she sought her pillow, and sunk to uneasy rest.

The morning brought Lady Fordyce to a private interview with her mother, in which the conversation with Estelle of the previous evening was detailed, and also the manner in which she had received her sister's communications. It was manifest that there were in Estelle, unpliant materials to work upon; and mother and daughter deliberated long and intently upon the best means to curb the outflowing purity and singleness of thought of the daughter and sister, and arouse pride and vanity to action. It was a serious question whether it would be politic to permit her to attend the ball. As yet, measured by the polite standard, she was wild and rustic; but so graceful and interesting in her unfettered naivete and sprightliness, that perhaps the effect might be superior to that of any assumed demeanor. It was finally concluded, before Lady Fordyce took her leave, that Estelle should attend, as it were, upon trial. As for Estelle herself, her sleep had been filled with de-

lightful dreams of the song and the dance, and splendor and brightness, and she awoke with impressions of the interview with her sister, somewhat dimmed by distance, and eagerness for the ball and its gratifications, enhanced by its nearer approach. A rich and becoming dress was prepared for her. She listened, meantime, with calmness, to her mother's oft-repeated injunctions and instructions in regard to her behavior, and when, at length, the wished-for evening came, and she was attired for the great occasion, intensity of expectation heightened the natural glow of her cheek and the lustre of her eye, and Lady Flemming surveyed her again and again from head to foot, with motherly pride and complacency, and whispered to herself as she mounted the steps of the carriage—"She will *take*, I am convinced."

CHAPTER II.

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the door of my Lord Lander's splendid mansion. All the luxury that unbounded wealth can command, displayed to advantage by surpassing taste, made the gorgeous scene to seem like the enchantment of fairy land. A thousand lamps emulated in their dazzling radiance, the splendor of the noonday sun. Sweet perfumes were borne on the wings of the air—statues and pictures, the most glorious creations of art, intoxicated the admiring eye, and filled to overflow the measure of imagination's loftiest picturings, while, through gilded halls and arching corridors, in the midst of all this glory, moved smiling forms in beautiful array, and all was life and gaiety and light! And within those smiling forms curtained by that beautiful array, were the exultant throbs of unbounded joy, and the writhings of bitter anguish. Love, pouring out its deep-flowing sympathies upon its fellows, Hate, muttering harsh curses like the growls of the distant thunder—Admiration, glancing with kindling eye, and crying, "beautiful! beautiful!"—Envy, with demoniac scowl and gnashing teeth—Pride, haughty and distant, stern and sullen—Vanity, tricked in enticing gewgaws—wild, frenzied Delight, forgetful that pain and sorrow have an existence or a name—and cold, heart-broken Grief, alone and lonely in the midst of thousands—Death in the centre of life. All, then, that mingle and commingle in such scenes—shrouded to the mortal eye behind those hollow smiles and that mocking glitter of array—all, all were there!

Lady Flemming and Estelle arrived somewhat early, before the majority of the guests had assembled; as it was desirable to spare the uninitiated Estelle the confusion of an entrance under the scrutinizing glances of a throng. But this naturally made her the object of greater attention to those who had already arrived, and as she advanced, leaning upon her mother's arm, her eyes cast timidly down, and her singular beauty heightened by the blush that suffused her face and neck, her mother, whose eyes and ears were alert, to catch and skilful to interpret any and every look and word relating to her, had little difficulty in estimating the earnest gaze of all, and the whispers that briskly circulated, to be tributes of admiration; while one tall and elegant young

gentleman, standing in the midst of a bevy of ladies, exclaimed in a perfectly audible tone "surpassingly beautiful!" Estelle lifted her head by an irresistible impulse, and turning in the direction of the sound, encountered suddenly, the ardent gaze of a pair of lustrous black eyes. Blushing until it seemed as though the blood would press through her transparent skin, she bent her head again to the floor. At the same instant Lady Flemming looked deliberately towards the speaker, and instantly recognizing in him Colonel Elthorpe, the only son and heir of the titled master of the mansion, the host of the evening, she smiled and bowed, the smile and bow being gracefully and cordially returned.

To give Estelle an opportunity to recover herself—for she could feel her arm tremble as it rested on her own—Lady Flemming retired to a corner, which served as a partial retreat from notice. There, Estelle soon forgot her tremor, and, thoughtless of herself, surveyed with wondering admiration, the fast-increasing company, as they passed near her to salute their noble hostess. The keenness of curiosity being blunted after a while, she thought—and she may be readily forgiven for it—of the fervent exclamation that had met her ear, and the handsome eyes that had been fixed upon her face; and seeking for their owner, saw him at some distance in conversation, where she had an opportunity to scan his appearance at leisure. He was habited in military attire, and was certainly superior in nobleness of carriage and manliness of figure, to the most of men; and to Estelle, who had seen so little of the world, he seemed a demigod. Two or three times he turned in the direction where she was standing, and she thought his eye rested upon her with more than a careless expression. He certainly approached gradually nearer to the spot where she yet stood, by her mother, and, she knew not why, there was a fluttering of her heart.

But Lady Flemming, better able to fathom the feelings by outward manifestations, had also watched the colonel, and was soon satisfied that his attention was fixed upon Estelle, and that he was making his way towards them. There was much in this slight interest betrayed by the colonel, which was peculiarly satisfactory to Lady Flemming. She knew that the colonel must have returned to London from the army upon the continent, at a very late period, probably that very day, by the style of the salutations which passed between him and those with whom he was connected by ties of affection, consanguinity or friendship. Recalling the period of his leave-taking, a year or two before, she could remember to have heard no hint or floating suspicion of any impression upon his heart in any quarter. Estelle's beauty was of the cast to charm a gallant, spirited soldier just from the camp; and much passed through her ladyship's mind that needs not to be detailed. Seeing an opportunity when no one was very near them, she said to Estelle,

"My dear, Colonel Elthorpe, the one who made the loud remark upon you when we entered, is on his way to us. He is just from the army. Of course you know who he is."

"No, mamma."

"Lord Lander's only son and heir, and will be sought after more than any nobleman upon the carpet. Yes," continued her ladyship in a meditative tone, as if running over the unmarried noblemen in her mind, "decidedly he is the best match to be obtained. Now remember my instructions, Estelle. Have no foolish, shrinking timidity—nor yet be too bold and confident. Be afraid of venturing too far, and yet, by no means let it make you afraid of attempting any thing, for that would be to exhibit an indecision of thought and action, more prejudicial than boldness itself. He comes; guard yourself well, my dear."

The tenor of Lady Flemming's counsel unavoidably recalled to Estelle's mind the painful conversation she had held with her sister, and this certainly did not contribute to increase her self-possession; so that when Colonel Elthorpe had conversed a few moments with her mother, and was introduced to herself, her trembling, confusion and blushes, were any thing but satisfactory to Lady Flemming, who, aware of the controlling influence of first impressions, was anxious, in more than an ordinary degree that Estelle should appear to advantage. Estelle was conscious that she was offending her mother, and was indeed vexed with herself for being thus wanting in confidence; for there was a feeling in her bosom, that she would give worlds to meet the continued esteem of one, who had involuntarily communicated to her his good opinion of her outward appearance. But to several of his first questions, she replied in spite of herself, in a voice scarce elevated above a whisper, and without daring to lift her eyes from the floor. But there existed no false timidity in her character. She had sufficient self-respect, to guard her from imbecility of action, and to elevate her above unjust comparisons of herself with others, creating the very results which, under such influences, she would anticipate; retaining her in the dim and scarce distinguished back-ground. Her present manner was occasioned by the overpowering influence of the novel circumstances in which she was placed; and no sooner did these peculiar influences lose their vividness, than she regained her natural ease and grace, and appeared a renovated being. Colonel Elthorpe spoke of the country—his remark being suggested by one from Lady Flemming, thrown in indirectly, as a kind of apology for Estelle's bashfulness—that she had but lately come to London—and then Estelle could sympathize and enlarge—and in her simple yet delightful style, she spoke of its beauties, its attractions, its pure delights—her melodious and playful voice adding new charms to the bright promptings of her imagination, and the soldier listened with an expression of deep pleasure and full appreciation of her feelings.

Suddenly, in the midst of their earnest conversation, the colonel glanced hastily round the crowded apartment, then looked at his watch, and seemed for a few moments afterward, in anxious reflection. "Pardon me, ladies," at length he said, bowing, "for this very ungentlemanly procedure, but I am in momentary expectation of the arrival of a near and dear friend, and feared that I had neglected to greet him upon his ar-

trance. Ah," continued he, turning to Estelle, "there is the music! The dances are about to commence. I feel constrained to await his coming, but let me hope to be favored with your hand when I return."

Estelle gave token of assent, and again bowing, he left them. "Very well, you behaved very well, my love," said Lady Flemming immediately, to Estelle, "after you conquered your first affright. You really did yourself credit, dear, and made a decided impression."

Although this was but a continuance of the same strain which had excited such painful emotions in Estelle's bosom, she listened to it, not only without aversion, but even with pleasure. In the morning, the idea of effort to interest one of the opposite sex, and of cool and deliberate calculation how far that effort had proved available, would have thrilled through her bosom, and made her recoil with indignation; and now she even smiled at its execution. Alas, how soon do our better and nobler feelings yield fealty to the sway of passion! Her dormant vanity was already awake!

Lady Flemming sauntered with Estelle through the rooms, threading their way among the dancers, her ladyship smiling and nodding to her thousand and one acquaintances, until they entered the music-room. There, a few votaries of song were gathered about the piano, at which a songstress was seated, pouring forth sweet melody. "It is," cried Estelle, "it is Cousin Isabelle! I know it is, for all I haven't seen her for five years. Oh, how beautifully she sings. Dear Isabelle!"

As she concluded the verse she had been singing, Isabelle turned her eyes in the direction of our friends, and starting up, ran to them, exclaiming,

"Aunt, I'm very glad to see you. And this is Cousin Estelle, is it not? Welcome, cousin, to London. A bright and dazzling scene this for my sweet cousin! Alas, 'tis too bright for its splendor to be deep or lasting."

As she spoke, she held out both hands to Estelle, and kissed her as she ended, and Estelle, overcome by the rich eloquence of her expression, and the love beaming from her dark eyes, returned her grasp with fervor, and answered,

"Dear Isabelle! Oh, I am so glad to meet you! I knew in a moment it was you, though I have not seen you for so long. I suppose I have altered amazingly since then, and you would have no more known me, than the man in the moon, if I hadn't been with mamma. But you were a woman then, and are the same kind-looking Cousin Isabelle, only you seem a *little* older, and more calm and sedate. And you will love me just as much as you did then, wont you?"

"Yes, yes, I will," answered Isabelle, the tears starting to her eyes. "Come," said she, putting Estelle's arm through her own; "let us go where we can have a good talk. Trust her to me a little while, wont you, aunt?"

Lady Flemming, who was in converse with a gentleman, granted a hesitating consent, for there was no being whose influence over Estelle she more dreaded than that of Isabelle; and the two girls left the music-room and sought an antechamber, where they might converse

in uninterrupted freedom. Crossing an entry near the entrance-way, they found Colonel Elthorpe pacing to and fro with folded arms.

"Whither so fast?" said he; will you not pause so long as may suffice to greet me? especially, since I am thus exiled from the gay throng."

"Self exiles deserve no pity," answered Estelle; and then observing that Isabelle and the colonel looked at each other without recognition, she went through the ceremony of introduction.

"You declare yourself an exile, Colonel Elthorpe," said Isabelle; "may I ask wherefore?"

"I await the arrival of a particular friend, who came with me from the continent, has been my camp companion, and once in battle saved my life."

"Ah," exclaimed both ladies in a breath.

"Yes. Shall I relate the circumstances? It may give him interest in your eyes—for courage I know must be charming to woman—and that I should especially admire. It so happened in our last campaign, that my regiment, having been detached on dangerous service, was intercepted, before a junction with the army could be effected, by a body of the enemy, drawn up to dispute our passage; and concealed from our sight by an elevation, until we were close upon them. They instantly opened a galling fire, and at the first discharge, my horse was shot under me, and my troops wavered, and turned to retreat. But retreat would have brought us upon the main body of the foe, and I besought them to turn and prove themselves worthy of their country. My efforts to rally them would have proved abortive, had not a lieutenant dashed in among them, and with voice and action, effectually seconded my exertions. They rallied, and obedient to command, resolving to redeem their honor, rushed forward to the charge. We fought, as we had need to do, desperately. I was almost blinded with excitement, in the terrible carnage, my men were cut down everywhere around me, and the victory seemed declaring for the foe, when this lieutenant again sprung to the van of the fight, and inspired every breast with new vigor by his words and example. I was finally attacked by two at the same time, and in the struggle for life, I did not see that I stood alone and deserted; for the foe had wheeled a piece of artillery to bear upon our thickest ranks, which suddenly turned and fled. At once, a stranger arm clove one of my assailants to the earth, and the other fell, pierced by my own sword. At the moment, as I staggered forward, faint with exhaustion and loss of blood, the same arm grasped me, and with giant strength, dragged me from the spot. It was all the work of an instant, and I was scarce removed, before the cannon thundered forth its deadly contents! I felt that the gallant soldier had snatched me from the destruction it scattered; and when, after a reinforcement had relieved us, I sought to thank my deliverer, I found him to be the same lieutenant, whose bravery had been so conspicuous."

"We can appreciate the interest you feel in him," said Isabelle.

"He has obtained the promotion he so richly merits," continued the colonel, "and has been very lately ga-

zatted as captain. Shall I describe him to you, that you may be prepared to receive him? Nay, here is himself to answer for himself,"—and a tall officer, with glossy hair and moustaches, wearing a smile that displayed two beautiful rows of remarkable white and large teeth, advanced towards them. "Howard!" exclaimed the colonel, extending his hand.—"Ah, Elthorpe, how do you?" was the answer, in a very musical, yet manly voice. Pray what scene of enchantment is within, that fairy forms are flitting so gaily to the windows?"

"Let me introduce you to two of the sprites, no unfavorable specimens of the beauty and brightness within;" and the gentlemen joined the cousins, who had remained, in compliance with a gesture from the colonel. The colonel took Estelle's arm and led the way to the drawing-rooms, followed by Captain Howard, who attached himself to Isabelle. When they joined the company, there was a pause in the dancing, and the four stood up for the next cotillion, in the same set. Estelle had lost all embarrassment, and now and then, her buoyant glee at some slightly-ludicrous circumstance, made her clasp her hands in delight and laugh aloud; then, remembering how pointedly her mother had forewarned her against this breach of decorum, and finding herself, for the moment, the mark for wondering scrutiny, she would hang her head and blush to the very temples; but no mother was near to observe and chide, and though Francesca looked reproof, it was with such an encouraging smile, that she was not perplexed or mortified, but promised amendment in an answering smile, and soon was again wrapt in the excitement of the scene. After several dances with one and another, Estelle, somewhat fatigued, joined her cousin again, her mother having returned to seek her, and Captain Howard remained with them, refusing every exertion of his friend to entice him to dance again, or to improve the opportunity to make acquaintances. There was a slightly-perceptible constraint in his manner, as though not wholly at his ease, but he was notwithstanding, graceful, and bore himself with a delicacy of manner to the ladies peculiarly agreeable. Both Isabelle and Estelle were deeply interested in him. There was something extremely fascinating in his manner, and the attraction of the most apathetic would have been attracted by his smile, when he displayed those fine, even, and almost dazzling rows of teeth, contrasting richly with his raven-black whiskers and hair and dark, sun-burnt complexion. His conversation was of a varied and animated description. He spoke of his connection with the army—related anecdotes of the stirring scenes in which he had been an actor—now amusing, now calling forth deep emotion. Yet he did not seem egotistical; for, at times he skilfully elicited remarks from his companions, and afforded them opportunity and occasion to bear their part in the converse; placing them so perfectly at their ease, that their thoughts and feelings were pictured in words without effort or constraint. He did not appear to be attracted by one cousin more than the other; for the vigilant Lady Flemming detected him often in that close observation of each of their counte-

nances, which betrays a calm desire to pierce into the depths of character as pictured in expression. But it needed not equal observation to fathom the two beautiful cousins. Estelle was as a pellucid fountain; the simplicity of her mind was written in letters of light, and all who looked might read, and know without much of study, the singleness, the sweetness, the purity of her spirit. But while Isabelle was to the eye of the observer, as single, as sweet, as pure, that observer felt that there was more within; deeper currents, and brighter fountains. You would love Estelle at once and for ever, and she would ever be the same Estelle; but you would love Isabelle at once—and more and more, as circumstances developed her character. Her face was not interesting from the abstract beauty and regularity of her features, but for its confiding meekness, and the intensity of feeling portrayed in it. She believed the world all honesty, all truth, all openness. Why should she not? How could she have an adverse thought, when her heart was a gushing stream of Heavenly purity and love; whose chrystal waters had never been polluted by one unhallowed thought? When she spoke, her voice stole on the ear in silver tones like the soft yet swelling music of a harp-string, played upon by the evening breeze; and it soothed and subdued the soul of the hearer. Were her hours rather kissed by the laughing god of joy, or wept over by the pale genius of sorrow? She was often happy; she ever smiled to witness the exhilaration of pleasure, and could be gay as the gladdest, with the innocently gay; but she often dropt a tear of pity at the story of unfriended misery; deserted the splendor of wealth to enter the abode of hundry destitution; she stole from the laughing and the thoughtless, to whisper consolation in the ear of the lonely, the sick and the dying! She would have relieved, could she have done so, the unhappiness, have hallowed the guilt, of a world!

(To be continued.)

Original.

SONNET—TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

LADY, amid the pomp that circles thee—
The ceaseless round of homage, and the set
And stately forms of courtly etiquette,—
Dost thou not sometimes wish that thou wert free
To leave thy golden cage, and chainless flee,
Like some bright bird, a quiet home to find
With those thou lovest, leaving far behind
The cumbrous crown and robe of royalty?—
Dost thou not pant for some such quiet shade,
With no attendant flatterers by thy side—
No public eye to mark each look and tone—
Where thy pure thoughts, unchecked and unbetrayed,
May find expression unto none denied
But these who wield a sceptre on the throne?

Boston.

Original.

OCEAN FEELINGS.

BY JOHN J. ADAMS.

AGAIN I greet thee, ocean, in thy smiles,
And mark thy gambolling in rainbow crest;
Freed from the earth and its ensnaring wiles,
I gaze, and feel that with thee I am blest,
As sinks each torturing thought that e'er my soul oppress.

I gaze upon thee when at twilight's eve,
Thy waves do seem to speak in humble pray'r;
While, like fair flowers, they gently take their leave,
No longer dallying with the inconstant air—
And, sympathetic, feel a rest for all my care.

I mark, in wonder, when with fearful dash
You break, as though the bark you would o'erwhelm;
In anger calling to the intruder rash,
Who dares to wander o'er thy virgin realm;
As rush the seamen, bold, unto the uncertain helm!

I've gazed upon thee in each change so grand—
Thy *quiet* is a grandeur—all confess;
Tho' then so distant seems the heart-sought strand,
The friends we seek, perchance love's fond caress,
And all which our most cherished feelings bless.

I've gazed upon thee, and, like those of yore,
Who did with *life* imbue thee, I have thought,
That e'en from out thy "multitudinous" store,
All fair things on this earth, perchance, were wrought,
And in old time, save thee, existed naught.

Whence sprang that thought—in what soul-searching
mood,
Was he who brought the fancy into birth?
High mus'd he as he looked upon the flood,
While standing on the fairest spot of earth—
That no alluvia show'd, or atmospheric dearth.

Those wild imaginings—how dear they are—
Mind was their dictate—who shall say they're wrong?
They could not stoop unto the sceptic's fare—
To being, glory, poesy and song,
All things they gave which to our earth belong.

To being, glory, poesy and song,
Fain would I give all things which reach my lay;
The blissful thought how rapt I would prolong,
That all shall waken to a brighter day,
And bask—transcendent thought! in Heaven's eternal
ray.

What joy is fellowship unto that mind,
Which bursts the cements worldlings cast around;
To see in peace its kindred and its kind,
Complacent look beyond this narrow bound—
Nor thus to view can e'er with holy joy be crown'd.

And once, when cheerful rose the heart-fraught lay,
I caught my sea guide's strange perplexed smile—
I mark'd the change when tears did silent stray,
And he, as though my sorrow to beguile,
In kindness ask'd—what thus thy thoughts do wile?

My song, sir Pilot, gratitude inspir'd—
For on the mercies of my God I thought,
And my full soul, with holy rapture fir'd,
Those feelings vented that were overfraught,
With thankfulness for bliss so heavenly wrought.

For all secure in my now sought home,
Upon this fitful ocean I was borne,
While not a thought to low desire could roam,
Or action vain, o'er which the contrite mourn,
And which so oft, so mark the spirit torn.

Content and plenty with me and around,
How could my heart repress the joyful lay?
Yet, as I pierced yon verge in circle bound,
Why should you marvel that the tears did stray,
When to my vision came the woes which throng the
way!

See where yon tall bark helplessly is rolling—
Those looks of agony—how dreadful—look!
The knell of death o'er all is fearful tolling—
Can you that sight of horror calmly brook,
Which e'en the soul of Nero might have shook?

Can you survey it and not bless your God
That thus serene you move upon the deep?
Come now with me and bless the chastening rod,
Which breaks guilt's thunders, and gives quiet sleep
To those who o'er their wayward follies weep.

Mark you that little and that fragile bark,
A mother and her child are on the wreck;
Heard'st thou that shriek? Unto that moaning bark!
The father, dying, totters to the deck,
Relentless death his victims ne'er may reck.

Turn there—oh, God! what horror harrows now,
Thy stricken heart as fearfully they close!
Those icebergs round that moveless, fated prow—
Those rending yells, those mad, despairing throes—
And, if thou can'st, seek for thy night's repose.

Yes, thou *may'st* seek, and calmly close thine eyes,
If to thy God the heartfelt prayer ascend,
That, while thy soul does all his blessings prize,
To those thus stricken for his unknown end,
His boundless grace in mercy may extend.

Once day when the people of Athens desired Euripides to expunge a certain passage from one of his tragedies, he came upon the stage and exclaimed—"I do not compose my works to learn of you, but to teach you."

Original.

HEROINES OF SACRED HISTORY.

NUMBER I.

THE HEROISM OF QUEEN ESTHER.

CHAPTER I.—THE BANQUET.

"Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointment: Let no flower of the spring pass by us: Let us cover ourselves with rose-buds ere they be withered."—WISDOM OF SOLOMAN.

'Twas night in Persia. Elam's burning god had passed to other lands, leaving his starry train "to rule the night." Arcturus and all his sons were out—Orion and the Pleiades, shedding soft brilliancy over many a perfumed vale, mountain and desert lone. Gently their rays were flung over the starry city of Susa, and fairy gardens of the Royal Palace. Here, flowers, rare and lovely, were giving forth their fragrance to the night. Myriads of roses, jas'mines, myrtles and sweet oleander—glowing pomegranate, almond, graceful chinara and citron, were gathered in gorgeous groups, or bending over the silvery and gushing fountains.

A royal banquet hall arose in this sweet Eden. Gorgeous in its magnificence, it was worthy its royal master. The floor was a rare mosaic of marble and porphyry and alabaster, which gave it the glow of a rich painting. Pillars of marble encircled the apartment, suspended to which by silver rings were hangings of rich stuffs, of white and green and scarlet, looped up with silver cords. A table in the form of a crescent occupied the centre of the room, covered with every rare viand and delicious fruit, and thick set with delicately sculptured vases and cups of gold and silver set with precious stones, bearing the most exquisite wines of Helbon and Damascus, the sweet water of Choaspes, sacred to the royal table.

Around this luxurious board, reclining upon silver couches covered with purple cushions, were the chief nobles of the court of Artaxerxes. In the centre was the monarch, arrayed in robes of scarlet and purple, adorned with gold and jewels, and wearing the royal tiara, of cloth of silver and purple silk twisted, which bore a short plume, erect in front. Next the king, sat his seven counsellors, the heads of the seven noblest families in Persia, descendants of the conspirators against the usurper, Smerdis, the Magian, and privileged, in memory of the confusion of that hour, to wear the plumes which decorated their white linen turbans, *a-slant*.

A dazzling light was thrown over the richly laden table by silver chandeliers, while the hall resounded with music and merry laughter. This was the seventh day of the royal feast—a feast given by the king to all his officers and nobles, in commemoration of the peace which his unremitting efforts had procured to the one hundred and twenty provinces of his vast kingdom. Silence was commanded at the table, and the king spoke:

"This is the last day of the feast, my lords," he said, "let it in joy and mirth exceed the rest. Stint not the

wine, 'tis parent of wit and merriment. And yet I would not force your will—let it be the law of our feast that none drink in courtesy more than it pleaseth him."

Loud applause followed this gracious address from their monarch—the golden flagons were replenished, and jewelled cups flashed in the light.

"Still it becometh not me," continued the king, "to argue in the praise of wine, for what sayeth the writer.* 'It reduces the king, the infant, the poor and rich, to one level. It maketh the heart so joyous that monarchs and governors are no longer feared—the love of friends and kindred are forgotten, and swords are often drawn between them.'"

"Bravely hath my lord spoken of wine," said his favorite, Mamucan, who sat next to him; "it is truly a potent thing, and readily masters man, the lord of the earth. But, if I dared hazard an opinion, there exists a more powerful thing than wine."

"What may that be, Mamucan?" said his royal master. "Say on!"

"It is *the king*," said the favorite. "Man is lord of the earth, you say; he planteth the vineyard and maketh the wine, and doth not the king command all men? If he command to kill, they kill; if he command to spare, they spare; if he bid them to go to war, to break down mountains, walls and towers, it is done; if he command to make desolate, to build, to cut down, to plant, man obeyeth him. Confess, then, all ye who hear me, that the king is the most powerful thing in the world."

"Yes, wine is strong and the king is strong, but I know what excelleth both in power," said prince Admath.

"Speak on," said the king.

"It is *woman*, my lord. If mankind rule the world, doth not woman rule him? He that planteth the vine, and the king who commandeth sea and land, owe their existence to her. A man leaveth his father, mother and country for his wife. For her he will hold as dust all gold and gems and every precious thing of the earth. Will not a man labor more faithfully for the woman of his love than for his king? Yea, he will rob, and spoil, and brave the dangers of the sea, the fury of lions and the terrors of darkness, to gain treasure to lay at a woman's feet! Men have lost their wits, have become slaves, have sinned and have perished for woman's sake. Even the king, commander of the earth, does not he in turn obey a woman? Have I not seen his fair slave, Apamé, sitting beside him upon the throne, taking the crown from his august head to place upon her own?—nay, even strike the monarch unchidden! Have I not seen him fear her anger, and sue and flatter to be received into favor again? Then acknowledge, oh, king! and ye, oh, lords! that woman hath more power than wine or the king."

Universal applause crowned the orator who had so skillfully advanced the claims of the female sex to sovereignty. He was declared conqueror in the debate,

* 1 Esdras.

and the sparkling cups were once more filled high to the honor of woman. A momentary silence succeeded the clamor, during which a deep sigh was heard in the apartment. All started at this unusual sound in the banquet hall, and the king, turning, beheld beside him his cup-bearer, a Hebrew captive, who stood with his arms folded in his linen mantle, his eyes fixed pensively on the ground, and his whole figure so expressive of mournful musing, as to present a complete contrast to the merry and gaily dressed courtiers.

"How now, Nehemiah?" said the king, "why art thou so sad? Why this heart sorrow when all are so gay?"

"Let the king live for ever!" said the captive Hebrew; "and let my lord not rebuke me, for why should not my countenance be sad when the place of my fathers' sepulchre lieth waste, and the gates are consumed with fire?"

"Nay, do not mar our joy by thy gloom. Cheer up, Nehemiah—come, tell us which thou thinkest the strongest in the world—wine, the king or woman?"

"They all are excellent in strength, my lord; but, oh, king, there is something more powerful than these!" said the Hebrew.

"And what may that be?" asked the king, smiling at the courtiers, who all looked forward, expecting some amusement at the captive's reply.

"Truth is stronger," replied the Hebrew. "Earth and Heaven bow to the power of Truth. In wine, and the king, and woman, is error and death; but truth endureth always, and conquereth for evermore. True is the earth to her seasons, and swift and true the stars in their course. In the judgment of truth there is no unrighteousness; but the children of men are wicked. Truth is the strength, and kingdom, and power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the god of truth!"

The Hebrew was silent; a sudden awe fell upon the assembly, and they exclaimed, as if with one voice—"Great is truth and mighty above all things!"

"Well hast thou spoken, Hebrew," said the king. "I here pronounce thee conqueror in this our argument, and will give thee any boon thou shalt ask!"

The Hebrew, with a silent ejaculation to his God, knelt before Artaxerxes. "If it please thee, oh, king!" he said, "let me be sent to Judea with power to re-build our holy temple, and the god of truth shall bless thee evermore!"

"Thy request is granted. Remind me of this tomorrow, when I will write the fitting orders."

With many thanks, and a heart filled with gratitude to God, the Hebrew fell back behind his beneficent master.

"The Hebrew is wise," said the king; "but he has thrown a shade over our mirth. Come, fill up, my lords—let us drink to woman. I give you the fairest in Persia, Queen Vashti!"

When they had drank, Prince Mamucan observed: "We drink to her beauty, my lord, upon our faith in your taste; for the lovely queen hath never blest our eyes."

"Tis true," said the king; "but you shall judge for

yourselves. I will force you to acknowledge her pre-eminence. Bid the Lord Chamberlain appear!"

In the bustle of their entrance, Prince Carshena whispered into the ear of Mamucan: "What have you done, Prince? You have sealed your own ruin! The queen, already your enemy, will be incensed against you for suggesting this to the king, and she will leave nothing undone to work your woe. Nay, when the effect of the wine is over, the king will see his error, and you will be sacrificed to appease her."

"You are short-sighted, Carshena," said the Prince, coolly. "Do you not see I am planning her downfall instead of my own? Since she prevailed upon the king to give the government of Sardis, for which I sued, to her favorite, Haman, I have vowed her destruction. Fate now serves me. I have not worshipped Ahri-manes in vain. Vashti will refuse to come, for her spirit is high—the king will be enraged, and I will so work upon his anger, that she will be degraded from her ill-deserved state."

"Repair to the Women's Court," said the king to his chamberlain, who stood before him. "Bid Queen Vashti appear in her royal robes, with the crown upon her head, that all may behold her beauty and confess my taste unquestioned."

The chamberlain bowed and departed. Passing through the starlit garden, whose fresh air and sweet odors were grateful after breathing the heat and fumes of the banquet hall, they were admitted through a large gate into a marble court, with its usual adornment of a whispering fountain and vases of rare flowers. Around this were built the rooms appropriated to the women of the palace. A large saloon fronted the gate, from which echoed the silvery laugh and melodious tones of female voices.

Here Queen Vashti held a feast to the ladies of the court, and the wives of those princes who sat at the king's table. The walls of this apartment were richly painted, or adorned with delicate flower-work, carved in cedar and brightly gilded. Gorgeous Babylonian carpets were spread upon the marble floor, and the softened light of alabaster lamps, reflected from silver mirrors, threw a gentle moon-like radiance over the room and its fair young group.

A circle of ladies surrounded a table upon which was placed all that could tempt a fastidious palate. Grapes, and wine, and pomegranates, Arabian dates and all that was rare and delicious was before them. Upon a raised seat, sat Queen Vashti. Tall and commanding, she looked the sovereign. Her dress was of golden tissue, while from the royal tiara glittering with jewels, fell a rose colored veil spotted with gold.

When the chamberlains entered, she started in angry surprise. "What means this intrusion upon our privacy?" she said, haughtily.

The chamberlain, with a lowly obeisance, delivered the king's command for her to appear before the princes in the banquet hall. The queen gazed upon him a moment in silence, while her brilliant eyes flashed fire, the color grew deep upon her cheek, and her bosom was stirred with powerful emotion.

"Do I hear you aright, my lord?"

"You do, most royal lady. The king expects you."

"Is the king mad?" she cried with a burst of wrath, for her spirit was out in all its power. "What! doth he bid me, the queen! descend from her state, to appear in the midst of a drunken revel? Doth he bid a delicate lady come forth from her privacy to submit to the wanton gaze of his idle, half-inebriated courtiers! Return, my lords—there is some mistake in this." And the self-willed lady drew her veil around her and resumed her seat, panting with all the anger of outraged dignity and womanly delicacy.

"Nay, royal Vashti, hear me," said Harbona. "It is the king's command, and I dare not return without the queen."

"How! do ye stand arguing with me thus, as if ye deemed I would obey this insolent command!" and the diamonds in her tiara flashed not more vividly than the eyes of the ireful queen, while gazing upon the trembling eunuchs.

"You will not thus rebel against—" began Abagtha, but he was cut short by the enraged queen—rising from her seat, her glittering robes falling around her.

"Begone, slaves!" she cried, stretching her hand majestically towards them; "begone! and tell your king *I will not come!*"

The chamberlains turned and immediately quitted the saloon. A great commotion succeeded their departure. Some gentle spirits shrank aghast at the daring of the queen; but there were many there who applauded her lofty resolution.

"What, ladies!" exclaimed the Princess Roxa, wife of Mamucan; "shall we be abject slaves to our husbands! Shall they dare, when they may choose it, to drag us from our retirement? Shall we have no reserves, no rights uninvaded? Let us all imitate the strength of mind of our royal mistress, and resist all unlawful usurpations, if we would have any freedom left!"

"The noble Roxa is right," said Princess Zeresh. "As it is, we have not sufficient liberty. In other lands, woman is free to walk out, or attend assemblies of both sexes, when she pleases, while we are shut up in our tiresome abodes, and watched and guarded like children. If our royal mistress had given way to this lawless encroachment of our rights, it would have become a precedent, and our lords would be sending for us, like slaves to amuse their drunken companions!"

The fair orators were applauded, and encouraged by the example of their queen, high resolves, were passed to resist their husbands' orders when not agreeable, and even to demand from them more freedom. These wise observations were unheeded by the queen. She sat wrapped in her veil, plunged in deep thought, her bosom agitated with a variety of emotions. Now regretting, now applauding, her refusal to obey the king. She listened intently, expecting the return of the chamberlains, or some other indication of the result of the step she had taken; but nothing was heard except the chatting of her guests—and, exhausted with the violence of her emotions, she dismissed the ladies and retired.

With trembling lips the chamberlains bore to the king his queen's refusal to appear before him. The wrath of the king was loud and deep. "She refuses to come!" he exclaimed. "Is my royal will disputed? Am I bearded by a subject in my own palace?"

Harbona advanced to allay the king's anger, and spoke so judiciously of woman's rights and immunities, that his ire began to cool. This suited not the views of Prince Mamucan, and he sought to keep alive the wrath of the king.

"Truly, a fine example of obedience to our wives!" he said, with a sneer, to Carshena, but loud enough to be heard by the king. "I should not wonder if this breed a revolt in the Seraglio, and in future we shall be obliged to obey the women!"

"By Ahrimanes! you speak the truth, Mamucan," said the king, his anger reviving. "If I submit to this I may never hope to rule my women again. What shall we do, princes, to punish the refractory woman?"

There was silence in the banquet hall—each one fearing to hazard an opinion on this delicate subject, lest the king should in future regret any harsh measures he had undertaken at their suggestion—interfering between man and wife being proverbially dangerous. The wily Mamucan was the first to speak.

"If my lord, the king, will listen to the advice of his servant," he said, humbly, "no trifling punishment will have any effect. The women will all, no doubt, presume upon the daring of their mistress and give us trouble, and nothing will strike terror into their souls and reduce them to obedience, except the queen be *repudiated*."

The nobles were astonished at the boldness of Mamucan, and even the king seemed staggered at the proposal.

"Believe me, my lord," continued the prince, following up the blow; "it is the only measure to pursue. You may never hope to bend the lofty spirit of Vashti; and your other women, taking example by her disobedience, will break all rule, and cost you much trouble to bring them again into subjection. Vashti, the queen, hath not only done the king wrong, but hath stricken at the peace of the princes and people of Persia and Media; and, in their name, I demand this sacrifice? When this deed of the queen's shall be noised abroad, will not the women reply to their husbands' commands—'The king cannot force the queen to obey him, and shall we obey you?'"

Still the king answered not. Several others now spoke, whose wives the haughty queen had offended, or whose views she had thwarted, recommending the king to turn Vashti away and take a more pliant wife.

"This is good advice," said Carshena, willing to do his friend, Mamucan, a service. "Let the king take a more blooming maiden. Queen Vashti is old and her temper soured, a younger and fairer queen would be more gentle and obedient."

"Others seeing the king's eyes sparkle at the thought now warmly advocated the measure, each recommending some young beauty to the king's notice. This advice was well received, and requesting his Seven Counsellors to meet him the next day, he dismissed the assembly.

CHAPTER II.—THE CANDIDATES.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies."—PROVERBS, xxxi. 10.

SOON a decree went forth into all the hundred and twenty provinces over which Artaxerxes reigned, written in the various languages of the many nations there congregated, that Vashti, the queen of Persia was repudiated for refusing to comply with the king's commands. It further declared that, under penalty of the like fate, all women are commanded to obey their husbands, that every man might rule in his own house.

This decree was enrolled among the laws of the Medes and Persians that were voted *unalterable*. It was further commanded that the fairest maidens of the land should be brought to the palace of Artaxerxes, in Susa, that the king might choose another queen. The fate of Vashti was thus soon decided; and she was sent from the palace in disgrace. Her followers, the revolutionary chieftainesses, lowered their standards in token of submission, and silence and fear reigned in the Women's Court.

How gentle a touch will sometimes set in motion the machinery of the world! These events, apparently unimportant except to the actors, were big with the fate of the Jews who were spread over Persia and Media. The refusal of a Persian queen to obey her husband, prevented the massacre of thousands of innocent persons, for it produced her removal from the throne, and placed upon it, a Hebrew maiden. Will the scoffer at an especial Providence, read this, and not trace in it the fingers of God? In His hand are the hearts of princes. He guides them to the accomplishment of his purposes. His "peculiar people" were not forgotten. Lost, degraded, rebellious as they were, He still watched over them with a parent's care. He willed not their total destruction, and "shortened those days" of death and sorrow for Abraham's sake, from whom they sprang, and for His sake who should spring from them.

In the suburbs of the city of Susa, by the river's side, and concealed from view by a grove of stunted cypresses, stood a lone hut, formed of mud which was hardened in the sun, and thatched with date-leaves. Here resided Mordecai, once a man of wealth in Judea, but subsequently carried captive to Babylon with his King Jeconiah, when the country was conquered by Nebuchodnossor. Mordecai now gained a scanty subsistence by laboring in the city, and lived in this retired spot in order to escape notice. When the news of the king's decree reached him, his heart bounded with joy. He now saw a way open for the advancement of his people, and with many a silent prayer and ejaculation of praise, he sought his home. The hut of Mordecai, wretched as it was in appearance, contained a jewel of inestimable value. Here dwelt a Jewish maiden of rare beauty, who, upon the death of her father, was left to the care of her Uncle Mordecai. Determined to place his peerless niece upon the list of virgin candidates, he lost no time in seeking her. As he approached her apartments, he heard her voice accompanied by the Psalter. She was singing a mournful song, written by

the Prophet Jeremiah, telling of the sorrows and wrongs of her country.

How lonely sitteth Zion now!
How mournful and how desolate!
As some sad widow o'er whose brow,
Stern sorrow rules in gloomy state.

She who was princess o'er the land,
And saw proud nations own her sway,
Now seeks in vain some pitying hand
Her weary, faltering, steps to stay.

There is no feasting in her hall—
There is no laughter in the street.
Her maidens sigh in captive thrall—
Her friends are scattered ne'er to meet.

"Nay, Hadassah!" cried Mordecai, bursting in, "cease thy mourning and sing a song of joy and thanksgiving. The Lord will have pity upon Judah, and Israel will again flourish as the cedar of Lebanon!" Hadassah gazed with surprise in her uncle's face. He was completely changed. No longer dejected and mournful, he was now joyous and triumphant.

"What hath thus excited thee, my uncle?" she asked. In an exulting tone, he related the disgrace of Vashti, and the king's command that the fairest virgins should be brought to the palace, that the king might choose from them a queen. "And where shall he find a fairer than my Hadassah!" exclaimed her uncle. "Where is there a skin of more delicate tint? where a more glowing cheek? where more lustrous eyes and glossy hair, or more stately form?"

Hadassah sank into a seat, and the boasted glow faded from her cheek.

"Why, how now, silly maiden!" said Mordecai, "why is this; wilt thou not be a queen?"

"Alas, no, uncle," she said. "Spare me this trial. My spirit shrinks from the giddy height you would bid me attain. What! leave my dearest uncle—my quiet home, and mingle with the corrupt and gilded slaves of a court?"

"I looked not for this aversion, Hadassah! Hast thou no ambition? Think what it is to be the bride of a monarch! to outshine all the maidens of this vast land!"

"Uncle! wouldst thou have me wed the uncircumcised! the enemy of our faith and oppressor of our people! It cannot be that thou shouldst counsel this, mine uncle!"

"It is for thy faith, and for thy people I would ask it, girl. Thou art an instrument of the Lord for the salvation of Judah! A Jewish maiden upon the throne, and the horn of Judea will be once more exalted. In my soul I feel thou wilt be the chosen of the king, and then what power will be thine! The injuries and extortions inflicted on our race, will cease, and we shall obtain instead, benefits, perchance release from captivity. Arouse thee, Hadassah! Jehovah sends thee forth to save thy people! Like Deborah, and Judith, thou wilt stand forth in our annals as a saviour of our country. What! a Hebrew maiden, and refuse to obey her God!"

The gentle maiden had always looked upon Mordecai as her father, and obeyed his commands without a murmur—now urged by him, and called of God as she

imagined, she no longer resisted, but sacrificing her private feelings, placed her fate in his hands.

"Tis well, my child," said her uncle, fondly. "I will immediately take measures for thy appearance in the palace. But let me impress upon thee, my daughter, the necessity of concealing thy faith and nation, or thou wilt not be received among those who despise us. No longer, *Hadassah*, my Hebrew *myrtle*, thou must now be a Persian *Star*, for in future I shall call thee *Esther*."

The next day Mordecai sought Hegai, the Lord Chamberlain, in whose care the candidates were placed. Concealing his relationship, he told him of a jewel "worth all her tribe," of whose abode he was acquainted, and offered to lead her to him, when he might judge if she were fit to enter the ranks of the candidate maidens. Hegai appointed a time and place for the meeting, and the sanguine Hebrew spent his last beryl in purchasing rich robes to deck his favorite. The day arrived, and Mordecai led Esther into the room where Hegai awaited them, and throwing off the veil which covered her person, gazed triumphantly into the face of the eunuch. And seldom was there a veil withdrawn from before so perfect a form and face. Clad in graceful robes, her rich, dark hair confined with a lustrous band of diamonds, her large, soft eyes, full of elevated thought fixed firmly upon the chamberlain—her whole figure expressive of majesty of soul, and lofty resolve mingled with sweet gentleness, burst with such sudden surprise upon Hegai, that he felt she must be the chosen of the king, and guided by a superior power, he bent his knee as if in presence of a queen. Mordecai watched with rapture the effect of her charms, and giving her in Hebrew a last charge to conceal her religion, and stand firm in the cause of the Lord to which she was called, he threw the veil again over her, and consigned her to the hands of the Lord Chamberlain. Placed in the women's court, Esther, with the other maidens, underwent the purification required by the king:—six months with the oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odors. The heart of Hegai was turned by the Lord towards the gentle Esther, and he placed her in the richest rooms, gave her seven attendants, and rendered her every kindness and advantage. To him, Esther spoke in favor of Mordecai, who, in consequence, received the post of porter to the king's gate. This gave him access to the palace, and he walked every day before the women's court to obtain from the slave information of his cherished niece. The time of purification over, each maiden was led by turns into the presence of Artaxerxes. Many a lovely maiden was there of every nation. Bright glowing creatures from the gardens of Indus, the shores of the Caspian, and Arab's sandy plains—from Babylon and Nineveh and Echatana—gay in attire, and smiling with hope they went forth, but returned, their fair brows clouded with the chilling consciousness they had not won the king. Esther's turn came at last, and as clad in rich garments, she stood in her radiant and peerless beauty, awaiting to be conducted to the monarch, the assembled candidates knew their hopes for the throne were over.

The eunuch arrived and gazed with delight upon his beautiful charge, for she had so won upon him by her gentle loveliness, that he felt a father's interest in her. He took her small white hand in his, and led her into the presence of Artaxerxes. Like the evening star she beamed upon the king, all brilliancy and softness. The monarch raised her as she knelt before him. "Bring hither no more maidens, Hegai," he said, gazing with ecstasy upon the lovely Esther—"this is my queen—earth can give no fairer!"

The important news now soon flew over the palace and city. Esther was chosen queen, and the royal crown was placed upon her head. Mordecai retired to his humble dwelling and spent the day in prayer and thanksgiving to God for this signal favor, and to mourn the loss of his gentle Hadassah.

CHAPTER III.—THE FALLEN QUEEN.

"As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout,
So is a fair woman without discretion."—PROVERBS, 11. 22.

In a large saloon, paved with marble, and lined with Lydian tapestry, belonging to a noble house of Susa—her face buried in the satin cushions upon which she lay, was a lady indulging in all the abandonment of violent grief. A man richly clad stood in front of her, his arms folded in his purple mantle, gazing in silent contempt upon the agonized female before him.

"And this is the haughty Vashti!" he said at last. "This weak, weeping woman is the daring spirit which ruled the court of Artaxerxes!"

"Rail on, my brother," said the unhappy lady, raising to him, a face whose glorious beauty was dimmed with tears. "Your scorn, your contempt, can arouse me no more. My spirit is broken, my pride is gone, and the empress is lost in the woman."

"Can it be possible you loved this man?"

"Yea, Haman, with all the fire of my nature!"

"Then why not obey him? Why accuse fate for your misfortune when you have carved out your own destiny? Proud and unbending, you offended the princesses, and made enemies of the nobles of your court, and could not curb your indomitable spirit even for the crown of Persia!"

The sorrow-stricken queen offered no reply to her brother's cruel reproaches, but too much exhausted even to weep, with closed eyes she leaned heavily back against the cushions, her rich, dark hair no longer confined by the royal tiara, fell in disorder around her, and her long lashes lay upon a cheek of marble paleness. Haman walked impatiently about the saloon.—"So well had I planned," he said—"so long and cunningly worked to place you upon the throne, and now to have my nicely-reared fabric overthrown by your impatient spirit, is enough to drive me mad! There is, however, one thing left, *vengeance*!" Vashti started, and pressed her hands firmly upon her heart. "Yes, vengeance, sister! Wouldst thou not smile to see him low who wronged thee?"

"Oh, that I could tear this weakness from my heart!" exclaimed Vashti, passionately, "but, Haman! harm

him not! I could curse myself for it, brother. I *love* him yet," and with a shuddering sigh she once more fell back.

"Pshaw! this is foolery! What is thy love to me? 'Tis already whispered thou art in my house, and should it be discovered thou art my relative, my enemies will seize upon it as an engine to hurl me from the favor of this besotted king. I have not yet arranged my plans, but if I cannot work upon Artaxerxes to degrade Esther, and place thee again on the throne, he surely *dies*!"

"Thou worm!" cried the queen, starting from her seat, and fixing her dark, vivid eyes upon Haman—"dare not to touch the sovereign of Persia with thy low-born hands! He shall not die!"

"What, dost thou wish him to live, blessing thy rival with his love?" said Haman, with a sneer. "Already he doats upon the beauteous Esther, while thou art despised and forgotten!"

"Forbear!" shrieked the fallen queen. "Rend not my soul with such blasting images! Hurl Esther from my throne, and let her taste all the bitterness I have tasted!—aye, let me see her hated blood flow!" she cried fiercely, her eyes flashing with the dark emotions which swayed her bosom—all the woman lost in the dethroned queen—"let me place my foot upon her neck, and then do with me, aye, with *him*, what thou wilt!"

"If I can ruin Esther in the king's favor, or compass her death, wilt thou lend thyself to my conspiracy?"

"I will!"

"It may be the death of the king will be required, and I may want some trusty and unsuspected agent, who can have access to him when he sleeps, to strike the blow in secrecy and security; wilt thou be the agent?"

"*I will!*" and as she spoke, the fire again fled from her cheek, and covering her face with her hands, she buried them in the cushions, her long, dark hair falling like a funeral veil around her.

CHAPTER IV.—THE KING'S DECREE.

"Thy tongue deviseth mischief;
Like a sharp razor, working deceitfully."—PROVERBS, 4.2.

HAMAN now aroused all his energy to compass his plans. Revenge for his sister's degradation, and an ambitious wish to advance himself to power, were the mainsprings of his actions. His first step was to worm himself into the king's confidence. This, with extreme cunning, he contrived to do. He was placed above all the nobles of the court, and the king often sent forth a decree, commanding all, at the approach of Haman, to bow down and worship him as a god. Exulting in his success, Haman now, with renewed hope, endeavored to accomplish the destruction of Esther, hoping by his influence, to induce the king to place Vashti again upon the throne.

Soon after the decree in his favor, Haman, clad in costly robes of purple and scarlet, on an Arab coursier, whose velvet housings were embroidered with gold, rode through the city, with a long train of followers, to satisfy his insatiable pride, by the adoration of all whom

he passed. He rode loftily out of the gate, around which was collected a crowd of slaves and idlers, who bowed themselves to the dust at his approach, crying, "Hail, Haman! son of Mythra!" One alone stood erect, gazing with a calm brow at the pageant as it passed. Haman was astonished at his daring, but supposing him some stranger, ignorant of the king's command, satisfied his malignity by frowning darkly at the offender. The next day the same thing occurred. All were prostrate except the stranger, who stood proudly with folded arms as Haman passed. The slaves who stood around and marked the anger of Haman, expostulated with Mordecai—for it was he—upon his singular conduct. They urged the king's decree, and the power of Haman, and warned him of the danger of offending the haughty favorite. To all this, Mordecai vouchsafed no reply, and when Haman again rode forth stood among the kneeling group, like some tall tree, erect amid the wreck of forests. Haman was galled past endurance.

"What slave!" he cried riding fiercely up to him, "know you not the king's command! down there and kneel before me!"

"I bow not to mortal, my lord," said the Hebrew, calmly, "to my God alone, my knee is bent in adoration." And folding his linen robe around him he slowly, strode away.

Haman's wrath was great, but his nature was wily and cunning, and detecting a smile among his followers, he smothered his ire, and rode on, devising some sure and cruel punishment to the man who dared to resist his will. Calling to his side one of his trusty servants, he asked him the name of the offender.

"It is Mordecai, my lord, a Jew, and we do suspect a relation of the queen, for messages have gone between them, and Hegai said he brought Esther to the Palace."

"A Jew and relative of the queen!" thought Haman, "Esther is in my power and the throne is mine! for Haman is not so weak as to work for another, no my fair sister, thou art but my agent, and when the king is dead, my faithful Macedonians, whom I have secreted in the city will place me upon the throne of Persia!"

Haman asked no more questions, but, bending over his horse whispered to his slave.

"Bring me the surety of all you say, and a golden daric shall reward you!"

A few days after this, Haman rushed eagerly into his sister's presence.

"Joy! joy! Vashti!" he cried, "thy rival is in my power, and thou shalt see her blood flow at thy feet!"

"Ha! what sayest thou!" exclaimed the queen.

"I have discovered her well kept secret at last. Vashti, Esther is a *jewess*! despised, captive Hebrew!"

"Then shall I be avenged! Haman! I breathe free once more!" and shaking back her neglected locks, the face of Vashti beamed with triumph.

"Yes, she is of that hated obnoxious race. As yet the king knows it not, nor shall until my plans be arranged."

"Quick, tell me all!" exclaimed the eager princess.

"Listen. By the many arts, of which I am master, I will work upon the king against the jews, then, taking advantage of some little disturbance which frequently occurs between these people and ours, because forsooth, they cannot bear oppression, I will represent them as a dangerous race which it is the king's duty to exterminate. I can guide Artaxerxes as a child, by his own good qualities; for the benefit of his country he would sacrifice his dearest friend. A decree goes forth for the massacre of the jews, Mordecai and Esther share the fate of their people, and Vashti mounts the throne of Persia!"

"Oh, soul ravishing view! now I shall know that peace which fled my bosom while my rival lived and was beloved!"

"Vashti!" said Haman with a withering frown, remember thy oath! If we require the king at thy hands, strike sure!"

With a wild shriek, the unhappy woman fled into an inner room.

CHAPTER V.—CASTING LOTS.

"—the idols have spoken vanity,
And the diviners have seen a lie,
And told false dreams."—ZECHARIAH x. 2

In furtherance of his plan of destruction and blood, Haman now continually dwelt upon the character of the jews who were spread over the king's dominions, he painted their restless spirit, and their former power, told of the riches which it was supposed they possessed, and exaggerated every little disturbance into which these injured people were led, and made it appear an act of rebellion.

That nothing might be wanting to further his views, Haman resolved to employ every agent who could be of any benefit to him in his wicked purpose, for, to his wish to revenge his sister, and wish to possess the throne, was added, an intense hatred towards Mordecai, who had braved his power, which filled his malignant heart and urged him on to deeds of blood and desperation.

Religion, ever a powerful engine in the hands of bad men, was one of the agents which Haman resolved to make use of against the jews. For this purpose he bent his way towards the Temple of the Sun.

This noble structure was of white marble, gracefully proportioned. It stood in an open space near the bounds of the city, and now, as Haman approached, appeared to great advantage against the dark green background of the mountain which towered behind the town, while the setting sun cast a roseate hue over its gracefully sculptured pillars and portico. Haman ascended the steps, passed through the richly carved doors of Sandal-wood, and entered the temple. The centre of the edifice was filled with kneeling worshippers, whose faces were turned towards the east, but, who, in looking towards their God, were careful not to turn their backs to the sacred fire, which burned upon a large silver altar at the upper end of the temple.

Before this altar the Magii were performing the service of the evening, he whose duty it was to attend

the sacred fire, wore a linen band over his mouth, that the dampness of his breath might not sully the purity of the holy element, brought from heaven by their prophet Zoroaster. The service seemed almost over, and Haman resolved to remain quiet until the worshippers were dismissed. He had never observed the faith of his Grecian fathers, for all creeds were the same to his corrupt heart, but as a means to power he had cultivated the favor of the priests, and had professed his wish to be initiated into the religious ceremonies of the Persian Magii. With contempt he now gazed upon the scene before him. There was no light in the temple save that of the sacred fire, which threw its red glare over the marble columns and white robed priests, over sacred vessels of gold, grotesque carving, and rich gilding which adorned the temple. The deep silence was undisturbed except by muttered prayer by the Magii or sigh from the bosom of some devout worshipper. These prayers over, smooth skins were produced from which were read portions of the Zeud Avesta of their prophet, Zoroaster, after which the worshippers were dismissed. Some few lingered to purchase *Zor*, holy water or drops of *Hom*, prepared from certain plants during the conjunction of particular planets, and of peculiar efficacy in sickness. At length all were gone, priest and worshipper, except Dejoces, the Arch-Magii.

"Ah, my noble convert!" he exclaimed, when he saw Haman advance. "It is some time since you sought our temple."

"True, holy father," replied the wily noble, "the cares and duties of a court have usurped my time. Now, however, I have come to devote myself to the pure doctrines of the fire worshippers."

"In the first place, my son," said the Magii, "I must object to that designative of our religion. We do not worship fire, but merely hold it sacred, being a symbol of our God Mythra. It is a type of the Sun, which is the dwelling place of that supreme intelligence who is himself formed of light, and, like fire, "self shining, pure, luminous."

"You have other Gods, father?"

"Blessed be Mythra! yes, Orismades, the principle of good, formed of all pervading fire and pure water; he is intelligent, active, beneficent. Worship him, my son, but, at the same time, forget not to propitiate the Spirit of Evil, Ahrimanes. He is the opposite of Orismades, and with him rules the world. He is the source of all crime and misery; and, as says the Avesta of our holy prophet, Zoroaster, "He is wicked, impure, malignant, and can never hope to attain goodness."

"Pardon the question of your humble disciple, father," said Haman, "but will you deign to inform me of the purpose of the creation of this spirit of evil."

"He was created pure, but committing sin, fell from his high estate. Since then he is permitted to roam the world for a time, to prove the virtue of man, and to entitle him to the reward destined for him who shall come from the fiery trial of the tempter, unsullied. Beware of him, my son! his influence is great; and to strengthen his power he has created Deeves, evil spirits, to assail the heart of man with wicked thoughts."

Haman conscious of evil, dropped his eyes before the priest.

"We are not however left without aid against him," said Dejoces, "Orismades has also formed many new spirits to contend with the forces of Ahrimanes. Among these are Ardebelest, the genius of fire and light, who watches over the sacred fires, that Ahrimanes may not extinguish them, and thus bring destruction upon all things; Shamrivar, Spirit of the metal and mines; Es-pendermad, guardian of the fruits of the earth; the angel Kourdad, who watches over water which gives strength to man and to the soil; Amerdab, genius of plants of trees."

"Truly you lack not ministering spirits," said Haman, with a concealed sneer.

"You have not heard of half," said the priest. "I have not told you of Honover; of Rash-in-rast, genius of justice; of Serooch; Beliram, armed with club and arrows; of Dje; Abondad, the Man Bull; of the Ferobers; of Kayoniers; Maschia and Maschiana; Harfestes; of the Spirits who reside in Planets."

"All this I will listen to, some other time, learned Dejoces," said Haman, "I must now return to the palace. This bag of gold, father," he added drawing it from beneath his purple mantle, "I have brought to purchase perfumed wood for the Sacred Fire, that our Lord, Mythra, may be inclined to open my heart to the pure faith, and receive me among his worshippers."

"Thou hast done well," said the priest, taking the gold with avidity, and secreting it, that he might appropriate it to his own private use. Would that all our nobles, and rich men were as piously disposed. Truly we want it, and our offerings have been few of late."

"How! can it be possible the Holy Temple of the Sun is neglected!" said Haman with affected alarm, "it is then as I feared, and the idolators are corrupting our people."

"What sayest thou, Haman! Idolators!"

"Holy Dejoces, thou shouldst be more watchful over thy flock. Listen. The *Queen is a Jewess*, and beloved by Artaxerxes; judge what reason we have to fear, as we have of late, the king will forsake his ancient religion, and patronize that of her people! think of our temples turned to Hebrew fanes, and our priests removed to make room for the sons of Levi!"

The alarm, the horror expressed upon the priest's face, showed the effect of Haman's communication.

"A Jewess!" he cried, "curses upon the race! Dogs! Deeves! may Ahrimanes clutch every soul of them! may the hundred years of torment in burning liquid metal, reserved for the wicked, be extended to eternity for them! Shall our temples be desecrated, our fire be extinguished for the spawn of Judah!"

As the enraged Magii turned towards his sacred fire, the red glare flashed over his bronzed features, expressive of every evil passion; he looked the personification of the Spirit of Evil he invoked, standing amid his own tormenting flame. Haman saw with inward triumph the working of the poison he had instilled. He added every thing most likely to excite the priest against the Jews, and found him a willing agent for their extermina-

tion, as his own well being depended upon their destruction.

"Yes, let them die!" exclaimed Dejoces. "Insolents! they pretend our religion is of later date than theirs, and tell us our holy Zend Avesta was taken from their bible, when all the world knows the worship of the sun, and the pure beings contained in it, is coeval with the existence of that luminary."

"It is true, father. Let us be wary, and our plans will succeed. Go now to watch the planets that astrology may give us its aid; put up prayers to Mythra, Orismades, and Ahrimanes, that nothing may be wanting to assure us of victory."

After a long consultation upon their future measures, the conspirators separated, and Haman took his way to the palace.

"Wise Haman!" he said, I have taken the right method to the sure accomplishment of my schemes by engaging this dolt of a priest in my service. Curse the fool! doth he imagine he can bend my lofty intellect to give credence to his crowd of angels, and gods, and devils, and holy bulls? Truly if I believed in any God, or put faith in any creed, it would be that of the Hebrew he thus scorns, with his one eternal Jehovah, his wise lawgiver, and sublime prophets. But, *there is no god*, no future; I will not believe it, or I should go mad with the thought!"

Finding himself near the king's apartment, Haman threw into his countenance an expression of despair and rushed into the room, crying out, "Woe! woe upon Susa! woe upon Persia and Media!"

The king, who was alone, started with alarm. "Haman! what moves thee thus!" he exclaimed.

"Alas, my lord, our days, I fear, are numbered! the glory hath departed from this land!" After exciting the king's fears, Haman continued, "I have just seen the head priest of the temple of the sun; he tells me the Gods are angry. Orismades hides his head, and it is feared Persia will be given up to the deadly agency of Ahrimanes!"

"How know ye this?" asked the king.

"My lord prepare to hear a prognostic of woe—the *sacred fire burneth dim!*"

The king started in astonishment and horror.

"So low," continued the deceiver, "that nothing will revive it; and it is feared it will be extinguished for ever! Then woe upon Susa! woe upon Persia!"

Artaxerxes was a superstitious man, and as he listened to this artful tale paleness sat upon his royal brow, and his limbs trembled. He remembered the fate of the nations around him; for he had looked upon fallen Tyre, and Jerusalem, and Babylon—and now he began to fear the doom of Persia was decreed.

"Perhaps something might be done to propitiate the gods," he said. "Go, good Haman—seek the priests, inquire if any thing lies in my power, and I will do it."

"I met Dejoces coming to see you, my lord," said the lying Haman. "He bid me say, he with his brethren will spend this night in prayer, and in studying the planets. He requests thy presence, oh, king, at the Temple to-morrow at sunrise. Then, when Mythra

first manifests himself to the world, he will be most propitious, and the priests will then inform thee of the result of their nightly watching."

The monarch and his favorite sat late that night over their banquet, and the next morning early repaired to the temple.

City and valley were yet in the shade; but the snowy peaks of the neighboring mountains were rosy with the sun's first rays—and, as they ascended the temple steps, he rushed suddenly from behind the rocky barrier, and flooded the world with his golden showers. The sacred fire, which had been purposely replenished with billets of wood, burned brightly and clearly as the king entered.

"How is this?" he said. "I was told the holy fire burnt low, and, behold! the flames reach to the roof."

"It doth at present, oh, king," said the high priest, who came to meet Artaxerxes; "but there are moments when it burns so low, that I gaze in horror lest it be extinguished, and ruin come upon the nations in consequence!"

"How account you for this?" asked the king. "Have your last night's vigils discovered aught?"

"It hath, oh, king! Hear the revealed will of the gods. They are angry to behold this highly favored city filled with accursed idolators! They stink in the nostrils of Mythra—and I have learned from my midnight studies, the sacred fire will be quenched if the land is not purged of their defiling presence."

"Ha! Idolators—who are they?" asked Artaxerxes.

"The Jews, my lord."

"The Jews! they are esteemed a useful and peaceful people."

"Let the king live for ever!" said Haman, advancing. "Even if it were not the gods' decree, permit me humbly to suggest it would be for the king's benefit to send away this people. They respect not the king's laws, but abide by their own; therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king, let it be written that they be destroyed, and I will pay ten thousand talents of silver into the treasury as some compensation for the loss of their services. They are scattered over the king's provinces, mixing with the people, and teaching them to rebel against their royal master."

"Speak not of expediency," said the priest, sternly. "It is the will of the gods to remove them, and who dare question it? They must be exterminated, oh, king! They dare to revile our sacred fire, and say their god has formed the sun, the residence of ours."

The king was awed—convinced. Caring nothing for the Jews, and willing to do the priests and his favorite a service, he at once consented to their wishes.

"The gods shall be obeyed," he said. "Haman, see that this troublesome race be immediately thrust from the city."

"The city!" said Haman. "They are spread all over the king's dominion, and cannot be driven forth."

"They must die, oh, king!" said the Arch-Magii, solemnly.

"Die! What, all this people?"

"Yes—all!" said the priest, sternly. "They and

their wives and little ones. Wouldst thou dispute the the commands of Mythra? Wouldst thou deliver the land a prey to Ahrimanes?"

"You are then certain these Jews are the cause of the anger of the gods?" asked the king, hesitating to consent to the massacre of so many of his subjects.

At that moment the fire of the altar began to grow dim. It sank, and flashed and flickered until the former brilliancy which had lighted the temple gave place to a dusky, angry glare. The priests shrieked and tore their robes.

"The sacred fire is going out!" they cried. "The holy flame is extinguished! Woe upon Persia! woe! woe!"

"'Tis a Jew passing the temple!" cried Dejoces. "It ever sinketh thus when the idolators tread within the the precincts of the Holy Fane. Open the doors—let my lord be convinced,"

The doors of the temple were thrown open, and lo! before them stood a Jew! Evidently he was passing the temple and had stopped to gaze upon it, and the doors opened so noiselessly he did not notice the movement. The priests all sunk down; kneeling and muttering their prayers around the silver altar, except Dejoces, who, pointing to the Jew, gazed triumphantly into the king's face. The monarch's hands were clasped, and pale and trembling, he gazed from the lessening fire to the priest and the idolator—while Haman turned away to conceal the sneering exultation with which he viewed the success of this, his well contrived artifice.

The Hebrew's white tunic was edged at the waist and bottom with blue ribbon, while a fringe of the same hue ornamented the linen wrapper which enveloped his form. His face as he gazed up at the idolatrous fane was expressive of hate and rage. He shook his closed hand at the temple, crying:

"I spit upon the idol's house! Woe upon the fire-worshippers! I hurl at them the words of holy Isaiah:

'Behold! all ye that kindle a fire,
That compass yourselves about with sparks!
Walk in the light of your fire!
And in the sparks that you have kindled.
Know that I am the Lord!
I form the light and create darkness—
Let the earth bow down before Jehovah!"

The closing of the doors startled the Hebrew, and he passed on. "'Tis strange," he murmured to himself; "have I mistaken the epistle? Let me look at it again."

Opening a letter, the Jew read: "A brother from Jerusalem wishes to communicate important news to Mordecai, of the holy city. Meet me at sunrise before the Portico of the Temple of the Sun."

"Truly an unsavory place to speak upon matters relative to our holy city!" said Mordecai. "I will take one more turn and peradventure he will arrive."

His correspondent came not, for the letter was written by Haman to further his unholy schemes; and Mordecai, wearied and vexed, returned to his home. As the temple doors closed, the fire—secretly fed by the priests—shot up a brilliant flame.

"A miracle!" cried the priests; "the Jew has depar-

ted!" and they burst forth in a hymn of joy—the king was vanquished.

Hamen knew his noble master well. He was a tender hearted and just prince, and he knew it would be difficult to induce him to command the massacre of so many persons, unless he was convinced it was the will of his gods. By the machinations of Haman, and the priests' juggling, he had been easily swayed to their will; and the wicked triumphed for a time.

"And now," said Haman, "let us cast lots before the altar, that we may see what day will be the most lucky for our undertaking."

"Here are dice," said Dejojces; "upon which are marked the names of the months, and on these are the days. Throw, then, oh, king, in the name of Mythra—and that which is uppermost will be the day indicated by the gods as most propitious for our endeavors to cleanse the land from defilement."

The king threw, and the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, Adar, was turned up. Haman and the priests threw with like result. At the same moment a ray of sunlight, from a concealed crevice in the wall, falling suddenly upon a crystal representation of the sun, which was placed on high behind the altar, a brilliant glory filled the temple, as if the heavenly luminary itself had risen before them!

"The god! the god!" cried the priests. "Mythra himself has deigned to shine upon us!"

The credulous and excited king prostrated himself with the rest, believing the god of fire was actually present to smile upon their undertaking. All his scruples silenced, he willingly gave to Haman his signet-ring, with power to act as he thought fitting—and when he returned to the palace sent letters to the governors of all his provinces bidding them—"Destroy, kill, and cause to perish, all Jews, both young and old, little children and women." Exhausted with the scene he had gone through, the king called for wine, and he and his worthless favorite drowned all uneasy reflections in the bowl. "Put not your trust in princes."

CHAPTER VI.—THE CONSPIRACY.

"Mine eye runneth down with rivers of water, for the destruction of the daughter of my people."—*LAMUEL*, 3. 48.

THE voice of mourning was heard over the vast dominions of Persia, when the king's cruel decree was known; the Jews fasted and wept, and "the city of Susa was perplexed." The Jewish people had lived so long among their conquerors, and demeaned themselves so well, that they had found favor in their eyes, and were bound to them by many ties of friendship and kindness. How then could they arise in cold blood and slay this innocent and forlorn people? But the king's decree could not be disputed, and all prepared to obey it. The despair of Mordecai was great. He rent his clothes, and putting on a garment of sackcloth, covered his head with ashes, and placed himself before the king's gate uttering loud moans and lamentations.

The queen, meanwhile, was ignorant of all that was to befall her people, nor knew she of her uncle's dis-

tress, until informed of it by her maids and chamberlains, who beheld him as he mourned at the gate. Unable to divine the cause of his sorrow, she imagined it poverty, and sent him by a confidential attendant, an assortment of rich clothing, which she requested he would substitute for the black goat's hair robe and rope girdle which he wore. He refused this, but related to Hatach all Haman had devised against the Jews, and sent by him a copy of the king's decree to the queen. He implored his niece, if she would save her people, to sue to the king for mercy. The lovely Esther was much distressed at this news, and knew not how to obey her uncle's request, for she knew it was death for any one to enter the king's presence uncalled, and thirty days passed since she had been sent for. How, then, could she see him to implore mercy. This she caused Hatach to report to Mordecai, who wrote in reply these words:

"Think not thy life is endangered solely by entering the king's presence. Remember thou art a Jewess, a secret of which Haman is possessed, and which his hatred to me and my nation will induce him to reveal to the king. Then hope not, by holding thy peace to escape. Thou and thy father's house will be destroyed. Fear not, Esther! God hath sent thee to the kingdom at this time that thou mightest be a deliverance to Israel!"

Esther hesitated no longer, but resolved to offer her life as a sacrifice to her country. She would brave the king's laws and perhaps fall a victim to his anger; but she should have made an effort to save Judah from destruction, and, her duty done, she could die in peace. She returned this answer to her uncle:

"Go, gather together all the Jews that are at present in Susa, and fast ye for me. Eat not, nor drink for three days, night nor day. I and my maidens will also fast, and then I will go to the king, which is against the law, and if I perish—I perish."

The unhappy queen laid aside her royal apparel, and clothing herself in robes of mourning, entered her closet and uttered the following prayer.

"Oh! Lord God of Israel! thou only art our king—help me, a desolate woman, who has no helper but thee—it satisfieth not our enemies that we are in bitter captivity, but they have stricken hands with their idols, that they will abolish the faith that thou hast ordained, and destroy thy people, and stop the mouths of them that praise thee, and quench the glory of thy house and thy altar! Give me eloquent speech in my mouth before the lion: turn his heart to hate him that fighteth against us, that there may be an end of him, and of all that are like-minded to him. Thou knowest all things oh, Lord: thou knowest that I hate the glory of the unrighteous, and abhor the bed of the uncircumcised—that I detest the sign of my high estate which is upon my head, and that I have not esteemed the king's feast, nor drank of wine-offerings—neither hath thy handmaid any joy since the day that I was brought hither—but in thee, oh, Lord God of Abraham! Then hear the voice of the forlorn, and deliver us out of the hand of the mischievous! Amen!"

Three days did the sons of Israel in Susa, fast and pray to God to avert the calamity, and to soften the heart of Artaxerxes, that the queen might find favor in his eyes. On the fourth day, Mordecai directed his steps to the palace. It was yet early, and the palace gates were not open. Weary and faint with three days of fasting and of woe, he threw himself upon the ground and, concealed by the pillows of the gate, indulged in mournful meditation and prayer.

"Oh, Lord, the King Almighty!" he prayed; "the whole world is in thy power, and if thou hast appointed to save Israel, there is no man that can gainsay thee. Thou knowest all things, and thou knowest, Lord, that it was neither in contempt, nor pride, nor for any desire of glory, that I did not bow down to proud Haman; for I could not have been content with good will for the salvation of Israel, to kiss the soles of his feet. I refused this, that I might not prefer the glory of man above the glory of God; neither will I worship any but thee, oh, God! And now, oh, Lord, our King! spare thy people! for their eyes are upon us to bring us to nought; yea, they desire to destroy the inheritance that hath been thine from the beginning. Hear my prayer, and turn our sorrow into joy, that we may praise thy name! Amen."

The meditations of Mordecai were interrupted by the arrival of two persons, whom he recognized as Bigthana and Teresh, two chamberlains of the court. They seated themselves near to Mordecai, and entered into conversation without perceiving him.

"Of all the villainous deeds which our employer, Haman, has been guilty," said Bigthana; "this murder of the Jews and the innocent queen are the worst."

"Let them die!" said Teresh, gloomily; "they are Jews and deserve death."

"I care not much for the Jews," replied Bigthana; "but it does seem a pity this gentle creature should be massacred; however, I am sure the king will prevent it."

"His leave will not be asked," said Teresh, with a sneer. "In the confusion of the day, it is my province to see she shares the fate of her people. Haman hopes to excuse himself to the king afterwards, and even place Vashti upon the throne."

"But if he should not be pardoned?"

"Then the king *dies*. It is for this purpose I sought thee at thy house, and gave that vial. Three drops in the king's cup, and Haman is king. I believe, however, that is the fate reserved for him at every issue of this affair."

"What a needless waste of life. Haman will never be king: think you our princes will suffer a stranger like the vile Haman upon the throne?"

"He takes care of that. The Macedonians, who are ravaging the nations around, are his countrymen, and as a last resource he will call them to his assistance."

The guards arrived to open the gates, and the dark conspirators passed through. Their career of guilt had now, however, drawn to a close; Mordecai, who had overheard all, denounced them to the soldiers as plotters against the king's life, and they were speedily

loaded with chains, and cast into a dungeon to await the king's pleasure. An account of this event was dispatched to Esther by Mordecai, who sent a relation of it to the king, but he, satisfied the men were in his power, gave no heed to the particulars of the plot—as, at present, his mind was occupied with recent accounts of the rapid advance of the Grecian troops towards his dominions.

CHAPTER VII.—THE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

"Sing and rejoice, oh, daughter of Zion! for lo! I come. And I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord."—ZACHARIAH, ii. x.

THE day arrived which was to decide the fate of the captive Jews. Queen Esther, willing to risk her life for the hope of saving her people, prepared to enter the king's apartments uncalled. If he were wroth, her instant death would follow; but if he felt inclined to grant the boon she came to ask, he would stretch forth his sceptre in token she might approach and present her petition. The queen's gentle spirit shrank from her enterprise; but once more resorting to her closet in prayer, she came forth strong in the Lord. The queen and her maidens were arrayed in the costliest robes. Esther, in memory of her early days, frequently mixed a little of Hebrew costume with that of her conquerors. Upon this momentous occasion, she had studied in her attire to make herself appear at the best advantage. A dress of snow-white woollen stuff of Damascus, woven with threads of gold and bordered with the same, reached nearly to her feet, just displaying her loose Persian trowsers of light roseate silk; the royal tiara, or turban of twisted silk and gold, bound down her dark flowing locks, while the queenly mantle of purple velvet, having around it a deep embroidery of pearls, fell from her shoulders and lay in heavy masses behind her. Radiant with beauty, and smiling cheerfully, although her heart was heavy, Queen Esther, followed by a train of lovely maidens, entered the forbidden courts of the king.

Artaxerxes was sitting upon his ivory throne, glittering with gold and jewels. He wore the royal robe of Persia, purple, with stripes of silver. A tiara of the same was surrounded with a diadem of priceless gems, while his scarlet tunic was one brilliant mass of jewels and gold. Artaxerxes was considered the handsomest man of his time, and now, surrounded by his nobles, attired in crimson and blue, the favorite colors of Persia—in a magnificent saloon of marble, inlaid with ivory, and hung with cloth of gold tissue—his throne overshadowed with an immense plane-tree wrought in gold, he presented a glorious and imposing spectacle.

Queen Esther and her train entered the saloon. When King Artaxerxes beheld his present queen, unawed by the fate of her predecessor, thus daring to set his laws at defiance by boldly coming unbidden into his presence, his wrath was aroused, and he turned towards her a countenance flaming with anger. At this sight, the heart of the gentle queen sunk within her, and she fell fainting into the arms of her maidens. The princes and assembled nobles looked upon the scene with silent

sympathy; for the lovely Esther was a general favorite in the court, and they would have knelt and pleaded for her if they dared. As the king gazed upon her, his heart softened, for he loved his gentle queen, and the Lord so wrought upon him by means of her beauty, that his heart was changed.

While each eye was watching him with intense interest, he stretched out his golden sceptre towards her. In a mild voice he said, "What wouldst thou, Queen Esther? Come near—look upon me as a brother and be of good cheer!"

Tears of joy were in every eye, and smiles upon every face when the king pronounced these words. The queen, reviving with an effort, advanced and touched the sceptre.

Moved by her loveliness, and her distress, Artaxerxes descended from his throne, and embracing her, bade her be comforted, and speak freely her mind, and he would grant her request, were it half his kingdom. "I humbly thank my lord for this favor," said the queen. "When I entered, and beheld the king's terrible majesty, I thought to see an avenging angel before me, and my heart was troubled within me."

"Thou shalt not die, Esther, although our commandment is not regarded, but speak thy request and it shall be granted."

"If it seemeth good to the king, let my lord come to my banquet to-morrow and bring with him the Lord Haman, where I will demand my boon, which is of great importance, touching even *my life*." The king promised to be there, and Queen Esther, with a glad and grateful heart, withdrew.

Great was the pride of Haman then! He was invited to feast with the king and queen! he, a stranger and adventurer, had arrived at the high honor of being the guest of the queen, at her own request—an honor she had not conferred on any of the princes and nobles of the court. Inflated with vanity and triumph, Haman looked forward to a course of honors and prosperity. Alas for thee, Haman! Thy fabric of happiness is bravely built, there lacketh not costly stone, nor gilding, nor devise of cunning workman, but when the sky is clearest, and the sun shineth brightly, and thou securest, then suddenly shall it fall, and bury thee in its ruin!

Joy in his eye, and exultation in his step, Haman was passing from the palace, to give orders for new and sumptuous attire for the banquet, when, behold! there, in the king's gate sat Mordecai, who, when the others around kissed the dust at his feet, stood erect, unmoved! What a check to all his greatness! what a spectre in his path to remind him of his mortality! With a groan of anguish he fled to his own house. Zeresh, his wife, gazed aghast at his sudden entrance, and apparent destruction. Pale as marble, his eyes burned fiercely, and tearing his beard, he paced the room in violent agitation. Zeresh and Vashti gazed in affright upon him, but to all his wife's soothing words and anxious inquiries, he replied by bitter curses upon Mordecai and the Jews. At length throwing himself upon the ground, he cast dust upon his head. "Cursed be the

day I was born!" he cried. "May the sun never rise to bless it! May it be struck from time, for ever!"

"What hath befallen my lord?" asked his wife in alarm. "Yesterday he was boasting of his riches and his favor at court, and now he bewaileth his fate in dust and ashes."

"Yes, my wealth is unbounded!" he exclaimed. "I have wives and a multitude of children. I have flocks of friends, and slaves to do my bidding. I stand high in royal favor, for I am placed above the princes of the court, yea, Esther, the queen, asks no one to come in with the king to the banquet, except myself. Yet all this availeth me nothing while Mordecai, the Jew, sitteth at the king's gate and refuseth to do me honor!" Vashti turned from him with a gesture of scorn, and his wife essayed to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted. "What am I with all my greatness," he said, "if there lives a man who thus dares to scorn me!"

"Surely, in the month of Ader, the Jews will die, and my lord will be rid of his foe."

"It wants some months to Adar," said her husband, gloomily.

"Were I possessed of all thy rank and power," said Zeresh, "this insolent Jew should no longer live. I would erect a lofty gallows, fifty cubits high, and I would hang my enemy thereon, and thy favor with the king will save thee from his anger, if he do trouble himself with the fate of such wretches."

"It shall be done! I thank thee, Zeresh. The man shall die to-day, for I cannot be at peace while he defies me." Haman shook off the dust from his robes and hastily withdrew.

Thou who art reading these lines, beware how thou blamest Haman! If *thou art without sin*, then cast thy stone. Look within the recesses of thy own heart when surrounded by all the world can give of wealth and happiness, hast thou not pined for more? Hast thou not striven for some fancied good, lacking which, all means of joy around thee are neglected, and thou refusest to be at peace until it be attained.

That night, the king being restless, awoke very early, and commanded the records of the palace to be brought him, that he might occupy his leisure hour in looking them over. There he beheld the service rendered him by Mordecai, when he secured the conspirators. "Have the traitors been examined?"

"No, my lord."

"Let it then be done instantly, for I see by these papers Mordecai declared a great lord of the court was their employer. Surely I have been very negligent! Hath the man been rewarded who discovered the conspiracy?"

"He hath not yet, oh, king!"

"There hath just arrived without, I hear, one of my nobles. Let him enter."

The door was opened, and Haman entered. His gallows was erected, and he now came to win from the king permission to hang his enemy upon it.

"Come hither, Haman," said Artaxerxes. "What shall be done with the man whom the king delighteth to honor?"

The proud heart of Haman exulted, for he thought the king intended to confer some new favor upon him.

"For the man whom the king delighteth to honor," said the wily Haman, "Let the king's royal robes be brought, and the horse which the king rideth upon, and the crown royal. Let this apparel and horse be delivered into the hand of the king's most noble princes, that he may array with these, the man whom the king delighteth to honor, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.'"

Then the king said to Haman, "Make haste, and take the robes, and the horse as thou hast said, and do even thus to Mordacai, the Jew, who sitteth at the king's gate."

The heart of Haman stood still when he heard these words. Must he exalt the enemy whom he came to destroy! Must he show himself to the world as groom to the despised Jew! He rushed from the king's presence almost a maniac. Haman could not resist the king's mandate. The humiliating ceremony was enacted, and then, with his head covered in anguish, he fled to his own house, where the gall and bitterness he had so well pent up in his bosom, burst forth with tremendous violence. "My heart did misgive me, after thy departure," said his wife, "that I had counselled thee to do aught against the Jew. 'Tis said they have a powerful God, who visits with awful judgments those who do them wrong. Then cease to wrestle with Mordecai, my husband and my lord, or I fear me the wrath of his God will fall upon thee."

The queen's chamberlain now arrived to escort Haman to the banquet. Arrayed in his most costly robes, and smoothing his brow, Haman followed him into the queen's presence. With joyous eyes he gazed at the magnificence around him, and at the royal feast which was awaiting him, and unsuspecting the queen's knowledge of his arts against her nation, advanced with a confident smile to the raised seat occupied by his royal master and Queen Esther. That smile was the last the face of Haman wore.

"And now that we are assembled at thy request," said Artaxerxes, "what is thy petition, Queen Esther? It shall be granted thee, even were it half my kingdom, for I have sworn it."

Then Esther, the queen, kneeling before him, said, "If I have found favor in thy sight, oh, king! and if it please my lord, let *my life* be given to me at my petition, and that of *my people*, at my request. For we are all sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish!"

"And who is he?" said the king in his anger, "who dost presume in his heart, to devise any thing against thy life? I understand thee not. Who are thy people?"

How sank the heart of Haman within him!

"Know then, oh, king, I am a *Jewess*! My adversary is this wicked Haman, who hateth me and my kin, and hath beguiled thee, to give us all to slaughter."

Then was the king's wrath too great for words, for

he remembered the scene in the temple, and saw through the designs of Haman. He cast a withering glance upon his ungrateful favorite, which caused him to shrink and wither with despair.

"Ho! my guards!" cried the king, rushing to the door of the hall. He was met by soldiers, who brought in chains the two chamberlains, Bigthana and Teresh, who had conspired against him.

"Here are the men whom thou didst command to be examined, oh, king," said the head officer. "I have brought them that they might receive their doom at thy royal hands, for they have confessed the wicked Haman did hire them with rich gifts to practice against thy life and the queen's."

"Sieve the villain!" cried the king, in a voice of thunder. "Bring him forth and let him die like a dog!"

"Behold, my lord," said the officer, "there stands without a gallows fifty cubits high; if it please thee, we will hang him thereon."

"Aye, hang him there! and afterwards, the others," said the king, and returned to the banquet hall.

The wretched Haman had sunk upon his knees before the queen, to implore her protection, and finding she was turning from him, grasped her hand, and intreated her to hear him.

"Ha, wretch!" cried the king when he entered. "wilt thou insult the queen before our eyes! Away with him to death!"

Haman was dragged forth and hanged upon the gallows which had been prepared for Mordecai. The Jew was called into the king's presence.

"Here is my signet ring, Mordecai," said the king. "It was once Haman's, it is now thine. Take it, and with it, all the wealth and power and rank of Haman. I cannot revoke my decree, but thou shalt have soldiers and arms to defend thy people against those employed by the wicked Haman, who seeing this preparation, will not dare to strike. Save as many as thou canst. I have promised to Nehemiah, the Government of Judea. See that he hath men and money to rebuild his holy city, for I would do all I can to recompense my queen and the Jews for my unjust decree."

Then bounded the heart of Esther and her uncle for joy. Kneeling to the good king, they kissed his hands in devout thankfulness for his generous conduct, and then lifting their eyes above, poured out their grateful souls to the giver of so much good, who had shown himself so powerful to save!

E. R. S.

As a sublime statue manifests its maker's thought, so God's creation displays his mind. But conceive, that while the rude mass is shaped into the lineaments of a man, it grows more and more conscious of the advancing work, so that each new outward line and trait is accompanied by a new and livelier inward sense of the artist's design, and consequently of his character, and we have a faint image of the scheme, which the history of the world unfolds.

Original.

SCENES FROM A NEW PLAY, ENTITLED

MARIAN.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

Branford. THEIR goal is won!
There is a demon here, whose maddening throes,
Will close in deadly ruin; Misery—
Oh, Misery!

Gresham. Alas, what suffering!

Bran. Tell me the damning tale; ay, let my brain
Be steeped in full infection! Speak, I say,
If thou art honest, and reveal me all,
If all thou knowest!

Gresh. Too much, indeed, I know;
Yet naught could check.

Bran. The tale—the tale—and quickly!

Gresh. Scarce was the footprint of thy parting step
Lost to the sight, its fragile lines erased:
Scarce the last echoes of thy voice had died,
When she—

Bran. So soon!—so soon! My back scarce turned,
Ere 'gan the devil of her will to roam!
I do believe thee. Had I sought her door,
With six years' sorrow printed on my brow,
And she had sprung to me, her angel face
Lit by a smile, her voice proclaiming joy,
—Not the resounding fiat of the world
Had stirred the towering fabric of my trust!
And badst thou lisped her false, or looked her false,
I would have slain thee where the deed was dared!
But have these eyes beheld her in her shame,
With their first eager gaze;—but have these arms
Sustained her shrieking; while her guilty mate
Fled from my blasting sight! 'Tis truth—'tis truth!
—And I am forced to trust thee.

Gresh. Scarce was this,
While hearts of friends were heavy at thy loss,
Thy wife did bear her with unwonted ease,
As had a load been lifted from her breast.
Then, all remonstrance scorned, she gathered round her,
A troop of scheming youngers in her doors.

Bran. Would that a bolt from Heaven had struck
her dead,
In that first profanation!

Gresh. For a time
She did peruse thy letters, which to her
With careful hand I did myself convey—

Bran. Thanks, thanks to thee!
Gresh. At length a glance sufficed
For their contents, and last she threw them by,
Their seals unbroken—

Bran. Hold, my spirit, hold!
Gresh. This lord who hath thy hallowed place
usurped,
Was ever with her.

Bran. Curse him, Heaven, from this!
May his vile body be a charnel house,
When sickness, foul disease, and loathsome pests,

Shall all concentre! Hang his unbinged mind
'Tween sense and madness—madness that hath birth
In blasted hope and withering despair!
And one small glimmering of waking sense,
To feel its own destruction! 'Tis my prayer!
Curse him, oh curse him, Heaven!

Gresh. Till at length,
Report did spread from her that thou wert dead,
And they were married. Thou hast all the tale.

Bran. And 'tis enough—for it hath turned to gall
All kindly feeling. With what panting hope
When from my gloomy prison I had 'scaped,
Where I had perished but for thought of her,
Sped I with winged feet o'er land and sea,
Led by one guardian angel, on and on,—
Her image in my memory! I came;—
To feel as fiends of Hell were in my sense,
To sift all human leaven from its mass,
And leave me demon! And their task is done!
I will be demon! She hath known my love,
And she shall feel the measure of my hate!
Farewell—I'll speak no more! 'Tis almost madness
Doth riot in me now!

" * * * * *
Marian. No—no; and leave me, Elton, now!
If thou dost truly love me, thou dost prize
My unpolluted honor! Oh, forbear
To stain it, thou, who shouldst of all the world,
Its firmest champion be—and leave me, Elton!
El. Farewell!

Mar. One word—As strangers must we meet!
Oh! do not look at me, nor speak to me,
And more—not touch me! Couldst thou read my heart!
Anguish doth kindle love beyond love's self;
For love's the solace of the broken heart—
And now, dear Elton, in my misery—
Now when the darkness of despair is round,
More have I longing for thy sweet endearments,
Than when the sun of joy shone brightly forth.
But there's a yawning gulph between us gapes,
We may not, must not leap! With desp'rate throes
Rein I the frenzy of my passion in;
And when I meet thy glance, or hear thy voice,
Or feel thy thrilling touch, all's lost again,
And the swelled waters of the fount gush forth.
Farewell!

El. And shall I never see thee more?

Mar. Once more—once more—when is my fate
decreed
By him, its arbiter; then may we meet,
The last time, with our child.

El. Our child!

(*Marian waves him off, not trusting herself to speak.*)

Mar. He's gone!
Gone with a cold farewell; no kiss at parting!
And I have willed disseverment to bide,
Where most I'd wish companionship. Well—well,
It must be so; 'tis duty points. Kind Heaven,
I thank thee for the power myself to conquer,
Where most myself had joyed in victory!

Be still—be still, my heart, and look around thee!
A fearful struggle is before thee now,—
Arm for the dreadful contest!

(She sinks into a chair, and buries her face in her hands. Branford enters and gazes on her before he speaks.)

Bran. Ha—my lady!
Pray must I bend the knee, ere thou canst deign
To note the presence of a commoner—
'Tis well—'tis well, my lady!

Mar. *(rising)* Oh, no—no!
Taunt me not, Branford; 'tis enough to feel
My weight of misery; I cannot bear
The crushing of such words. Speak kindly to me.

Bran. Alas, that I should ever meet thee thus! *(sits a moment then rises suddenly)*

Woman, I left thee with a blessing on thee,
And thy young child; all glowing with the trust
In thy unfailing truth! I have had woes—
Big, maddening woes, thick falling on my head;
And pain and agony—and I have watched
My flesh as it has wasted, and have felt
My strength fast parting; but within my heart
It was all sunlight—for 'twas filled with thee!
Now here I stand—wee, pain and agony,
Scorned in the promise of repose with thee,
To find thee—what thou art!

Mar. Thou dost not think
Me guilty, Branford! Then hast grief alone
At the strange fortune 'tween us interposed—
It is I, Branford—and thou dost not think
Me guilty, as thy fearful words import—

Bran. Accursed woman, thou art foul as death!
Couldst not have bowed thee to appearances,
E'en if thy heart were callous to my loss,
For one poor month, ere to thy wantonness,
Thou didst, 'fore all the world, give basest vent?

Mar. Branford!

Bran. What charnel house of hellish orgies,
Thou mad'st my dwelling, ere my lingering foot
Had scarce o'erstepped its threshold!

Mar. Branford!

Bran. Now,
Vows scorned, the world despised, thine honor blasted,
Since thou hast won the summit of thy guilt,
I hope thou'rt happy in it!

Mar. Branford—Branford—
I pity, but I scorn thee!

Bran. What to think?
Is this dissembling? It doth bear the front
Of noblest virtue. Have I been deceived?
She may have deemed me dead. My Marian,
It may be false, the story they have told me;
Say, dost thou love me still?

Mar. The tale is false,
Whatever tale it be, would stamp me guilty.
And so thou shouldst have felt it, Branford—Ay,
And when the base tongue of the slanderer
Had dared one little whisper to my shame,
Thou shouldst have spurned him lifeless to thy feet!
I hoped that thou hadst known me!

Bran. Pardon—pardon!
And say—dost love me still?

Mar. Ask me not that—
A dreadful thought is darting through my brain!
He will not in oblivion drown the past,
And call me "wife" again! His wife again!
Come pain—come death—come any thing but that!
What will he now?

Bran. My Marian—my wife!
Hope springs to new existence at thy words;
Speak—dost love me still?

Mar. *(aside)* I stand convulsed
With freezing horror! He hath called me "wife!"
Wife—wife to him! Spare—spare me, Branford, now,
Thou art not—I—I cannot answer thee!

Bran. I'll doubt no longer. Thou must answer me!
Is thy heart mine—all mine?

Mar. No jot is thine.
My hope, my love, life, heart, soul, every thing,
Are Elton's—his alone!

Bran. E'en to my face,
Dost glory in thy shame? By thine own words,
Thou art confessed all guilty. To the name—
The damning name that thou hadst won before,
Hast thou now "Liar," added.

Mar. Branford! Nay,
Assail with scoffs and threats and menaces,
If it be grateful to thee. I will hear
With changeless calmness, for I'll think of thee,
Not as thou art, but as thou hast been to me.
Branford, when first my startled eye ran o'er
The withering characters that spoke thee living,
What thou hadst suffered, and thy coming pain,
Smote on my heart and found an echo there,
To all thine anguish. When I saw thy face,
Pale with long misery, my soul gushed forth
In very agony; but now thy words
Have choked the current, and the stream is dry.
I can but pity thee—I do no more.

Fix now thine eye on mine. It doth not quail
Beneath thy gaze; my lip doth quiver not;
And if my look hath boldness to my view,
Shrink from the loftiness of scornful pride,
That knows no jot of guilt. Go, Branford, go!

Child. *(without)* Mother—dear mother!

Mar. *(in agitation)* Come not here, my child!
Ah, come not here!

Enter CHILD.

Child. Dear mother!

Bran. *(rushing to it)* 'Tis my daughter!
It is my child! *(He looks in the face of the child and starts back)* Woman, whose child is this?

Mar. Mine, Branford—mine!

Bran. And mine—

Mar. No, no—not thine!

Bran. Out with her from my sight, lest in my mad-
ness,
I do some deed of horror!

Mar. *(leading the child out)* Go, my daughter.

Bran. Where is my child!

Mar. Ask not—oh, ask not now!

Bran. Where is my child?

Mar. (*aside in great agitation.*) I cannot answer him!

Bran. (*softening his tone.*) Woman, where is my daughter!—Give her to me, And I'll forgive thee all! Where is my daughter?

Mar. Her mother guards her not—she is in Heaven!

Bran. Oh, misery! She died by thee—by thee! Slain by thy cold neglect. Alas, my daughter! Have I then lost my child! All curses on thee, Thou murderess!

Mar. Hold this fury of thy tongue! I was her mother, sir!

Bran. All hope is crushed! For nothing live I more! I will be gone And leave thee, now; go to thy paramour, Whom thou didst choose from the hot-blooded crowd Called round thee in my dwelling!

Mar. (*aside.*) What is this! He calls me wanton—and he bids me seek My paramour; and now I do remember, He hinted of some story they had told him! Some villain hath poured poison in his ear! Who can it be!

Bran. It is all known to me! Where are my letters, filled with love of thee, Cast from thee valueless!

Mar. (*tenderly.*) Didst thou write, Branford?

Bran. Out—out! no falsehood more!

Mar. (*aside musing.*) Who hath done this!

Bran. Didst thou devise, or he, so cunningly, The story of my death, that safe from shame, Ye might live on in crime?

Mar. Ye powers of Heaven, Who hath done this!

Bran. I leave thee to thyself. I leave thee to all joy that thou canst reap From thy polluting sin! Go—riot in't! My lost, lost child!

Ellen. *Marian,*
Thou wilt not do this thing. It were thy life To place in direst peril.

Mar. Urge me not. To the kind pleadings of the voice of love, To scorn, to warning, will I be as steel. Oh, Ellen, as the avalanche, that sweeps Down from the hills, and ere the startled herdsman, Doth note his danger, finds him desolate; As the dread thunderbolt, that comes—is gone— And the scathed branches of the riven oak Tell of its fiery course—so with a shock, Sudden and dreadful, fell upon my ear The words of Branford that he deemed me base—

Ellen. But thou art not so; wherefore grieve?

Mar. Enough
That he doth think me so. Oh, Ellen, Ellen, Thou knowest not half the tumult of my bosom! Branford my husband was—and ere he left me, If kindness, and profusion of all gifts,

And stores of comfort passing hope and wish, Could happiness confer, then had I been Indeed, most happy. He did write to me, Oft, from abroad, in anxious tenderness; Though not one letter to my hand ere came, Save that last herald of despair and woe. And shall he brand me guilty in the act That hath o'eturned his peace? Shall fiendish hate Feast in mad triumph on my blighted name, And his more bitter misery? Shall I, With power, mayhap, to right myself and him, That power refuse, for that I fear to use it? Dishonor were deserved if honor's worth Could not repay such price. My soul is nerved! He shall be satisfied.

Ellen. Wilt peril life For him who loves thee, but thou lovest not, And by the act his bosom rend, who loves thee, And is loved by thee—Elton?

Mar. *Ellen—Ellen—*
Speak of aught else save him, and I can hear thee!

Ellen. Why then I can but answer with the boy, Heaven speed thee!

Mar. I do trust in Heaven for aid! Almost my reason trembles at the scheme In mine own reason gendered. If't be sin, The guilty to deceive for this good end, To strip the mask from their deformity, And save the innocent—then Heaven forgive me! Night comes—my wishes execute, dear Ellen, As I have asked thee, and hope the best.

Ellen. Weep now no more. Thou hast triumphant proof,

For him, of innocence. Since now 'tis plain, That fate, and not thy will, hath wrought against him, He will not step 'tween thee and happiness; Be comforted.

Marian. Oh, didst thou know him, Ellen, As I do know him, and didst comfort thus, My ear would drink with joy thine accents in, And kindle brightest hope. Alas! alas! He hath a spirit stern and uncontrolled; When once convinced, most obstinate in will, Though may conviction rest on broadest wrong. So do I tremble lest he scorn my tale, In error resolute. And should he spurn me, There were, no longer, hope!

Ellen. Be thou not spurned. With boldest front, in consciousness of right And innocence and truth, do thou approach him. Courageous, brave opposing look and word; And so compel that justice to be thine, Which freely were bestowed not.

Mar. It shall be, If that I sink not—but more dreadful 'tis, The thought of meeting Branford in his ire, Than was the perilous reality, Of braving Gresham to disarm his hate. Those fearful looks! Oh, they do haunt me yet!

Ellen. A holy duty to thyself, and all
Whom best thou lovest, is before thee now.
I leave thee to perform it!

Mar. Is this I!
I, who, a poor week gone, was free as air.
And singing in my glee, from morn till night,
In heart, if not in words, as merrily
As doth the bird, whose blithesome carolling,
Comes to mine ear—once loved—now, mockery!
Is joy to me, a thing of memory,
Ne'er to be felt again!—was ever heart
So rich, in store of happiness as mine,
And then, at once, so wretched! Well I know,
How Misery doth wander o'er the earth,—
But then some staff is left though it be frail,
Her victims to sustain. There's none for me!
For I am desolate—all desolate!
There's not one comfort doth remain to me!
There's not one twinkling hope doth shine on me!
And this I suffer, but the prelude is
To deeper, deadlier anguish, yet my doom!
He whom I love, is lost for ever to me!
And my dear child—its mother's second self!
My daughter, my sweet daughter! Her bright eyes
Now beam upon me in that holy trust
Instinctive, that doth whisper to its soul,
It is thy mother's hand should lead thee, child!
I cannot part from her—no, not from her!
Oh, Heaven, whose power doth temper chastening,
That it doth slay not, where 'twas meant to save,
Let it o'ershadow now! (*Enter Branford.*)

Bran. We meet again—
Let us be calm and honest for the hour;
That we may know each other.

Mar. Branford, hear me!
A villain, of thy free and open nature
Has ta'en advantage, and infused thy reason
With most unworthy tales; turn not away!
This bloodless cheek—and sorrow doth not lie—
Shall be the voiceless witness of my truth.
Thou hast been with a villain; who hath dared
To taint my honor, and thou hast believed him!
That villain Gresham is!

Bran. Go to—go to!
I begged thee to be honest for the nonce,
Yet must thou anger me with gilded tissue
Of base deceit—more worthy deepest scorn,
That to release thyself, thou would'st enchain,
Another true and guileless. 'Tis good fortune,
That I am spared that friend, when all beside
Proved recreant and debased. It will not do—
I pray thee grant my wish—be honest now!

Mar. Two years we dwelt together—in that time,
So recreant proved I, that thou'lt seek a stranger,
Ere I am sought, and trust a stranger's word,
While I am spurned from thee! It cannot be!
Gresham—

Bran. I will not hear thee!

Mar. Thou shalt hear!
By the high-soaring honor that is mine,
I bid thee hear me; by my truth to thee,

That ne'er did swerve from nicest point of right,
I bid thee hear me; by my kindness to thee,
For on the tablets of thy memory,
No slightest record is of other part,
By this, I bid thee hear me; and by Heaven,
Thy master, sir, and mine, I bid thee hear me!
Branford, I will be heard!

Bran. To-morrow then—
I have not patience now—I did not think
To hear a round, set story. Be't to-morrow—
I'll school myself to listen—Now to business—
For that's my errand here—What hast thou counselled
With—I'll not name him—

Mar. We shall meet again,
Only to part for ever!

Bran. Why—that's well—
And for thyself—

Mar. I am thy wife—so, thine;
What is for me, canst thou alone, proclaim.

Bran. That's well again, in truth. What dost
propose

For—thou canst guess my meaning—

Mar. I know not—
Pity—oh, pity me! It is for thee

To point the spot where shall this broken heart
Find its sad shelter to life's early close.
Though to thy mind, I am defiled with guilt,
I am not past thy pity—Oh, be kind—
For thou hast kindness—and where'er I go,
Oh, give to me my child!

Bran. What if I choose
To drown remembrance of the past, and take thee
Back to my arms again?

Mar. Ne'er can we, Branford,
Be linked together more!

Bran. If I say "yes,"
What's to prevent? And if I speak the word—

Mar. Thou wilt not jest with me—
Bran. There is no jest.
I would have answer—speak—"yes" or "no,"
And quickly!

Mar. Branford—

Bran. Well—

Mar. It cannot be!
Since was I thine, I have another's been;—
My child is not thy child! In sight of this,
Thou canst not take me back—

Bran. I did not ask thee,
To thrust the hated record in my face,
Of all thou hast been! Answer thou but this;
What if I take thee to my arms again?

Mar. I am bewildered! See me at thy feet—
Mercy! oh, mercy!

It is no uncommon mistake to suppose that exaggeration is essential, or at least, proper to fiction. The truth is rather the reverse. A principal use and justification of fiction is to reduce and harmonize the seeming exaggerations of real life.

Original.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TRANSLATION
OF AZELIO'S NOVEL, CALLED,
“HETTORE FIERAMOSCA.”

“Man's love is of man's life a thing apart—
‘Tis woman's whole existence.”—CHILDE HAROLD.

THE ancient convent on the island between Mount Gargano and Barletta, had been dedicated to St. Ursula. Its walls now show but a mass of ruins overgrown with thorns and ivy; but at the period of our history, they were in tolerable preservation, and formed an edifice of gloomy aspect, that had been raised by the tardy remorse of a princess of Anjou, who came there to end in sanctity a life that had been passed amid the licentious pursuits of pleasure and ambition. A solitude of more perfect amenity and calmness could not have been desired.

Upon a rocky edge about twenty yards above the sea, there is a level piece of ground hardly exceeding five hundred paces in circuit; and at the farthest angle of this plain, stood the chapel of the convent. Its entrance was through a lofty gothic portal, and the interior was composed of three aisles under pointed arches, supported by slender columns, richly carved in grotesque fashion of architectural ornament that belonged to the era of their erection; and lighted by a lofty window of stained glass where the setting sun gleamed dimly through coarsely colored glass, covered with grim figures of St. Ursula and her ten thousand virgins, carried by the most horrific looking angels that ever opened their wings on tomb-stone or window-pane.

It was now near the evening, and the few monks who still lingered in the delapidated monastery, hard by, were chaunting the vespers behind the great altar, in long and monotonous cadences, while a graceful female figure was kneeling in prayer beside a monument, already growing old with time, and placed under a canopy of marble, carved with vine-leaves and the figures of various animals, not easily distinguished. Beneath that costly tomb reposed the princess who founded the convent, and the lady in prayer, covered even to the feet with a veil, whiter than the marble, might have been taken for a statue to which some artist of more perfect taste had given the attitude of prayer, as a rich and appropriate ornament to the tomb—if some tresses of chestnut colored hair had not been seen to have escaped from the confinement of the veil, and to be waving in the breeze, and her eyelids raised from time to time, discovered dark blue eyes, in which shone through tears the fervency of earnest supplication.

Poor Genevia! she had never been so much in need of the aid of prayer than now, that she found herself in a situation where the female heart has not in its own strength the ability for self-conquest.

She repeated, but too late, of the determination to follow Fieramosca, and to unite in some degree, her fate to that of the man whom she was bound in prudence and in duty, above all others, to avoid. She repented of having remained so long without informing

herself certainly whether her husband were alive or dead. Reason suggested that what had not been done heretofore, might be done yet; but her heart whispered it is too late: and that *too late* sounded as an irrevocable decree. Her days were long, anxious and bitter, deprived of every hope of extricating herself from the difficulty, at all events without yielding wholly to the power of one or other of the influences which warred together in her bosom. Her beauty was fading under the force of such a conflict.

The morning hours and those of mid-day passed off with less difficulty. She worked at embroidery; and she possessed books, and could walk in the convent garden. But the evenings! Her darkest thoughts and most perplexing cares, seemed like those insects which become more numerous and annoying as the sun declines. Genevia then would seek a refuge in the chapel; where, if she found not joy and peace of mind, she gained some interval of consolation.

Her prayer was brief, and never varied. “Most Holy Virgin,” she said; “grant that I may desire not to love him.” And sometimes she added, “grant that I may resolve to seek for Grajano with the wish to find him.” But her heart often refused to join in the latter petition.

By constantly repeating these words, she kept herself continually thinking of Fieramosca, even at the moment when her voice was raised in a prayer that she might forget him. Thus she went on, sighing and mourning, but it too plainly appeared which was the stronger inclination of her heart. This day, however, by one of those sudden alterations that belong to our nature, she seemed strengthened to adopt finally the better resolution. The idea of an illness which her failing health warned her to expect, and of death coming among the terrors of a troubled conscience, turned the scale in favor of the resolution to inform herself respecting Grajano; and when she should find him, to return to him, at all events, and at whatever cost. If Fieramosca had been present she would have announced to him such a resolution, at the very time, without a moment's hesitation; and as she came out of the chapel she said to herself: “This very evening he shall see and know it all.”

The monk, having finished their chaunting, passed out, one by one, through a small door that led to the cloisters, and silently betook themselves to their respective cells. Genevia passed out after them. She entered a gallery that surrounded a little garden in the middle of which was a well under a roof supported by four stone pillars. Thence traversing a long passage she came to a court-yard in the rear, one side of which was formed of a small habitation, always open, and intended for the accommodation of strangers; being separate from the rest of the buildings. Genevia was here alone with the young woman that had been saved by Fieramosca, and they together occupied two or three chambers, which, according to the custom in convents, did not communicate the one with the other, but opened upon a gallery common to them all. Genevia, entering the room where they were used to pass the greater part

of the day, found Zoraida busy at a tambour-frame, and singing as she worked a canzonet in the Arabian language full of those low tones that mark the songs of almost all the nations of the torrid zone. She looked a moment at the work, and sighed. It was a mantle of blue satin embroidered in silver, which they were together making for Fieramosca. She then took her seat in a balcony shaded with vines, and looking towards Barletta. The sun was already hid behind the hills of Puglia; a few streaks of cloud floated near the horizon in the brilliant western sky, like fishes of gold swimming in a sea of fire; and their reflection was seen in the water in long lines broken here and there by the white sail of a fisherman's boat, which a light breeze was propelling towards the shore. The eyes of the fair one were fixed on the mole of the harbor which was before her, and from whose shadow she saw a little boat put out and steer towards the island.

Now she was more than ever desirous of some event that might produce a decision of her choice, for whatever the decision might be, in her actual state of mind it could not fail to be a relief. But how tedious and how painful those moments of suspense! She longed to have Fieramosca there with her; she longed to have the moment arrive when he should have heard those words which she was to find so difficult to pronounce; if he did not come, or came too late, would she another day be resolute to speak them?

The dark spot that scarcely seemed to change its position, now was seen on the sea approaching the shore. After a quarter of an hour had passed, it had visibly increased in size, and now it might, though with difficulty be discerned to be a skiff, which a man was guiding towards her. Genevia recognized him and felt a weight pressing on her heart. By a sudden revulsion of her thoughts, she believed it to be impossible to say that to him which an instant previous she had considered irrevocably determined. She would now have seen with pleasure that little boat change its course and go back; but, on the contrary, it came nearer and nearer—already it was near the island; and now she could plainly hear the oars as they dipped and rose from the water.

"Zoraida, behold!" said she turning toward her companion, who slightly raised her head, in the attitude of one who listens, and then fixed her eyes again upon her work. Genevia descended, and passing along the shore to the spot where the boat approached the island, reached the strand by a stair-way chiselled out of the stone, at the moment that Fieramosca had thrown the oars into the skiff and secured its prow to the rock. But if she wanted the heart to declare her resolution, Fieramosca, who had on his part, also, something important to reveal, did not feel more courage for it than she did. Having been for a long time at a distance from the places where Grajano fought, he had received but very little tidings of him. Those soldiers who came from Romania, were either misinformed or mistook the name when they reported that he had been slain. To yield his belief to them had suited his inclinations too well to allow him to refuse them credit, or to take much pains to obtain certain information as to the fact. It

rarely happens that one who fears to discover only evil to himself, is anxious to see very clearly; thus reluctant to know the truth, he had delayed inquiry till the day when his own eyes convinced him of the error. He returned to Barletta deliberating with himself, and all the time undecided whether he should tell Genevia or conceal it from her. The former would separate her from him for ever; the latter seemed unjustifiable; and then how could he hide any thing from her, who was accustomed to read all his thoughts? In this uncertainty of purpose he arrived at the island, nor had he decided when he met Genevia, and then, forced by circumstances to determine at once in the one way or the other, he, for the time, without premeditation, adopted the purpose of concealment, saying to himself, "I will consider further."

"I come late this evening," said he, "but I have had great affairs in hand, and bring you great news."

"News!" exclaimed Genevia; "good or evil?"

"Good, and by the help of God, in a few days we shall have better still."

Arrived at the open space before the chapel, they proceeded to a spot on the extreme verge of the rock, where the descent is perpendicular to the sea—a spot marked by a low, ruinous wall and a circle of cypress-trees, under whose shelter were several rude seats, and a cross of wood. Seating themselves here, in the silvery rays of the moon, which already had overcome the purple light of sunset, Fieramosca resumed the discourse.

"Rejoice, my Genevia! this has been a glorious day for Italy and for us; and unless God favors injustice, it will be the beginning of greater glory. But now it is necessary to summon your fortitude; now you must show yourself a model for the dames of Italy."

"Proceed," said she, fixing her eyes upon his face, as if to study his features, and to anticipate, by reading their expression, what was the proof to which he was about to put her firmness. "Speak; I am a woman, but I have a heart."

"I know it, Genevia, and sooner would I doubt the rising of the sun to-morrow, than doubt of thee!"

He then informed her of the challenge, explained minutely how it arose, told of his going to the French camps, of his return, of the combat that was in preparation;—and how animated were his words, how full of the love of his country and of glory;—how the presence of Genevia heightened the flame, may be imagined by such readers as have felt their hearts beat more rapidly when speaking of some generous deed performed for their native land, and listened to by a loved fair one capable of the same sentiments.

From time to time, as Fieramosca went on, unfolding the events and their expected sequel, increasing in energy of language and gesture, the breathing of Genevia became more frequent; her bosom swelled as if it were a veil inflated with gusts of wind;—it rose and sank at the breathings of impetuous affections, discordant indeed, but all worthy of herself. Her eyes which seemed to move with the words of the warrior, flashed fire as they kindled with enthusiasm.

When he closed, she laid her fair, soft hand on the hilt of his sword, and raising her face, she said with earnestness, “If I had your arm—if I could use this sword, which I can scarcely lift, you should not go alone; no! and it should never be my lot to hear it said, ‘the Italians have conquered, but *he* remains on the field!’ Oh, I know well, that conquered you will never return;” and here, at the thought of danger so near, she could not restrain the tears that fell on the hand of Fieramosca.

“Why do you weep, Genevía; do you really wish that the combat should not be fought?”

“Oh, no, Hector: do me not such wrong;” and drying her tears she added eagerly, “I do not weep; it is over now;”—and she paused a moment, then with a smile, which the tear-drop still on her eyelids rendered only the more beautiful, she said, “I wished to talk of swords and battles, and to seem brave, but my weakness is betrayed, and I deserve it.”

“Women, like you, could cause miraculous things to be done by the sword, without your touching it; you might turn the world topsy-turvy if you knew how to act. I speak not of you alone, Genevía, but of the women of Italy, in general, who, unfortunately, are not like you.”

The last expression was overheard by Zoraida, who had approached with a basket of fruit, with cakes, honey and other delicacies. She held it on her left arm, and in her right hand she carried a goblet of white wine. Her vestments were made after the oriental fashion, and the fantastic taste of her country was shown in the choice of colors, all of the most vivid hue. Her head preserving also the mode of Eastern nations, was ornamented with bands plaited together, the ends of which fell upon her bosom. She had that high eye-brow, and eagle glance—that brown—and if I may so call it—*golden*-tinted skin which belongs to a race of people that live near Caucasas. In the midst of her affectionate manners, flashes of a barbarous nature would sometimes appear, of a daring and disrespectful frankness.

She stood gazing on Hector and Genevía, and, in the Italian tongue—but with a pronunciation that showed the foreigner, she said, “You spoke of women. Hector, I desire also to understand what you said.”

“Not of women,” replied Genevía; “we were speaking of a dance in which we should make a sorry figure.”

These words greatly excited the curiosity of Zoraida, and Hector therefore related to her all that he had told Genevía.

She stood in suspense and doubt a little while, and then shaking her head, she said, “I do not comprehend. Such quarrels, so much noise, because the French say they have little esteem for you. But they have surely said the same thing more plainly by coming to your country to eat your grain and drive you from your dwellings. And have not the Spaniards equally shown the same opinion of you, coming also to Italy, and doing the same that the French have done?”

“The hind does not chase the lion to his den; it is the lion hunts the hind, and devours him. Zoraida, we are not here among barbarians, where force alone de-

cides every thing. It would be too much to relate to you what claims the crown of France possesses over this kingdom. You must know, however, that it is a *feif* of the Holy See, which means that it belonged to the church, and the church, about two hundred years ago, invested Charles, Duke of Provence, with it.”

“Oh, very well, and who gave it to the church?”

“It was given by a warrior of France called Robert Guiscard, who had become master of it by conquest.”

“Now I comprehend less than ever, the book which Genevía has given me, and which I have read all through, and with attention. Tell me, was it not written by *Issa-Ben-Jusuf*?”

“Yes.”

“And does it not say that all men are made in the image of God, and redeemed with his blood? I understand how there may be, among Christians, some, who making a bad use of power, may possess themselves of the property, and take the lives of their equals; but how this wrong can be changed into a right, descending from father to son, I do not comprehend.”

“I know not,” said Fieramosca, smiling, “whether you do not understand, or understand too much; but this is certain; without such right, what would become of the popes and emperors and kings? And without them, how would the world go on?”

Zoraida shrugged her shoulders, and said no more.

She spread a collation, with the contents of her basket, upon one of the seats, having first covered it with a napkin, which had the fragrance of freshly washed linen.

“Oh, yes,” said Hector, to divert the sadness that still lingered on the brow of Genevía, “let us try to be happy while we can, and let the world go on just as it pleases. Let us now eat these delicacies in good spirits.”

“The proverb,” proceeded Fieramosca, “bids us not to speak of the dead while at table; no more of the combat; let us speak of joyful things. We shall have a festival soon. Signor Gonsalvo has ordered a tournament, a bull-fight, with plays and balls and dinner-parties.”

“What do you say? And the French?” said Genevía.

“The French will be there also; a truce is offered to them, and they cannot be so unmannerly as to refuse it. The purpose is to celebrate the arrival of Donna Elvira, the great captain’s daughter, whom he loves better than his own eyes; and he is determined that there shall be a great celebration.”

The questions of the two ladies were not without number, but must be left to the reader’s imagination; and Hector gave the most lively satisfaction in answering first one and the other.

“Delightful! is it so? His daughter, Donna Elvira, was sick at Taranto, and now being cured, she rejoins her father; and it seems that he does for her what he would not do for himself. In Taranto, lately, I was told that the Spanish soldiers were mutinous because they were not paid, and as Inigo related it, the life of Gonsalvo was preserved as by miracle, for all those devils were raging round him with their pikes. A certain fellow named Yciar, a captain of infantry, after Gonsalvo had declared that he had no money, call-

ed out with a loud voice and indecent language—that his daughter might get it for him. The tumult ended, and in the evening all was quiet. The next morning, when every one rose, what think you they saw? There was Captain Yciar hanging with a pike through him, from the window of the house that he made his quarters, but to those who had thrust their pikes against Gonsalvo's breast, nothing was done to hurt a hair of their heads."

With this kind of chat the evening wore away; and at last Fieramosca rose, and accompanied by both the ladies, proceeded towards his boat. Genevia descended to the lowest point of the rock, but Zoraida remained above, and when Hector saluted her as he stepped into the skiff, she made no answer, but moved away. He took no notice of it, but said to Genevia, "She did not perceive me. You will bid her adieu for me. Now, adieu. To-day may be the last, or nearly so, that you will see me here."

He struck the oars into the water and parted from the island. Genevia having re-ascended the steps, stood on the height a little while, looking after him, as the two diverging lines of his boat's wake grew longer on the sea, and when she could distinguish them no more, she entered the apartments, and resigned herself to anguish and remorse.

B. EDWARDS.

Original.

THE POLISH BOY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

WHENCE come those shrieks, so wild and shrill,
That cut like blades of steel the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?

They come again, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To send forth its peculiar woe!

Whence came they? From yon temple, where
An altar raised for private prayer
Now forms the warrior's marble bed,
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.
The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy, that's kneeling by.

What hand is that whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress—
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp?

It is the hand of her, whose cry
Ran wildly late upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye,
Outstretched upon the altar there.

Now with white lips and stony eye
She murmurs forth her misery.
But hark! The tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street,
Nearer, and nearer yet, they come,
With clinking arms and noiseless drum.
They leave the pavement. Flowers that spread
Their beauties by the path they tread,
Are crushed and broken. Crimson hands
Rend brutally their blooming bands.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep.
The gate is burst; a ruffian band
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom snatched the child;
Then with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy—
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead,
Nor touch the living boy. I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
No traitor he. But listen! I
Have cursed your master's tyranny.
I cheered my lord to join the band
Of those who swore to free our land;
Or fighting, die; and when he pressed
Me for the last time to his breast,
I knew that soon his form would be
Low as it is, or Poland free.
He went and grappled with the foe,
Laid many a baughty Russian low;
But he is dead—the good—the brave,
And I, his wife, am worse—a slave.
Take me and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child."

"Mad woman, stop!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side;
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "one—
Can land or gold redeem my son?
If so, I bend my Polish knee,
And, Russian! ask this boon of thee.
Take palaces, take land, take all;
But leave him free from Russian thrall.
Take these!" And her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like star-light there;
Unclassed the brilliant coronal,
And carcanet of orient pearl;
Her cross of blazing rubies last
Down to the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store—
Upspringing from the marble floor,

The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
But no—the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell with one long cry
Of more than mother's agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stood a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit fierce and bold.

Proudly he toward: his flashing eye,
So blue and yet so bright,
Seemed kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant was its light.

His curling lip and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks.
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band:
"Ye hold me not, no—no, nor can,
This hour has made the boy a man.
The world shall witness that one soul
Fears not to prove itself a Pole.
I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire;
I wept upon his marble brow—
Yes, wept—I was a child—but now
My noble mother on her knee
Has done the work of years for me.
Although in this small tenement
My soul is cramped—unbowed, unbent,
I've still within me ample power
To free myself this very hour.
This dagger in my heart and then
Where is the boasted power of men?"
He drew aside his broided vest
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jewelled haft of poignard bright,
Glittered a moment on the sight:
"Ha! start ye back! Fool, coward, knave!
Think ye the knife my father gave
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls, that on the handle flame,
Would blush to rubies in their shame!
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest!
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jewelled weapon bright.
Another! and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang:
"Up, mother, up! I'm free—I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery;
Up, mother, up!—look on the son—
His freedom is for ever won;

And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss;
One last embrace, one blessing, one!
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son.
What! silent yet? Can't thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak!—lift up thy head.
What! speechless still? Then art thou dead!
Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with one like thee to die!"
Slowly he falls. The clust'ring hair
Rolls back and leaves the forehead bare.
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom, dead.

Original.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

AN APPEAL.

We blush when we name Bunker Hill; and are disposed to skulk away, and hide ourself in some secret corner, out of the sight and the cognizance of men. And so blusheth every American that hath a soul; the finger-post of whose mind hath not so rotted at the base, that it toppleth and directeth downward to the earth and sordid things, but pointeth upward and onward. "Who of you would build a house and sitteth not down first and counteth the cost?" And did not the projectors of the monument on Bunker Hill; who would commemorate thereby the birth-place of Freedom—the glorious impulse to a world would rear an altar of sacrifice for patriotism on that holy of holies—did not they count the cost? Had they no treasury, that there standeth a monument half finished, a byeword and a reproach—dishonoring and cumbring the ground that supporteth it? Aye, truly, they did count; and thought to draw from an exhaustless treasury—*A nation's gratitude! a people's patriotism!*—and it is that such a treasury should so soon reverberate the hollow sound of emptiness, that we are humbled and ashamed—that we would hide from the face of men!

Think of it! Men and women of America, reflect upon it! But sixty years have we been a nation. Our growth is of less than yesterday; so small a period in the lapse of years, that were all departed time to be spread out before us as a map, the prick of a needle's point would more than suffice to define our boundaries and existence there! And yet we are a mighty, a prosperous, a glorious people; a wonder to all nations, ourselves foremost amongst them. Our edifice towers above kingdoms and principalities and hoary empires—over-topping the handiwork of centuries on centuries—this edifice of a moment! We were nothing, and in a twinkling, we are every thing! Our history is a sentence. "We fought, conquered, were free, and are a great nation!" They that saw our sun of freedom rise, have not yet all passed away. They yet *breathe!*—they that fought on Bunker Hill! Aye, breathe, and move among us, and speak to us—they that helped to make us what we are; and we listen to the tale of the inspiring work from their own mouths. The sacred

blood of the martyrs to achieve what we enjoy, yet tinges the ground where it fell, for the earth hath not had time to drink it up. Our fathers—our own immediate fathers, by whom we were begotten, created and fixed our fortunes on a rock, and with all these pure, running, gushing founts of inspiration to patriotism, we have builded a monument, and left it half made! Oh, it is more than a shame—it is a bitter, burning, accursed thing!

And it is an aggravation of the degradation of our own honor, that no difficult testimony of our patriotism was demanded. It was not asked that we should become pilgrims to a distant shrine, like Musslemen to their prophet's tomb. It was not asked of us that we should mortify our flesh, and distort our limbs as doth the Hindoo devotee—nor that we should separate ourselves from men, and live in hermit solitude like the saints of olden time; no, nor to sacrifice one of the least of our hopes or affections, or aught that were indeed a hard thing; but only and simply to bestow of our superfluity of dross—a little mite! and we cannot give it!

But what is the utility of a monument, cry some in excuse? Aye, *utility*! It is an expressive word—a word of four syllables! and it is used to cover a multitude of sins! Out upon it! It is used to cloak the very degradation of sordid selfishness! *Utility*! Oh, this is the age of utility! We build great stone houses, and labor like dogs from morning to night, and become strangers, in our toil, to the sweet affections, and the gentler sensibilities, and the enchanting perceptions of our natures—we swallow our food with the rapidity of any quickest thing we can fancy, to the manifest exposure of ourselves to strangulation, that not a moment may be lost, and we hoard and hoard, neither enjoying of ourselves the fruits of our labor, not opening its benefits to others. We build great railroads, for they will yield percentage; we dig huge canals, for they will yield percentage; we make steamboats hiss and sputter, and fly, for they will yield percentage; and when others come upon our track, we count not life as aught in the one absorbing pursuit, and in the fierce competition, louder hisses the steam, broader spatter and spatter the wheels, and faster flies the boat, and then, a sound as of thunder—a few shrieks, and hundreds are hugged in the embrace of death! and all this is utility! Then a mite of these hoards is asked of us, that a monument may be reared to their memory, who bled to give us title to build railroads, and dig canals, and propel steamboats, and send our great ships, like living things, flapping their huge wings across the waters, to fill up our storehouses with the useful and the beautiful things of the whole earth, and we shake our heads and cry out aloud, "Where is the utility?"

Again, saith the unwilling one; "I am not of Massachusetts; let the people of Massachusetts build their own monuments!" Had our fathers said thus, we had not been free. What! shall the title to Bunker Hill be given up to Massachusetts! Will a nation surrender its birthright. Bunker Hill and its enduring glory are the patrimony of every American heart. The men who

fought there, knew no boundaries, no divisions. They fought as Americans—for their whole country! And they fought as well at Saratoga, and White Plains, and Brandywine, and Yorktown, as at Bunker Hill! for they fought as Americans, for their whole country! Their memories belong to their whole country! In the great question of Freedom, and its birth and its results, Massachusetts men and New York men and South Carolina men are cast in the grand and glorious name of Americans—countrymen! Massachusetts men and New York men and South Carolina men fought side by side, shoulder to shoulder, and their dust mingles beneath the same sod where their patriot blood ran out in a commingled stream! Oh, let not their children create divisions that the fathers had not!

And now an appeal is made once more. Americans, shall the monument be finished? *Women of America*, take up this cause! Be you the avengers of your country's honor! Wipe you away the stain that is upon us! Plead, implore, weep! There may be hard hearts that can withstand your prayers. Who shall withstand your tears? Weep! that we may no longer be a byword. Your mothers cheered and supported and filled with courage the bosoms of our fathers in the hour of trial and dismay—and their memories are blessed. Let their daughters emulate their mothers; and cry, "give! give!" and awake sluggish patriotism, and tear away the enfolding shroud of selfishness—and they, too, shall be blessed in their day and generation!

H. F. H.

Original.

THE CAPTIVE QUEEN'S GIFT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Let me weep awhile!
Bear with me—give this sudden passion sway!
Thoughts of my son, his cruelty, his guile
Come, as a wind that o'er a reed hath away;
Till my heart dies with yearnings and sick fears;
Oh! could my life melt from me in these tears!"

SEATED by her embroidery-frame, Mary Stuart, the unfortunate Queen of Scots, was adding the last silken violet to a rich border of fruit and flowers, which her magic needle had wrought on a robe of thick, orange-colored silk. Her supper stood untasted on a little table at her elbow; and it was not till the twilight had darkened all the brilliant colors into one, that she permitted herself a moment's respite—then she turned to the table and placed a bit of food between her lips. With difficulty she swallowed it, pushed the table from her, and threw her graceful form back into her heavy chair. Bright tears gathered in her eyes, and she looked mournfully on the nearly finished robe, and murmured, "It will soon be finished—this sweet hope will no longer cheer me, and then what will occupy my lonely hours? Alas, what a fearful thing it is to be alone with bitter thoughts!"

The unhappy captive wiped the tears from her face, had lights placed by her embroidery-frame, and again plied her needle, while dark and gloomy retrospections

passed through her mind. She thought with painful regret of France, her own dear France, the home of her youth, the land of gaiety and chivalry. While these thoughts occupied her mind, her taper fingers lingered on the silk, and large tears rolled down her still round cheeks, and soiled the rich embroidery over which she bent. A moment and a deep color was breaking into her cheeks, over which the tear-drops fell at more distant intervals. She was thinking of Scotland, then of her reception after crossing the channel to take possession of her hereditary crown. She remembered the ridicule her refined accomplishments had excited in the rude people she was called upon to govern; then the warm blood deepened and burned in her cheeks, almost drying the tears that lingered there with its heat. Darnley, the sensual, brutal Darnley was in her mind, the husband on whom she had, for a time, lavished the wealth of her warm affections; the man who had rewarded her love with infidelity, and her kindness with base ingratitude. By degrees her cheeks regained their pure white—the muscles of her sweet mouth were working about the corners, and twitching under the white skin; her open forehead concentrated itself, and her little hand lay trembling upon the frame, with the needle between its fingers. The working of that speaking face told more plainly than words, that the horrid circumstances of Darnley's murder were passing in her imagination; but the remembrance of the foul suspicions that had been attached to herself, soon brought back the glow to her cheek and the peculiar brightness to her eye; her graceful head was erect with the consciousness of perfect innocence. Indeed, it is astonishing that the suspicions of murder could rest for a moment on one who had never been found guilty of a single act of cruelty, and who, to her kind and gentle nature, together with a want of firmness, owed all her misfortunes. In short, the very womanly virtues of Mary Stuart proved the ruin of the Queen of Scotland; while the want of those virtues kept the tigress Elizabeth upon the throne of England, and gave her power over the liberty and life of her beautiful cousin. The cunning and duplicity of Elizabeth and her want of feeling were her safety; while the very frankness and gaiety of Mary's disposition, expanded as it had unwisely been by a foreign education, helped to work her ruin. A want of proper resolution rather than an unholy passion led to her union with Bothwell. Now she could look back and trace the events that led to that most imprudent step; but when she reflected on that, her thoughts shrunk from it as the plague-spot of her life. Now when it presented itself before her in the solitude of her reflections, with an expression of self-disgust she dropped her needle, drew back shuddering into her chair and covered her face, as if that could still the consciousness of her self-abasement. For some moments she sat, still pressing her hands to her face, while her low sobbing broke the stillness of the apartment; when she arose, and with trembling steps advanced to a table at the head of her couch, on which was a crucifix with a small image of our Saviour exquisitely wrought in silver.

One that had observed the unfortunate queen kneeling before that crucifix in the beautiful humility of her heart, with her streaming eyes fixed earnestly on the silver image, her fingers clasped, and the pearls on her slender neck rising and falling with her quick respiration, must have forgiven her worst offences in the certainty of her deep repentance. God forgave them, even though her sincere prayer ascended from a misguided though humble heart. As the energy of her supplication abated, a sweet calmness overspread her features, and she arose with the spirit of a smile beaming in her face, and her fancy hovering round her son, as when a sweet infant she had last seen him. Hope came to her heart again as she thought of him, and with quiet eye she arose and returned to her employment.

The robe was finished, that dear work of months. It was splendidly beautiful; and with a feeling of happiness she had not felt for years the anxious mother took a last look at the bright fabric and exquisite workmanship before she folded it as a present to her son; then she stripped all the rings except the royal signet from her fingers, and substituted a black riband for the chain of large pearls that suspended a cross to her neck. "He will not receive this," she said, sorrowfully, "they have made the beautiful religion of his mother hateful to him;" and with a deep sigh she replaced the golden cross under her high ruff. Kissing the pearls she placed them, together with the rings and all the ornaments her captivity had left her, in a small ivory casket, vainly hoping that the next lips that pressed them would be her son's, quivering with love and pity for the mother who had taken her last ornaments to form a gift worthy of his acceptance.

"He never can know the magnitude of my love for him, the yearning for one look from his eyes which has kept sleep from me, and rendered my captivity doubly bitter—he will not know this, but surely he remembers me. He cannot have forgotten the sweet nights when I slept with him on my bosom, and was awakened in the morning by his dear mouth pressing mine, and his little hands patting my cheeks as he knelt over me—they have not taught him to think me guilty, vile—oh, no, I will not think it." Again the poor queen's frame was shaken with terrible emotion as these thoughts passed within her. She began to write the letter which was to accompany the gift before her agitation had subsided. Rapidly she penned the outpouring of her maternal love, while quick sobs now and then broke from her lips. Twice she was obliged to press her beautiful eyelids firmly together, and when she unclosed them, they were dripping with the tears she had thus striven to send back to their fount. The letter was finished, secured by a band of floss silk, and laid on the folded robe, and after again kneeling before her crucifix, Mary placed the package by her pillow, and dropped asleep with her head upon it.

Touching were the directions Mary gave to her messenger on the following morning. "Tell the prince," she said, "how you have left me, confined in damp apartments without friends and without books, and only indulging in hopes of happiness and freedom when I

think of him. Tell him my health is failing under the pressure of affliction, and that I weary the Virgin Mary with entreaties to see him again before I die—and oh," she added, pressing her beautiful hand on the messenger's arm in her earnestness, "oh, mark him closely—tell me if he weeps when he reads my letter—if he kisses it or looks sorrowful. Tell me if he is grown tall and comely like—," she could not pronounce the name; but turning her troubled face from the messenger, motioned him hastily to withdraw, and sank sobbing into her chair.

The week that her messenger was expected to return from Scotland, the captive queen wandered like an unquiet spirit round the uncomfortable prison house in which the unjust Elizabeth had confined her. Her employment was forsaken, and scarcely tasting food or indulging in sleep, she spent her time in watching anxiously for the expected news from her son. The morning on which the man arrived, she had risen from a restless bed with a heavy depression on her spirits, and the sickening sensation of hope deferred at her heart. After her morning orison, she threw open the casement that commanded a view towards Scotland, and descried a horseman in the distance. A faintness came over her when she became sure that it was her messenger. For worlds she could not have spoken, but stood motionless with fixed eyes and white lips watching him till he dismounted. Then she tottered to the door, received between her trembling hands the package he extended, and shut herself in that she might open it alone. With quivering fingers the poor woman unfolded the wrapper and shook open the contents—a casket fell at her feet, the lid gave way, and her own jewels were scattered over the floor. The robe she held was her own gift returned. A faint sickness crept over her frame, the unnatural tightness of her nerves gave way, and with a gasp, she fell senseless on the floor.

When Mary's attendant entered the apartment, she found her lying like a corpse upon the floor, her beautiful hair scattered in profusion over her pallid face, and her black velvet dress lying in folds about her, contrasting strongly with the gorgeous robe still grasped in her hand. The frightened attendant called for assistance, and laid her insensible mistress on the couch. It was a long time before a slight quivering of the poor captive's eyelids bespoke returning life. When sufficiently conscious to know that her messenger was at her bed-side, she raised herself upon her elbow, and pointing with unsteady finger to the robe and jewels scattered upon the floor, she attempted to speak, but could only articulate, "Why? why?" and fell back upon her pillow, still looking in the man's face with such beseeching, heart-broken earnestness that his eye filled as he said—

"James, your son, refused the gift because it was not directed to him as king, instead of prince, of Scotland."

A smile, an indescribable smile of agony came into the poor queen's face, a look that said her bruised heart was crushed for ever, crushed by her own son.

Original.

DAVIE'S MEN.

An hundred blades are flashing
In the mellow midnight ray,
And an hundred men are mounted
On their steeds of dappled gray.

Ye may hear their tramp at the midwatch
As they merrily dash along,
The winds outspeeding as they go—
So fleet of foot and strong.

So fleet and strong those good steeds!
And who are they that ride?
Blithe hearts of Carolina—
And of her chivalry the pride.

Their way is o'er the mountain,
Their way is o'er the moor,
And they stem the rush of the river-flood,
And clamber the rocky shore.

Their haunts are in the greenwood
Where Summer streamlets flow,
And their home in the distant forest shade,
The Briton may not know.

Who in the foray leadeth
This blithe and gallant train,
When the din of the battle echoeth,
And the death-shot speeds again?

Who in the rout outrideth
The fleetest of the foe,
And with flashing brand, in the reeking dust,
The Briton layeth low?

'Tis he who when the foe come
In shadowy numbers on,
Nerveth the stout hearts of his men
With cheery look and tone.—

Who guideth them when the wild-deer
On their moss-strewn couches lay,
Far in the sunless forest depths,
From the moonlight chase, away.

'Tis he who bears him ever
With stately foot, and free
As the warrior-chief of a dark-browed race,
And prouddier than he.

His name young lips are breathing,
And hearts leap at the sound,
And "Davie" is the battle-shout,
And the soldier's brow is crown'd

With laurels that shall fade not
With the memories that die—
And a prayer shall e'er go up for him
While neath his native sky

A patriot spirit lingers,
And his men be honored well,
With the kindred brave who fought and bled,
And the kindred brave who fell.

A wail upon the night-breeze!
 'Tis of woman in her despair—
 Her home is chill and tenantless—
 For the Briton hath been there.
 And she, a stricken captive,
 Is led in bonds away—
 And the little ones whose infant breath
 She nourished—where are they?
 Catawba's waves are gliding
 In the silver moonlight by,
 But their murmur is hushed as on the breeze
 Breaks forth that smothered cry!
 And glittering plumes are waving
 Above its chrystal bed,
 As a hurried band of foemen dark
 O'er its shallow stream is led.
 But faintly in the distance
 The tramp of steeds is heard,
 And a feeble hope of succor nigh
 The captive's spirit cheered.
 It came—as comes the whirlwind—
 Rapid and instant, there—
 And sabres flashed, and shouts rang out
 Upon the midnight air.
 A plunge into the water—
 A struggle with the wave—
 And Davie's men to the rescue
 Urge on their chargers brave.
 The Briton turned him fiercely—
 But who of his dastard train
 Survived at dawn to tell the tale
 Of his fellow dastard slain?
 For the strong grasp of the foeman
 Hath hurled them in the stream,
 And they sank with many a nameless oath,
 And with many a bubbling scream.
 Their blood hath dyed the waters,
 And on the dark wave borne
 The corpses grim of rider and steed
 Are floating there at morn.
 But the captive's bonds are riven—
 She greets her home again;
 And bright young smiles are beaming there
 To soothe that mother's pain.

Oswego, 1838.

J. M. CASEY.

RELIGION, conscience, affection, law, science, poetry, including the kindred arts, are for ever rectifying the disorders and miseries of mankind. But the mode in which the poetic art does this, is by presenting to mankind a world of its own, in which good and evil, true and false, fair and ugly, harmonious and discordant, and all such analogous pairs of contrasts are mingled by just and intelligible principles of combination, and point to their own solution—not indeed a solution always for the understanding, but always one adequate for the feelings, and purifying and exalting them.

Original.

“JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.”*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WATCHER!—who wak'st by the bed of pain,
 While the stars sweep on with their midnight train,
 Stifling the tear for thy lov'd one's sake,
 Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break;
 In thy loneliest hour, there's a helper nigh,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Stranger!—afar from thy native land,
 Whom no man takes with a brother's hand,
 Table and hearth-stone are glowing free,
 Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;
 There is one who can tell of a home on high,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Sad one, in secret bending low,
 A dart in thy breast that the world may not know,
 Wrestling the favor of God to win,
 His seal of pardon for days of sin;
 Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Mourner!—who sitt'st in the church-yard lone,
 Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
 Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
 Planting the myrtle and rose instead;
 Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Fading one, with the hectic streak,
 In thy vein of fire and thy wasted cheek,
 Fear'st thou the shade of the darken'd vale?
 Seek to the guide who can never fail;
 He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh,
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

* St. Luke.

Original.

SONNET.

STARS are the many weeping eyes of night,
 Which, when sad darkness walks supremely forth,
 Shed dew-drop tears upon the breast of earth,
 To flee away at touch of sunbeams bright;
 Like them we weep when Grief broods o'er the heart,
 Spreading his shade on all things sweet and fair,
 Till comes Joy's morning light with welcome glare
 To bid the offspring of the eye depart,
 That leaves upon the flow'rs of life a stain,
 (Which in the varied retrospect appears,
 Tinging their leaves with thoughts of mournful years)
 A pale memento of forgotten pain.
 These tell us Man was made at times to sigh,
 That he might hail with greater thanks a smiling sky.

C. H. A. B.

DID I POSSESS THE TREASURE.

BARCAROLE OF DONIZETTI.

SUNG BY MISS CLARENCE WELLS.

ARRANGED BY J. WATSON.

ANDANTE AFFETUOSO.

Did I possess the treasure of Monarchs or Pe - ru, I'd yield them all with

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, featuring a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "Did I possess the treasure of Monarchs or Pe - ru, I'd yield them all with".

pleasure, Dear love to purchase you, For life is sad and weary, When thou art far a -

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "pleasure, Dear love to purchase you, For life is sad and weary, When thou art far a -".

way..... None the heavy hours to cheer, Ah!.....

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "way..... None the heavy hours to cheer, Ah!.....". The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *fz* (forzando) under the first measure of the second staff.

..... hap - pi - ness

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a dotted quarter note, and ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

Smil.....ing Sorrow be - guil.....ing when

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody includes a dotted quarter note followed by a half note, then a quarter note, and ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic patterns as the first system.

thou art here

8va....

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal melody features a dotted quarter note followed by a half note, then a quarter note, and ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns. The system ends with a double bar line.

To me no wealth gives pleasure,
 That is not shar'd by thee,
 Life's brightest, purest treasure,
 Art thou, dear youth, to me;
 Then haste, oh, send him hither,
 Who gladdens life to me,
 Love, the weary time to cheer,
 Ah! happiness smiling,
 Sorrow beguiling, when he is here.

THEATRICALS.

FAIR.—We have had very little novelty at this theatre since the publication of our last number, excepting *Madame Vestris Mathews'* performance of *Lady Bell*, in Murphy's comedy of "Know your own mind." She sustained the character equaling the expectations of her warmest admirers and to the great disappointment of those pseudo critics, who, in overrating their own judgment had underrated the talent of the actress. *Madame Vestris' Lady Bell* was an exquisite portraiture, with all the flow of nature refined by those delicate pencillings of the artist, which call forth no rapturous bursts of applause at the moment, but charm by their simplicity and ease, their intellectual beauties, and their modest grace.

The fact, however, cannot be disguised, that Mr. and Mrs. Mathews' first engagement did not terminate with that brilliant career of success which had been so firmly anticipated by those well acquainted with their extraordinary powers, and that great versatility of talent eminently distinguishing their professional pursuits. The cause is found in the effect. Their efforts were too limited—the characters assumed, particularly those of *Madame Vestris*, too hackneyed; and upon previous occasions too ably represented by established favorites, to elicit any extraordinary sensation in their favor. It is little to the purpose that she was the original representative of those parts—that she had embodied the ideal creations of their authors. The public attend a theatre to be amused, and are but very little affected by the consideration of whether Mrs. Keeley or Miss Tree are copyists of the characters finding their original in *Madame Vestris*. They found the characters themselves delightfully sustained by those ladies, and if not with the same excellence to be discovered in the original, yet with such slight shades of difference, as to awaken no desire to see them repeated by their founder. The songs in the several pieces in which *Madame Vestris* has appeared, are the only great and distinguishing features. They were delivered with a sweetness—a pathos and effect perfectly unequalled. Her beautiful air of "*I'd marry him to-morrow*," in the operetta of "*The loan of a lover*," is an unexampled instance of the power of music over the feelings. The exquisite taste of execution—the simplicity, the pathos, the peculiar tenderness with which it is invested by the inimitable artist, ranks it with the finest exhibitions of the art. But we go to the theatre for something more than mere ornaments of the stage, however beautiful—we seek at the Park more substantial amusements, and we know that *Madame Vestris* is capable of far greater exertions than those which characterized her first routine of parts. The Park is not, and never can become a Theatre d' Vaudeville. The taste of a New-York audience is of a higher standard, and demands the sterling drama.

Miss Ellen Tree's engagement followed on the departure of the Mathews'; and we wish we could with truth say, that in the admirable comedies in which she appeared to so much advantage, she could have been better sustained by the stock company. Mr. Simpson entered into short engagements with *Messrs. Scott and Abbot*, to support *Miss Tree*, and thereby admitting the inefficiency of his present company for the purposes of regular drama. We have already so copiously reviewed the performances of this lady in the several characters in which she has appeared, and which were repeated as the attractive features of her engagement, that we have nothing left in the way of encomium and as little in disparagement. She sustained her reputation with her usual energy, and if she gained no new laurels, it resulted from the absence of any new character in which her energy and talent could be successfully employed. We want to see *Ellen Tree* in a new character—one neither derived or borrowed—one of her own embodiment—an original part. Let her look to our native authors; she will reap a harvest in fame and fortune and stamp her originality by patronising the efforts of native genius, and embodying the conceptions of some one of the dramatic poets of America.

Power, the life and soul of Irish whim, succeeded *Ellen Tree*, and always active in search of novelty, produced two new and successful pieces during the short period of his engagement.

Power would make an excellent manager could we be assured that he would show half that energy in catering for the stage that he exhibits in the sustention of his own popularity—he comes among us, his trunk lined with eccentric dramas, written for the exercise of his own genius, and so carefully, that he himself is never dependant upon the performers for any effect to be produced beyond that which is to be provided by their subordinate agency. Perhaps this is the great secret of his signal success—his unbounded popularity and his fame. His *Rory o' More*, his *Irish Lion* and *White Horse of the Peppers*, are all of the same character—monodrames! Himself, the Alpha and Omega—the soul and substance—the all and all.

NATIONAL.—Since the publication of our last number the affairs of this theatre have glided smoothly on, with an uninterrupted tide of success. *Forrest's* profitable engagement terminated only to give way to one still more profitable, that of *Celeste*. The fame of this extraordinary gifted woman, for such she undoubtedly is, and the eclat of her late European visit, naturally excited in the public a feeling of curiosity to witness her performances, to compare them with what they had formerly been, and to note the wonderful improvement said to have taken place.

Her first appearance, to a house literally crammed in all parts, was in a speaking character, that of *Madeline*, in "*St. Mary's Eve*," a drama of very ordinary merit, but which had been most strangely eulogized by the London newspapers. The part she sustained was not as formerly, pantomimic, but one in which her voice was heard, and heard to great advantage. Her foreign accent, her natural and unaffected manner, and her graceful gestures, all combined to render her performance a perfect triumph. The career of her success continued uninterrupted from the commencement to the termination of her engagement, and her last appearance was to an audience as crowded as on the first night.

The next attraction which the industry and enterprise of Mr. Wallack provided for his patrons, was one of the very highest order. The three most celebrated of English vocalists, *Miss Shirreff*, *Mr. Wilson*, and *Mr. Seguin*, made their first appearance on the American stage in Rooke's new and justly celebrated opera of "*Amilie*," or, the Love Test," a composition which the musical cognoscenti of Europe have pronounced to be superior to the best productions of the best English masters; exhibiting in every bar, genius, science, sentiment and reflection. The newspapers have already made their readers acquainted with the biography of the above eminent vocalists, for which reason we shall refrain from doing so. But as we are not aware that any thing has been said of the professional career of the composer of "*Amilie*," we give the following facts derived from an authentic source. Mr. Rooke, who is now about the meridian of life, is a native of Ireland, and of a respectable family. In his youth he conceived a most ardent love for music, and pursued the study of it clandestinely, in consequence of the violent opposition of his father against what he considered a useless and unprofitable pursuit. The sound of a musical instrument heard in a remote part of the house, frequently led to a discovery of the delinquent, and which invariably produced a severe whipping by way of admonition. Hunted from cellar to garret, young Rooke at length found a spot where he could securely, if not comfortably, pursue the bent of his inclination. It was on the roof of his dwelling, under the lee of the chimney. Here, quietly ensconced, he first commenced his practical exercises on the Bassoon, which instrument, rather the worse for wear and tear, he had purchased out of the trifle allowed him for pocket money. To a mind less ardently constituted than our young musician's, these incessant annoyances would have presented an insuperable bar to his advancement; they, on the contrary, rather served to stimulate his exertions, until at length he succeeded in acquiring a practical knowledge of most instruments of music, and it is to this fact that musicians attribute the admirable and perfect instrumentation of "*Amilie*."

Mr. Rooke's musical career commenced in his native city, Dublin, in these very celebrated choirs of Saint Patrick's and

Christ church cathedrals, two of the best schools for theory and rudimental vocalization now extant. To this is undoubtedly attributable the solidity which characterizes many of his passages in "Amilie." After serving the usual term as a chorister, he engaged with the manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, as one of the orchestra, and shortly after was advanced to the situation of *Repetiteur*, or second leader. He then took up his abode in London and played on the violin in the orchestra of Drury-lane theatre, when Mr. Wallack was stage manager. Here, in all probability, he first drank his inspirations for operatic composition. He was always "trying his hand" at opera, but never had the resolution or tact of worldly men to obtain more than a circumscribed publicity, if so can be termed the enthusiastic admiration of a few ardent lovers of music. Thus in comparative obscurity, he was, as it were, "wasting his sweetness on the desert air," until Mr. Wilson, the vocalist, became acquainted with him, and was at once struck with admiration at his original and beautiful talent. With the modesty of true genius, Mr. Rooke reluctantly submitted his opera of "Amilie" to the inspection of his new friend, who, enraptured by the blaze of musical splendor it exhibited, resolved upon using his best endeavors to have it produced at one of the great theatres. He accordingly introduced Rooke and his fair child to Mr. Macready, the manager of Covent Garden. The composer seated himself at the piano, and played the opera through. Scarcely had he finished it, when Macready expressed himself highly delighted—promised that the piece should be produced with all convenient speed, and with a liberality that did him honor, tendered to the astonished musician a check on his banker for five hundred pounds for the copy-right, with a promise of five pounds for every night the opera should be performed. It is scarcely necessary to add that the offer was accepted with gratitude. The piece was immediately put in rehearsal, and after a preparation of ten weeks, was produced with a success commensurate to its merits.

Congratulations poured from all sides on the modest and unpretending composer; who, delighted with the happy termination of his labors, could scarcely realize his good fortune, when on the morning after the production of "Amilie," Cramer and Addison, the music publishers, presented him with a thousand guineas, the purchase money for the copy-right of the music-making, in addition to the sum previously received from the manager, fifteen hundred guineas, or seven thousand five hundred dollars. Mr. Rooke has, it is said, several other operas composed some years ago, but still unknown to the public, who are now on the *qui vive* for their production. But let us return to our original subject—the first performance of "Amilie" in America.

Of the entire success of the opera there is but one opinion. Old as our play-going recollections are, we cannot remember any dramatic production more successful. It is not our intention to enter into a critical analysis of the music. We shall only observe, that from beginning to end a constant succession of exquisite melodies and harmonic combinations, delight and astonish the hearers.

The great charm of the opera is its originality. There is not in a single passage, the slightest semblance of imitation. True, in its sentiment we are reminded of Mozart. Its occasional fire and passion bring Weber to our recollection; but nothing is borrowed or stolen from either of these great models. What most excited our astonishment was the newness of the melodies—and this, after the millions of changes that have been rung on seven simple sounds. It is miraculous!

Ten weeks were devoted in London to the rehearsal of this opera. Here, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Pearson, leader of the orchestra, under whose direction the opera was produced, but little more than that number of days sufficed to render the chorus competent to the discharge of its duty; and in less than a fortnight the piece was produced with a perfection in all its departments that called forth the delight and admiration of an audience remarkable for the judicious application of its applause.

We come now to speak of the principal performers in the

opera: and first of *Miss Shirreff*, "the admired of all admirers." Her voice is a rich *soprano*, round and powerful, extending nearly two octaves and a half, from *a* to *c*, and possessing much sweetness and flexibility. Her intonation is good, and her method of singing discreet and judicious. Her embellishments are always in keeping with the character of the music; and her acting is much better than any vocalist we ever saw. In her person, *Miss Shirreff* is about the medium standard, well formed, with an intelligent and loveable face, beaming eye and teeth like pearls. Her pronunciation is correct and perfectly distinct, and her gestures are graceful and expressive. It may with truth be said of this lady, that she has the ear of the public. So firmly has she established herself in general favor, that to express a doubt of her excellence, would be deemed rank heresy.

Mr. Wilson well merits the distinguished reputation which he brought from Europe. His voice, a high tenor of delicious quality, extends from *c* on the third space of the *g* clef, down to *a* on the fifth line bass clef, and is sufficiently flexible to execute with ease passages requiring it. His intonation is correct, and his style of a very pleasing description.

Mr. Seguin is undoubtedly the best bass singer we have ever had in this country. Possessing a voice of magnificent quality extending from *e*, natural, down to treble *d*, bass clef, he exercises it with a skill and effect that have won for him the admiration of the best of our musical judges. His intonation appears to be faultless, and his method that most approved by the first masters. *Mr. Seguin* is a prodigious favorite with the public, and will become so wherever he is heard.

We regret that the limits we have prescribed to such matters prevent our extending to the orchestra, chorus, and the performers generally engaged in the opera, more than a passing word of commendation. They have acquitted themselves in a manner that reflects credit on themselves and the establishment of which they are members.

FRANKLIN.—The engagement of that talented vocalist, *Mrs. Gibbs*, is a convincing proof that a liberal spirit of enterprise, will accomplish almost impossibilities. The introduction of operatic pieces at this neat little theatre, has been attended with success, far beyond the anticipations of the managers. *Mrs. Gibbs* possesses a fine and melodious voice—her singing is sweet—her articulation is clear; and she never appeared to greater advantage than on the evening we witnessed her performances in *Rob Roy* and the *Olympic Devils*.

LITERARY REVIEW.

How to observe, by *Miss Martineau: Harper & Brothers*. The volume itself is good enough, full of very sensible observations, interspersed, now and then, with a coarseness of diction which might be excused in a man, and which, of course, must be excused in her who mingles so much of the masculine with her thoughts as to entitle her to assume all the liberties which are generally allowed to gentlemen. It would have been well for *Miss Martineau's* reputation as a journalist, had she studied "How to observe," thoroughly before entering upon her travels in America.

We have also received a copy of the same work from *Les and Blanchard*, of Philadelphia.

THE GIFT, FOR 1839: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart*.—This is, indeed, a most splendid volume, and will bear comparison with any of the annuals issued from the London press. *Miss Leslie*, the editor, has displayed her usual tact in the selection of the literary contents. It is embellished with nine fine engravings; among them we perceive "*Rustic Civility*," a copy of which was published in the July number of the *Ladies' Companion*.

Mrs. Sigourney, *Miss H. F. Gould*, *Charles West Thomson*, *Park Benjamin*, *Mrs. Gilman*, *Mrs. E. C. Embury*, *William B. Tappan*, *Robert Walsh, jr.*, *Miss Leslie*, *Dr. Mackenzie* and *John Inman*, have each furnished spirited articles. The Gift, as a literary production, has ever stood amongst the first of American annuals, and in the present instance, it fully equals any of its predecessors.—*G. & C. Carvill*.

HARRY AUSTEN: *Lee & Blanchard*.—This work purports to be a series of adventures in the British army, by an officer. The style is diversified, and the incidents stirring; the characters are mostly caricatures, and the whole interest of the work is based upon a plot to defraud Harry Austen of his rightful inheritance.—*G. & C. Carvill*.

MISS LONDON'S COMPLETE WORKS.—E. L. Carey & A. Hart. These publishers are on the high road to fame—if not to profit. They have rendered a lasting service to the reading public by giving them, within a few months, the complete works of Miss Austen, Lady Blessington, D'Israeli—and now those of the celebrated L. E. L. The volume in question is very large, and withal handsomely executed. It is also ornamented with a faithful likeness of Miss Landon, which doubly enhances its value, as she is now married and has retired within the sanctity of her own domestic fireside. Every one should possess a copy of the work—it contains her latest productions, and may be the last emanating from the same fruitful pen.—*Wiley & Putnam*.

LIFE OF HANNAH MORE: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.—The author of this work, the Rev. Henry Thompson, has made good use of the information he possessed relating to the life of Mrs. More. From his local situation and external facilities, his advantages for the task were unequalled—although, at times, he has permitted too much sectarian feeling to interfere with his duties as a biographer.—*Wiley & Putnam*.

DUTY AND INCLINATION: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.—The name of Miss L. E. Landon appears on the title page of this work as the editor. Whether she is the author or not we are at a loss to imagine; but it is, however, a readable book—of a domestic nature, and partially calculated to enlist the attention of the reader.

ODDITIES OF LONDON LIFE, by Paul Pry: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.—The peculiarities and originality of English character, more especially developed in the middle and lower classes, afford a wide and inexhaustible field for observation; the lover of the ludicrous has only to devote an hour to this work, and he will find abundant food wherewith to tempt his mirthful palate.—*G. & C. Carvill*.

RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR, FOR 1839: Edited by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.—Two years have nearly elapsed since the publication of the last volume of the "*Religious Souvenir*," then under the editorial charge of the late Rev. Dr. Bedell. The work has now passed to the control of *Lydia H. Sigourney*, a name that stands first in the annals of our National Literature. No lady better qualified for the important task could have been chosen from that brilliant array of female genius which is the glory and ornament of our country. Mrs. Sigourney's preface is brief and modest. She says: "The Religious Souvenir, after the absence of a year, re-appears with its friendly salutations. During this recess, it has been flattered to find its place preserved in the memory of the public, and to hear from various and remote parts of our wide country, kind inquiries for its welfare or earnest wishes for its return. Refreshed by slumber, it resumes its pleasant toil, gladly gathering from the fields of literature, flowers for the vase of the tasteful, and fruits to cheer the Christian on the journey of immortality."

The embellishments are beautiful and well executed: they consist of—the infant St. John; a Cottage in the Marquesas; Island of Syria; Mrs. Stewart, late Missionary to the Sandwich Islands; Ancient Athens; Agriculture; Lady Arbella Johnson; View of Norwich, Con. Among the contributors are Miss H. F. Gould; N. C. Brooks; Rev. J. A. Clark; Mrs. Amelia Opie; Miss C. M. Sedgwick; Mrs. Da Ponté; R. Shelton MacKenzie; Grenville Mellen; Mrs. Emma C. Embury; Miss M. A. Browne; Rev. C. S. Stewart; Mrs. L. H. Sigourney; Rev. John Williams; Mrs. S. J. Hale; Charles West Thomson.—*Scotfold & Voorhies, 118 Nassau street*.

Lee & Blanchard have issued—number three of the second part of "*Oliver Twist*," the fourth and fifth numbers of the "*Sketches, by Boz*," and the sixth number of "*Nicholas Nickleby*." The whole of these works are from the pen of the inimitable "*Boz*."—*G. & C. Carvill*.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"OUR NEW VOLUME."—Notwithstanding the pressure of the times the LADIES' COMPANION has met with a success which warrants the proprietor in making every exertion to insure its unprecedented popularity, and to sustain it in the high station it has taken among the best magazines in the country. In order to meet the generous encouragement extended to him with such liberality, he has entered into an especial arrangement with Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, and Mr. HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, author of "*Cromwell*," and "*The Brothers*," which secures their most valuable contributions regularly for his pages, and which cannot fail to give the work a more decided excellence than it has yet attained. The former Editors will remain unchanged, and their exertions for the success and reputation of the magazine will be increased to the utmost. The forthcoming numbers will be entirely original, and will contain articles from Mrs. Sigourney; Mrs. Stephens; Frances S. Osgood; Henry F. Harrington; John Neal; Henry W. Herbert; Edward Maturin; H. H. Weld and J. J. Adams, in addition to the extensive aid engaged from a brilliant list of writers who have filled its pages for the past year, with many others of the highest reputation, who have been lately added to them, in pursuance of the proprietor's determination to render his work second to none published in the United States.

The Steel Plates are, and have been, for the last six months exclusively engraved for this magazine. Those intended for the next volume are selected from the most beautiful English designs, by Mr. A. Dick, and will be of superior beauty and finish. The proprietor incurs the heavy expenditure which these arrangements require with cheerfulness and confidence, judging by the success of the past year, that his exertions will be met with corresponding promptitude and generosity by the enlightened public who have sustained him in his enterprise thus far. Hitherto he has honorably redeemed his pledge to increase the excellence of his work with its circulation. This conviction should give confidence in the inducements which he now offers to subscribers.

We are happy to inform our readers that a proposal has been made our associate, Mrs. Stephens, by the Harpers, to make the Prize Tale of "*MARY DEWEENT*," published in our last volume the ground-work of a two-volume novel, and that at present all the leisure which can be obtained from her duties as one of the editors of this magazine, will be devoted to the completion of the work. Consequently all the magazine writing emanating from her pen is secured exclusively to the Ladies' Companion.

THE APOLLO GALLERY.—All lovers of the Arts should look upon the establishment of this institution with the interest which is due an attempt to introduce the beautiful among a people who have hitherto been far too exclusively devoted to the merely useful. Mr. Herring is making a generous and most praiseworthy effort to establish a depot for the exhibition and sale of pictures by American artists. His gallery is already filled with very beautiful specimens from all sections of the country, and if properly encouraged will gradually lay the foundation of a National Gallery, as a portion of the funds derived from the exhibition will be devoted to the purchase of pictures for that purpose. This most generous effort to draw forth and concentrate the talent scattered about in the nooks and corners of our country—languishing for want of support, and smouldering away from lack of competition—will be remembered in honor of James Herring years hence, when he is in his grave, not only by the young artists whom his design is peculiarly calculated to benefit, but by all who have a true regard for those creations of beauty which bespeak the taste and refinement of a nation. The establishment of the Apollo is an honor to its enterprising proprietor, and it will be a deep disgrace to our city should it be allowed to languish for want of a liberal support. Ladies! you who regulate fashion in all things appertaining to taste—can you tell us when picture galleries will become places of general resort—when your mirrors will be displaced by landscapes, and your drawing-rooms boast one gem of Art where they now display dozens of brilliancy?



CANA OF GALILEE.

Supposed to be the same place.

invisible and sublime spirit has all at once sanctified that priest, the real is mingled imperceptibly with the ideal. The paper and the graver's art is forgotten; a picture is before the mind shadowed by an atmosphere of holiness; it has been sanctified by the footsteps of our blessed Saviour, made holy by his first miracle. The ima-

gery to the records of the past. Men, by-gone ages appear in review before the mind. Men, who have wrenched diadems from anointed brows, and have lavished them abroad as if they had been garlands of withered flowers—whose footsteps have shaken the foundation of empires, and whose power has been felt



THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER, 1838.

Original.

CANA OF GALILEE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

WHAT a blessed power of the mind is that which associates events and feelings with things—which steals with a melody upon the heart, as the South wind breathes upon a bed of half-open flowers, bringing out its hoarded memories and enlinking thoughts even as the breeze rifles them of the perfume and the dew which but for it might be shed faintly from their delicate urns! How often the sight of a book which we have read with some dear friend—a rose whose withered petals have been cherished, because the life was lavished upon a beloved bosom—of a card, containing a familiar autograph—the tones of a favorite air—the bird-song which we have heard years before among the mossy nooks and the green hollows which children love to haunt as butterflies love the Summer air! How often each or any of these will awaken the sleeping poetry of the heart to those thoughts which purify and elevate,—which partake of the gentle affections which link us to each other, and of the more sublime and lofty worship which is not of earth.

Would you feel the sweet and holy force of association, lay your hand over the few words which give a title to the plate before you. What is it? A beautiful engraving, truly; as a well-executed specimen of art, the eye might dwell upon it with pleasure, for there is a truth and beauty in the grouping and in the extreme distance, well worthy of admiration. But with all this, it is but a pretty engraving. A cluster of houses scarcely more than a village, a mountain sleeping in the mist, and a group of figures gathered about a well with water-pots of a strange form, and garments which we easily recognize as peculiar to the East. It appeals pleasantly to the taste, but the heart takes no share in the sensation created. Remove your hand! What is it now? Does not your heart leap as if a stream of sunshine had suddenly flashed through it? Is that print the same to you that it was a moment since? Is there no poetry aroused by the associations which crowd upon you with the sight of those few words? If not, religion even as a sentiment, has never whispered within your heart. If sweet and holy feelings do not come to you, as waters gush from a newly-open fountain, read no further; this page is not for such as live only in the present; it will have no meaning to them! To those who feel, an invisible and sublime spirit has all at once sanctified that print, the real is mingled imperceptibly with the ideal. The paper and the graver's art is forgotten; a picture is before the mind shadowed by an atmosphere of holiness; it has been sanctified by the footsteps of our blessed Saviour, made holy by his first miracle. The ima-

gination is aroused; it can almost hear the waters of that sacred and solitary well gurgling and rushing up from its pebbled bottom as they did more than eighteen hundred years ago, when the cool element was drawn thence to fill the six water-pots which were made the instruments of that first and most beautiful miracle ever vouchsafed by our Lord. The mind is all awake. It follows the bearers from the only well to be found even to this day, in Cana of Galilee, to the festival, where Christ appeared a partaker not a rebuker of innocent mirth, and which he sanctioned, not only by his own presence, but by the presence of his apostles also. It sees the goblets empty and the smile dying away from the lip of the bridegroom, as a sense of his scant hospitality presents itself. It pictures the sympathy of Mary the mother, and it can almost feel the waters blush to wine beneath the Saviour's gaze of tranquil power.

A train of thought has been kindled, and it will not expire here. It follows the great being on whom it has centred, through every act of his life. Retrospectively it sees Him

"Where his birth-place was a stable,
And the humble hay his bed."

A light from the star which led the wise men in their pilgrimage, is shed abroad in the soul, and it offers up incense not of frankincense and myrrh, but of a prayerful and chastened spirit.

The life of Christ presents in itself a succession of sublime pictures, every one blending in tint and harmony with the other, till a perfect character is formed. Nothing is wanting, nothing is overdone; we must believe in its truth because the most vivid imagination fails to portray any thing so perfect. The ideal of the most lofty mind stands rebuked by the calm, gentle, unobtrusive majesty of the real. Search for a character of similar consistency any where among the haunts of men, and is it to be found? Shakspeare, with his vast conception and almost superhuman knowledge of the heart; he who could portray a Hamlet and create an Ariel, has he ever conceived of a being so consistent, so human, and yet so Godlike? Milton, whose mind seemed to comprehend Heaven and exalt earth, with all his sublimity and depth of thought, has conceived of nothing that can approach to a character like that of Christ. If the imagination of master minds like these has failed to portray perfection like his, where else in the realms of thought shall we seek? Where shall we look for it among the ideal?—where among the real? Turn to the records of the past. Let the great men of by-gone ages appear in review before the mind. Men, who have wrenched diadems from anointed brows, and have lavished them abroad as if they had been garlands of withered flowers—whose footsteps have shaken the foundation of empires, and whose power has been felt

to the remotest corners of civilized life, sweep by with the iron seal of war upon their foreheads, and garments died deep in the blood of nations. Statesmen, who have wielded the destiny of empires by the might of mind alone—pilgrims, who have made life a penance and a toil—martyrs, who have sealed their faith in fire and death, and who have gone into eternity shrouded in the glory of their own self-sacrifice—holy men and holy women—the great and the good of all nations and of all ages, glide by, purified and exalted by the shadowy glory of the past; yet the mind turns away from the solemn procession unsatisfied with a greatness which is merely human, and dwells with a love which is of the faith and of the reason, upon that being who stands among the history of the world alone, unapproached and unapproachable.—*The Great and The Good.*

The great men whom history or life presents, we feel to be so only in a series of acts called forth by circumstances, or in the concentration of strong energies on a given object. The prominent traits of character which place them before the world are blazoned in a glowing outline, but the filling up is wanting, or if shadowed forth, we find great acts arising from unworthy motives, strength combined with weakness, and in every instance, some one fault to mar the harmony of the whole. We can find men perfect in some one quality, but not one faultless in all things. In the character of our Saviour, the mind and the heart rest satisfied; the more it is studied the more holy and beautiful it becomes. Does the mind ask for submission, seek it in his childhood, while he was subject to his parents—for youthful dignity—see him standing in the midst of the temple, sublime in youth and power, reasoning with the doctors and lawyers with a wisdom which astonished even those who questioned him on subjects which had been to them the study of a life time. Does it ask a republicanism, see him choosing his followers from the rank of humble working-men—for humility and christian forbearance, find him washing his disciples' feet, and sitting at the same board with publicans and sinners—for true and gentle charity—listen to his voice when he says to the sinful woman, "Woman, where are thy accusers? Go in peace and sin no more." Does it ask a heart full of gentle and domestic sympathy, follow him to the grave of Lazarus, or to the bier of the widow's son—for benevolence, let the mind dwell for a moment on the cleansed leper, on the blind restored to sight, and on that heart-stirring scene where he stood in the midst of a multitude while the sick were let down through the roof that he might heal them—for firmness, go to the wilderness where the Son of God fasted and was sorely tempted forty days and forty nights—for energy, witness it in the overthrowing of the money-tables, while those who had desecrated the temple were cast forth from the place they had polluted—for wisdom, read it in every act of his life, and in every line of his sermon on the mount—for prudence, see it in his answer given to the chief priests when they brought him the tribute-money—for patience, forgiveness, and all the gentle attributes which form the Christian character in its perfection, follow him to the garden; wit-

ness his prayer and his agony of spirit; dwell on his patient and gentle speech when he returned from that scene of pain, and found even his disciples asleep. Reflect on his meekness and forbearance when the traitor's kiss was on his cheek—on the hand so readily extended to heal the ear of the maimed soldier. Go with him to the place of trial, and to that last fearful scene which caused the grave to give up its dead, and the solid earth to tremble beneath the footsteps of his persecutors. Dwell upon his life and upon every separate act of his life, and the soul must become embued with a sense of its truth, beauty and holiness. It will be made better by the study; for it is sweet to reflect upon perfect goodness—sweeter to feel that the heart can be turned to pure and useful thoughts by the musical combination of three words, "Cana of Galilee."

Original.

HEROINES OF SACRED HISTORY.

NUMBER II.

THE HEROISM OF RUTH.

"In Rama was there a voice heard—lamentation and weeping and great mourning—Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."—*JEREMIAH, XXXI. XV.*

' THERE was a voice of mourning in Moab. A young man revelling in the pride of youth and health, was suddenly cut down in his prime. Yesterday, a bright and glorious creature, treading the earth with firm and haughty foot; girded with the might of a strong arm and powerful intellect—and now, motionless and helpless he lies, on his flower-strewn bier. Around him are weeping friends; and the wail of hired mourners is the only sound which disturbs the silence of the death-chamber.

At the head of the bier sat a melancholy group—his aged mother, Naomi, and her daughter-in-law. The years of Naomi had been many, nor had the days of her pilgrimage been cloudless. Still, grief had not yet bowed her down. Many a lightning shock had struck her, and strewed the leaves of her beauty, and torn away her branches, but, firm and trusting in her God, she bent to the blast but to arise more erect than before.

Many years since, a grievous famine drove her forth from her pleasant home in Bethlehem to seek subsistence beyond the Jordan, but, although leaving her home for a strange land, her hope and her courage failed not, for her husband, Elimelech, and two sons were with her.

One after another, these had been taken away by death. Naomi's heart was filled with sharp anguish, but she knew her King Jehovah had called them from her side, and her loyal heart submitted without a murmur. Mahlon, her last son now lay before her a corpse, but she sits erect beside it. Cast upon the floor in anguish of soul, her head buried in her mother's lap, Ruth, the widow of Mahlon seemed some tender flower, torn from its resting place by cruel tempest, and clinging for support to the nearest thing. Orpah, widow of Chili-

on, sat on the other side of Naomi, wetting with her tears the long, glossy locks of the fair Ruth, as she bent over to comfort her, or, looking up in wonder at the noble fortitude of the high-souled Naomi.

But, although Naomi bowed not at the storms of fate, there was a blight at the core. She felt not her griefs the less, that she gave them not utterance. Even now, as she sat apparently calm beside the bier of her last cherished one, her eyes fixed upon the funeral linen which enveloped his body, her thoughts were with her early home, her beloved husband and her darling boys. Happier days arose upon her—loved forms came to view, and voices of cherished lost ones were in her ear. Mournful and lonely felt she then when the death-trump, summoning them forth, aroused her, and the last link which bound her to earth was torn away. Her heart yearned for her home and friends of other days, and she inwardly resolved to leave the land where she had suffered so much misery, and return to her loved Judea again.

A few days after the burial, a train of camels was seen winding up the side of a steep hill on the borders of Moab. It was Naomi, with her daughters-in-law, wending their toilsome way to the land of Judea. The summit gained, the females alighted, and while the servants were preparing supper under the cedar-trees, advanced to the brow of the hill to gaze around them.

They looked upon a gloomy scene. Below them lay the famed Dead Sea—dark, stern, and motionless, none could look upon its cold, still surface without a shudder. Bare, jagged cliffs, and hills of everlasting granite arose from its shores, shooting up their sterile peaks in every direction as far as the eye could reach. Orpah and Ruth gazed with sadness upon the desolate scene; but a mournful smile broke over Naomi's face. "My daughters," she said, "behold the famed salt sea! and beyond, the hills of Judea; my loved home I see thee at last! Now, Lord, let thy servant die in peace!"

This distant glimpse of the land they had chosen for a home, was any thing but cheering to the forlorn young strangers; and turning from it with a sigh, they gazed out over the verdant hills and plains of Moab, whose rich vallies, noble temples and cities were now lighted up by the sun's last rays.

"Oh, Moab, my country!" cried Orpah, stretching her arms towards it, while tears rushed over her face—"beautiful Moab, I shall never see thee more! for the last, last time, I gaze upon thy hills and palaces!"

Ruth gave not way to the passionate emotion of her sister-in-law, but she stood with her arms crossed in resignation over her perfect form, her lovely cheek pale with suppressed grief, and her dark eyes fixed mournfully upon the home she had left, thus brightly contrasted with that she was seeking.

Naomi gazed upon her daughters-in-law, and her heart reproached her for accepting their dutiful offer of accompanying her to Bethlehem. They were young, and had many years of life and happiness before them; why should she tear them from their home and friends to follow her footsteps in a strange land? "My daughters,"

she said, advancing towards them, "pardon the selfishness of age and sorrow. I have suffered my griefs so far as to usurp all feeling—all thought—that not until now have I seen the extent of the sacrifice you are making, in leaving your home to accompany me. Return, beloved ones, ere it be too late, each to her mother's house, and the Lord deal kindly with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me."

Ruth threw herself in Naomi's arms and wept; and for one moment a flush of joy passed over the face of Orpah. Checking it, she turned to her mother-in-law, "Nay, mother," she said, "urge us not to leave thee, for thou art old and lonely, and we will return with thee to thy land."

"Not so, my daughters. I have not many years to live, but you are young and should marry again. In a strange land, alone, what would ye do if I die and leave you. I have no more sons to give you, to protect you when I am gone."

"Mother of my Mahlon," said Ruth, raising her head from Naomi's bosom where she had wept in silence—"bid me not leave thee! with thee is every recollection of past happiness, passed never to return. I have gazed with thee on his form in its pride, and with thee have wept in despair over his bier; can I then lose the light of that face and that voice which ever brings his resemblance to my heart?"

The mother and widowed daughters lifted up their voices and wept. In a little while, however, Naomi resumed her solicitations, and Orpah, after many passionate adieus, turned from her mother and sister, and departed, but Ruth clave to her. "Ruth, my daughter," said Naomi, mournfully, "behold thy sister-in-law hath returned to her people and her God; follow her, then, ere it be too late."

"Entreat me not to leave thee!" exclaimed Ruth, pressing her mother's hands to her lips—"whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge! Tell me not of my people and my God, for thy people should be my people, and thy God my God. Mother! where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried—and the Lord judge me if aught but death part thee and me!"

Hour after hour passed away, and all were buried in sleep except Naomi and her faithful daughter-in-law. On the brow of the hill they still remained in deep converse on high and holy matters; for Ruth had asked her mother to instruct her in the faith of Israel.

Her memory stored with the traditions of her people, Naomi poured into the wondering ear of the young Moabitess the extraordinary history of her race. She spoke of the pure first pair—of their fall—of the tremendous deluge which cleared the earth of its inhabitants—of holy Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob—of the dealings of God with the Egyptians, for the sake of his own peculiar people. She painted his love for them, which led them through the Red Sea—their long and wandering journey—and told of holy Moses, who led them on their perilous way into the promised land which lay before them. When the heart of her young

proselyte bounded with joy at the thought of being numbered with a people so favored by a powerful God, Naomi said—"Nay, fall not into that error which has been fatal to so many of my tribe. Jehovah is a God of love, and has showered down blessings upon us, and has placed us in this lovely land, but presume not on this—forget not, my daughter, he is also a God of justice, and spares not his own, even his chosen, when they offend. That dark and mysterious lake which lies below us is an awful monument of his wrath. See, far ahead—around—its waters spread—all that waste space was once a lovely valley decked with many a city and goodly palaces—now all destroyed by fire and rolling waves. Over its sombre, silent waters, never has vessel sailed or aught living passed; for, below, in its vast depths these cities lie, strewn with the bones of their guilty dead. Old men have said, in their young days, those few who have been bold enough to penetrate the deserts and barren rocks which bound its polluted shores, have, when the sun shone strong upon its surface, dimly seen columns and roofs and porticoes far beneath." Ruth clung to Naomi's side in silent dread. "Even his servant, holy Moses, God spared not. Moses, his chosen leader of the Israelites, who so faithfully served him in the dreary wilderness, once failed in duty, and as a punishment, was not suffered to enter the land of promise. Daughter, seest thou yon dark mountain, dusky Nebo, upon whose top daylight is just breaking? there Moses climbed and gazed upon the home of his people, which he had so striven to reach, but which he was never to enter; and upon that Jordan he was never to pass. How he must then have mourned that weakness which, after all his toils, gave to another the glory and victory. In the recesses of that mountain, great Moses laid him down and died."

"The God of Israel is a terrible God," whispered the awed Ruth.

"Only to those who err, my child. Were we but farther on our journey, I could point thee out the spot where the pure remnant of our tribe reaped their reward. Oh, could I have beheld them as they crossed Jordan! What a glorious sight, my child! At God's command, the waters parted—our priests led the way, bearing the holy ark of the covenant, which in turns they held in the river's bed until the people of Israel passed. There were the sons of Levi in their snowy robes—the tribes of Reuben, Gad and Manasseh, armed for battle—the children of Issachar with their tents, and the sons of princely Joseph.

"A wondrous show, indeed, my mother."

"And when we shall pass the Jordan's bank, I will point out the towers of ruined Jerico—what a glorious array was there, my daughter! How must the hearts of its people have sank within them when they beheld our numerous host—our glittering warriors and train of priests bearing the ark and other symbols of our religion! Seven days did that mighty host of Israel march in solemn silence around the devoted city; in silence unbroken save by the trumpet's warning note. The funeral march and death trump ceased not until the seventh day, when, one mighty shout went up from

all the host, and, with a sounding crash, the walls of Jerico lay low.—'Happy art thou, oh, Israel! who is like to thee, saith the holy Moses. Oh, people, saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and the sword of thy excellence—thy enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon high places!'"

With mingled emotions of joy and sorrow, Naomi stood upon the shores of the Jordan. That stream, so celebrated in the history of her nation, told of home and country, and she remembered the day when she had passed it with her husband and children—but now she returned old, poor, and lonely. Repressing these feelings, she plucked for Ruth the oleanders, myrtle, and tamarinds with which its borders were adorned, and pointed out to her notice the broken walls, and ruined fane of Jerico; never to be rebuilt under pain of God's heavy curse. A dark spot were these gloomy ruins on the fair plains which stretched around it, rich with ripened harvest, and gay with anemones and the famed rose of Jerico.

A toilsome journey through hills and ravines, brought them in sight of Jerusalem. Then did the heart of the aged Jewess bound with pride and joy, while directing the eyes of the young stranger to that majestic mount of marble and gold, glowing in the bright sun of Judea—and, used as Ruth was to the glorious palaces and cities of her own sunny Moab, she yet could not restrain an exclamation of wonder and delight as this magnificent city met her view. Refreshed by this sight, Naomi pressed on with new vigor, and in a few hours tears of tenderness and grief were on her cheek, for she gazed upon her native Bethlehem. Their haven was attained. Yon green hill, clothed with rich groves of olive-trees, and crowned by graceful clusters of stately white buildings, is indeed her home, but where were those whose noble forms were at her side when ten years before she left these walls? The gate of Bethlehem was a noble structure, whose cool, deep arch was the favorite resort of the citizens, who met to talk over the news of the day, or gaze upon the strangers who passed through. There were clustered many of the friends of the bereaved widow, who gazed upon her with earnest eyes as she rode along. Time and sorrow had done much to change her, but she was known at last.

"Naomi! can it be!" they cried. "Welcome, long lost Naomi—thy name speaks truly now, for *pleasant* art thou to our sight once more."

"Call me not *Naomi*, my friends," said the widow—call me *Mara* for *bitterly* hath the Lord dealt with me. I went out full, and the Lord brought me home empty. Why then call ye me *Naomi*, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?"

Once more settled in her native home, the widow's humble calmness returned. Her friends were rejoiced to see her, and flocked around her, endeavoring to alleviate her sorrowful lot. The years of famine and trouble which they had seen, left them little to give, but her own, and Ruth's industry, placed them above want. Without the city gate arose a lordly mansion sur-

rounded by fields and groves. This belonged to Boaz, a rich man, and relative of Elimelech, the husband of Naomi; to whom, should they need succor, the widow determined to apply; but for the present, her humble wants were fully supplied. The time of barley harvest arrived, and Ruth observed her neighbors return every evening with grain gleaned from the fields around—why should she not do the same, and thus add to the comforts of her mother-in-law? Filled with the thought, the next day she sought Naomi.

"Mother," she said, "I see my neighbors return each evening laden with corn; let me then go into the fields and glean after any one in whose eyes I shall find grace."

"Go, my daughter," said Naomi, "and the Lord bless thy kind endeavors to lighten thy mother's lot!"

With a light heart Ruth passed out the gate, happy in the hope of rendering her mother a service. It was a glorious morning, and one moment she stopped to gaze out upon the fair and extensive view spread beneath her. Over plain, hill and city, the morning sun was glancing, but she sighed as her eye fell upon the gloomy waters of the Dead Sea, which lay darkly gleaming in the distance, for beyond its rocky shores arose the hills of her own loved Moab. She turned hastily away and sought the nearest farm. It chanced to be the estate of Boaz, her husband's princely relative. Already were the reapers hastening to their work, each bearing a leathern bottle or gourd, filled with water, and as they passed her each turned to gaze upon her loveliness. Inquiring for the overseer of the harvest, Ruth proffered her humble request that she might glean in the fields that day, which request, pleased with her sweet gentleness, he granted.

Soon after, the gates were thrown open, and Ruth, looking up from her work, beheld a stately man approach. His tunic of the softest wool, his crimson silk girdle richly embroidered with gold and silver, and his mantle of the finest linen, proclaimed him a man of rank and wealth. It was Boaz, the owner of the farms. "The Lord be with you!" he said to the reapers as he passed. "The Lord bless thee!" they answered him. Advancing to the overseer, he inquired into the state of the harvest, and merits of the reapers.

"I see my orders have been obeyed, and ye have many of the poor gleaning after you," he said.

"Aye, they know my lord's kindness," replied the overseer, "and flock hither in crowds. The praises of the generous Boaz are ever in their mouth."

"Nay, give God the praise," said the pious Boaz. "I but obey his words given by his servant, Moses.—'When ye reap the harvest of the land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger: I am the Lord your God,' he saith. But who is this lovely damsel who followeth the reapers?"

"It is Ruth, the Moabitess, my lord's daughter-in-law to Naomi, a pious and worthy young woman, who, although her husband was dead, and all ties broken be-

tween them, yet left her home and friends to accompany her mother-in-law into a strange land, and since, hath been a daughter to her."

"Naomi! ah, I remember, word was brought me the widow of my kinsman, Elimelech, had returned, but the cares of the city and other matters, have driven it from my head. See to her well—let her glean among the reapers, for such piety deserves reward. Let her not follow the men for she is too lovely, but place her among my maidens." Ruth now approached, and Boaz called her to him. "Hearst thou, my daughter?" he said, "wander not about the fields, but glean here in mine, and keep fast to my maidens. When thou art athirst, ask the young men to draw for thee. I will speak to them that they serve thee well."

"Ruth, grateful and surprised for this notice from the lordly master of the field, knelt at his feet, and bowed her head before him, saying, 'How have I found grace in thine eyes that thou shouldst thus kindly notice a stranger!'"

"It hath been fully shown me, all thou hast done to thy mother-in-law, since the death of thy husband," said Boaz—"and how thou hast left thy father and mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come into a people thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel under whose wings thou art come to trust."

The heart of the grateful Ruth swelled within her. "Let me always find favor in thy sight, my lord," she said, "for thou hast comforted me, and has spoken friendly unto thy handmaid, although I be not one of thy maidens."

"Come hither at meal-time," said Boaz, kindly, "and eat of my bread and drink of our vinegar."

At midday the reapers all assembled to dinner, accompanied by Boaz. Ruth was called, and was served by the master of the farm, who gave her parched corn, bread and vinegar and water, sufficient. When Boaz departed, he gave Ruth into the care of the overseer, with a charge to the reapers to leave a little for her to glean as she followed. In the afternoon all departed, and Ruth with them. She had beaten out her gleanings, which amounted to an ephah of barley. Smilingly she showed this treasure to her mother-in-law, who, in surprise, exclaimed, "Truly, thou hast been successful, my daughter! where wroughtest thou, to-day? Blessed be he who thus favored thee."

"The name of the kind man in whose field I gleaned was Boaz," replied Ruth.

"Blessed be the Lord who hath not ceased his kindness to the living and the dead!" cried Naomi. "The man is a near kinsman to us, Ruth."

"He will extend his kindness," replied her daughter, "for he bid me continue with his people until the end of harvest."

"Keep, then, with his maidens, Ruth, and wander not in other fields. The Lord will reward thee, my child, for thy industry and piety."

The words of Ruth awakened a new hope in the aged widow's heart. A way was opened, she trusted, to

better the condition of the virtuous Ruth, and reward her for all her kindness. She remembered the law of Israel, which, when a man dies, obliges the next of kin to marry his widow, and raise up an heir for his brother's name and estate. Naomi had never hoped the lofty Boaz would marry the humble Moabitess, as, if it were demanded, he could escape by paying the penalty; but now, his great kindness to Ruth had inclined her to think the beauty and virtue of her daughter-in-law had made an impression upon him, which would render him willing to accept her.

Her views were explained to Ruth, who agreed to follow the directions of her mother-in-law, as she at once saw how much service she could do to Naomi, should her wealthy kinsman take her to wife. The repugnance she felt to banish her loved Mahlon from her heart and take another in his place, was not for a moment cherished; for, when the heroic Ruth resolved to leave her home and friends to comfort the declining years of her husband's mother, she inwardly vowed her own wishes should never be placed in opposition to those of Naomi.

"Our kinsman, Boaz, winnoweth barley, to-night, on the threshing-floor," said Naomi to Ruth. "Wash thyself, therefore, anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee and get thee down to the floor; make not thyself known to him until he hath done eating and drinking; when he lieth down, mark the place, and when he is asleep, lift up the mantle which covers him and lie down at his feet under the cover. In our nation, it is a token thou claimest his fulfilment of the law, and his protection."

"All that thou biddest me, I will do," said the obedient Ruth, "for on thy judgment I place implicit reliance."

That evening Ruth took her way to the farm of Boaz. The threshing-floor was a large, even space in the field, surrounded by low walls and out-houses. It was now piled with grain, among which the reapers were busy, some driving oxen, others beating it out with a flail, or tossing it on high that the wind might blow away the chaff, while the grain fell in a heap on the ground. Boaz was there, directing and occasionally assisting his men. At nightfall they all partook of a feast together, master and men. When all were satisfied, they departed, some to their houses in the city, some to rest among the straw or under the large, spreading trees.

Boaz had eaten and drank, and his heart was merry thus feasting with his men, and being very weary, he threw himself upon a heap of straw, and spreading his large mantle over him, was soon asleep.

Ruth, who had concealed herself, now following her mother's directions, whom, she knew understood the customs of Israel well, came softly, uncovered his feet, and lay down. At midnight, Boaz, in turning himself, awoke, and discovered a woman at his feet—a woman who evidently had a claim upon him, for she had sought the protection of his mantle. "Woman! who art thou?" he exclaimed in surprise and dread.

"I am Ruth, thy handmaid," she answered. "Spread,

therefore, thy skirt over me, for thou art the nearest kin to my husband."

When Boaz became aware it was the lovely and virtuous Ruth who thus sought him as a husband, his heart warmed towards her, and his gratitude was great that she should have preferred him, almost double her age, to the many young men whom he knew admired her.

"Blessed be thou, my daughter," he said, "for thou hast shown more judgment and kindness in thy latter end than at the beginning, as thou followest not young men, whether poor or rich; and now, my daughter, fear not. I will do all thou requestest me, for I am thy near kinsman, and all the city doat know thou art a virtuous woman. Still, Ruth, there is a nearer kinsman than I, whom thou knowest not; tarry this night, and in the morning I will speak with him, and if he will perform unto thee a kinsman's part, and take thee to wife, it is well; let him do a kinsman's part according to law; but if he will not perform his duty to thee, then will I, as the Lord liveth! Lie down until morning." Ruth lay gently at her kinsman's feet until daybreak, when she gently arose to withdraw. Boaz, who was awake, called to her. "Hold out thy veil and take a measure of barley," he said. "Go not empty to thy mother-in-law."

Ruth was enveloped in a large linen wrapper, or veil, one end of which she held out, while her generous kinsman poured into it six measures of barley. Then, receiving his blessing, hastily returned home. Her mother was rejoiced at her success. "Now remain quiet, my daughter, until thou find how this matter will turn out," she said, "for the man will not rest until he has finished the matter this day."

The hope of obtaining the beautiful and virtuous Ruth for his wife, so animated Boaz, that he took measures to have the business settled immediately. That day he appointed ten of the elders of Bethlehem to meet him at the city gate. It was the hour when he knew the other kinsman of Elimelech would pass. He had but just saluted the elders, and taken his seat, when Hezron, the kinsman, passed. "Ho! turn aside, Hezron, and sit down here," cried Boaz. He obeyed the call, knowing some business was to be transacted, and entering the gate, seated himself in front of Boaz and the elders. The former addressed him thus. "Naomi, who has just returned from the country of Moab, intends selling a lot of land which belonged to her husband, our kinsman Elimelech. Thou art nearest of kin, and I thought thou wouldst like to purchase it that it go not into a stranger's hand. If thou wilt redeem it, redeem it, if not, I, as next of kin to thee, will purchase it!" Hezron, after thanking Boaz, declared himself willing to buy the lot of Naomi. Boaz had hoped he would not, but now added, "with this land goes an incumbrance, if I may so call it—for with it thou must take Ruth, the Moabitess, as this land was inherited by her husband, Mahlon, since dead; thou must take her to raise up an heir to Mahlon, to inherit this land according to our Jewish law."

"Nay, that I cannot do," said the kinsman, "lest I

mar my own inheritance. I give thee my right as next of kin, for I cannot redeem it."

Boaz willingly agreed to take the land and Ruth. In fulfilment of the law used on such occasions, he plucked off the shoe of Hezron, in token he took from him the inheritance, and turning towards the elders and people gathered around, said with a loud voice, "All ye assembled here, are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's and all Chilion's, and all Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi; moreover, Ruth, the Moabitess, the widow of Mahlon have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his city. Ye are witnesses this day."

The elders and assembled people cried, "Yea, we are witnesses!"

When all were silent one of the elders spake in a solemn voice, "The Lord make the woman that is come into thy house, like Rachel and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel; and do thou worthy in Ephrath, and be famous in Bethlehem; and let thy house be like the house of Phazer of the seed which the Lord shall give thee of this young woman!"

Then did the aged heart of Naomi rejoice! Once more she hoped to see her children around her, and the joy of her youth renewed.

Ruth was married, and lived a long and happy life with her husband and her mother, for never was the aged Naomi forgotten, and all that wealth and affection could bestow, was lavished upon her.

The ardent wish of Naomi to behold a child of Ruth, and inheritor of Mahlon, was gratified, for a son was born to her. The neighbors of Naomi gathered around her to congratulate her. "Blessed be the Lord!" they said, "who hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel. He shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and nourisher of thy old age; for thy daughter-in-law, who loveth thee, and who is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him."

Naomi took the child and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse to it. Thus did the virtuous Ruth reap the reward of her heroic sacrifice of home and country to solace the declining years of her aged, poor, and desolate mother. She partook of the promise to Abraham, and in her seed were all the nations of the earth blessed, for from her descendants sprang David, the king; and our blessed Savior, Jesus Christ. *x. x. s.*

THE daughter of Themistocles had two lovers; the one a coxcomb, the other an honest man. The first was rich, the second poor. He took the honest man for his son-in-law; for "I had rather," said he, "have a man that wants wealth, than wealth that wants a man."

It was a beautiful thought of old, to ascribe divination to the swan, because he welcomed death with his sweetest song; foreseeing his happiness, and delighted with his release from life.

Original.

A SCENE FROM A NEW TRAGEDY, ENTITLED
THE CHRISTIAN SENATOR.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

WE are of the number, who trust in the theatre—and believe that it may be made a great and good institution—inciting to noble emulation of the pure doctrines it is capable of teaching. We believe its deformities to be grafts, not the natural growth—easily to be lopped off. The following is an extract from a tragedy, composed under such convictions.

ACT FIRST.—SCENE SECOND.—*Hall in the house of Marcellus. He is discovered sitting by a table, leaning his head upon his hand. Livia is reading to him from a scroll.*

LIVIA. (*Reading.*) "Then Brutus waved on high
th' ensanguined blade,

Before the rapt and thronging multitudes.

As swelled his voice in heaven-born eloquence,

He pointed oft to fair Lucretia's corpse,

Bright Honor's sacrifice, that full in sight,

Bore dreadful witness 'gainst a tyrant race.

Assembled Rome in awe and wonder heard,

As 'twere the Sacred Oracle had spoke,

Or holy messenger from Jove Supreme.

Resistless impulse swayed th' impetuous throng;

A throne to dust was hurled, and Rome was free!"

Marcellus. (*Starting suddenly up.*) Oh, Brutus!

Brutus! In that elder time,

When murky darkness of tyrannic storm,

The dawning clouded of fair Liberty,

The scathing tempest, howling in its might

Through the wide forest, laid not all in waste.

Some giant trees bore up against the blast,

Bending, not broken! There were giant hearts,

Like fiery coursers chafing at the rein,

Impatient to break forth and feel them free!

A thousand echoes awakened at thy voice!

When thou didst speak thou wast a conqueror;

And from Rome's hills, rose Freedom's infant song!

Oh, wert thou now in Rome, that is not Rome,

Where tyrants swim in blood, and Roman's—nay—

Degenerate sons of those were Romans once,

Feel not their own infliction—where foul sin,

Stalks in each dwelling-place, its household god,

Where knavery is honor, and as erst

The war-scarred conqueror o'er Freedom's foes

Was crowned with laurel, chaplets now adorn

Th' incestuous murderer! Where to be held

In league with virtue is to be despised—

Oh, were thy patriot spirit in this Rome,

Thou wouldst be idiot ever!

Close the scroll,

My daughter; I can list no longer now.

Is't not the hour thou shouldst to Julia go,

This, near to nightfall?

Liv.

'Tis the promised hour.

Shall I prepare to leave thee?

Mar.

Yes, my daughter;

But first a word with thee. Thy father's eyes

In far Hispania first op'd to light,

Where was thy grandsire officer of Rome.
In far Hispania I grew to manhood;
And there I joined me to a Roman maid,
Of noble birth and plenteous store of wealth;
But in whose breast a brighter treasure glowed
Than birth or riches—Virtue! To my love
She gave thy brother, Sextus and thyself,
Then early died. Alarmed by note of war,
In trusty care I sent ye here to Rome—
Where late I followed; to this mighty Rome,
The gilded charnel house of moral death!
The mistress of the world and Queen of Vice!
I came, to find thee worthy; but alas,
Thy brother, Sextus, in infection steeped.
The pride ye both had shared, thou dost engross.
Be true thou to thy father!

Liv. Fear me not!

Mar. But I should fear for thee, my Livia.
And thou shouldst be most watchful, not alone
To guard from fall, but from th' assault of foes.
When danger lurketh in each changing path,
With Wisdom, Caution league; to each the last
Is to be bankrupt in the former too.

Liv. Armed by thy counsels and mine own resolves,
I scoff at danger!

Mar. Livia, I grieve
At this thy vaunting, more than I rejoice.
O'erweening confidence defeats itself,
And to the danger it doth scorn, betrays.
Like that Rash general, who, fenced about
With mound and battlement, doth sit secure,
Nor cares to past the wary sentinel—
By subtle foe surprised, he meanly falls!
Virtue in woman is of golden worth:
Most precious now, when shame hath honor's place,
And wears her state and her insignia.
Be watchful, fearful ever!

[*Enter TURBO.* Ho! who waits?
Mine honest Turbo, there is promise given
To noble Julia, wife to Flavius,
That Livia for a time be guest with her.
I give her to thy hand, with fervent charge,
That thou abate no circumstance of care;
For so degraded is this fallen Rome,
That e'er the walls of their defilement prate,
And on the breathings of the insulted wind,
Rides fell pollution!

Turbo. Trust me, noble master,
She shall be safe bestowed.

Mar. Farewell, my daughter!

Liv. Farewell, dear father!

Mar. Spirit, if as one
Supreme, co-partnerless, thou holdest rule,
O'er many by divided sway o'er earth
Eternal reign, Spirit, or Spirits hear!
Smile on a father's love, and bless my child!
No more—farewell!

Liv. The Gods be with thee ever!

Exeunt LIVIA and TURBO. MARCELLUS thoughtfully
resumes his seat by the table.

Mar. The Gods be with me! Whither shall I turn!
Where curb wild roving thought, and sink to peace!
The Gods be with me—Rome thou hast thy Gods,
And from the thousand altars on thy hills,
In thy proud temples and thy palaces,
Incense and smoke of bleeding sacrifice,
Curl upward to the skies. Shall these be mine,
These, by our chronicles from farthest time,
Of deeds unblushing workers—deeds to men
Unholy, and by Reason's self abhorred?
May Gods be guiltless, for what man is vile,
Condemned of Gods and Men? If such be Gods,
Then sin is god-like, and in naught partakes
Of gross enormity, save when it lacks
Discretion of concealment. Is this truth?
Oh, Nature, when thine unpolluted step
Wakes gentle echoes in the wildwood shade—
Where'er in solitude of lonely vale
Thou hear'st the music of the babbling rill,
Thou tell'st of purity. Can works be pure,
That own defiled creators? Sense abhors it!
The Gods be with me ever! Not such Gods,
For they are nothing!

[*He glances about—then carefully draws a scroll
from his bosom.*]

Now I am alone;
And from thy hiding-place I draw thee forth,
Thou strange perplexing history. Thy tale
Is of that Christus of the Hebrew race
By Pilate given to ignoble death,
Who came, thou sayest on earth to point the way
To the night-circled home of Deity!
I love thy story, trembling while I love!
I'll read thee carefully.

[*A knock is heard. He conceals the scroll.*]

I am disturbed. [*He rises.*]

Spirit unknown, invisible! Where'er
Thou makest thy throne and swayest destiny,
High 'bove yon broad unexplorable arch,
Or in earth's centre, 'neath the unfathomed depths
Of mighty ocean, where are wondrous caves
Illimitable, with all glorious things
Adorned 'yond man's imaginings—Creator!
Speak to my soul! A man 'mong kindred men,
But in thy presence an untutored child,
Speeds to thy mystery his earnest prayer!
Illumine this night-bound soul!

Who waits?—Come in! [*Enter FLAVIUS SABINUS.*]

Flavius, thy hand! In joy I welcome thee.
My daughter has but now to Julia gone;
Thy wife, one foremost of the little band
Of matrons honest to themselves and Rome.
But now to matters else. Hast thought bestowed
On that was subject of our late discourse,
The Hebrew Christus and his novel creed?

Flavius. What charm hath such a creed to Roman
ears?

Taught by one lowliest of a hated race?

I had not deemed it worth a second thought.

Mar. Why not, my Flavius? The earth is dead—
The clouds of degradation heap it o'er;

And man's chief work is to be least a man.
'Tis moral death. Our altars and our gods,
Vain superstitions, are grown old and stale,
Nor laws, nor conquerors, nor arts can save;
The subtle logic of our schools may charm;
But cannot renovate; man now must know
Himself, and light eternal gild the world!
From the clear doctrine of this lowly Jew,
Beams bright effulgence and resistless truth.
Why, the centurion, thy friend, hath writ,
What prodigies, that shamed all juggling,
Amazement spread and wonder at his will,
Proofs upon proofs accumulate. My Flavius,
Behold, a treasure! (*He takes out the scroll.*) Trans-
script of his life

A copy true from one by Matthew writ,
His friend and follower; procured at cost
In Greece by Lucius, and to me dispatched.

Fla. Let me—

[*A knock. MARCELLUS conceals the scroll.*]

Mar. Nay, silence! Pray ye enter! (*Enter CRIS-
PUS AND ACILIUS.*) Welcome!

Sage Crispus and Acilius—

Be ye saluted, venerable friends.

Cris. (*Glancing at Flavius.*) Are we all friends?

Mar. 'Tis Flavius Sabinus,
More kin in bond than kindness to Domitian.
But oh! what direful state doth it portend,
When one another meets with look askance,
Fearful lest each the other traitor find?

Fla. Crispus, how left you now the Emperor?

Cris. Not e'en a fly doth bear him company.
He hath killed all for pleasure.

Acilius. Rome's too sunk
In foulest depths from Emperor to self
For me to bear with't longer!

Mar. Dare one grieve
Save I alone,
Thy hand, Acilius! I greet thee, brother!
There are two Romans yet!

Cris. (*To MARCELLUS.*) Are all about thee
Of most undoubted worth? Lurk no false spies
Among thy servants?

Mar. No, upon my soul!
One hearth is pure in Rome! One roof o'erspreads
A household uncontaminated—and rears
Itself in air, in sunlight brightly basking,
For it doth hide no shame! One door doth swing
Back on its hinges, and no breath exhales
Of inner pestilence! Ay, on my soul,
One hearth is pure in Rome!
[*He speaks in a burst of pride, but having concluded
suddenly sinks his head.*]

Acil. You droop, Marcellus.

Mar. (*Mournfully.*) I pray thee question not!

Acil. Nay—to a friend
Reveal, what friendly offices may soothe!

Mar. My son! my Sextus! He was all my hope!
Of frame how vigorous! Of sense how keen!
Of richest store of wit! Alas, he turned
To base dishonor; stained his manly parts

By grovelling defilement! Oft reproof,
Grave exhortation, all a father's love
Availed not—and as one with hideous cancer,
Here at his heart, tainting the founts of life,
Bares his racked bosom to the torturing knife,
And bids its keen edge 'mong his life strings search,
To root defection out; so from this breast,
I tore all love, and cast my Sextus forth,
When he forgot he was a Roman son;
No more accounted mine! Believe me now—
One hearth is pure in Rome!

Acil. We came with thee
On grave affairs to meditate; but shrink
T'invade the sorrows of a wounded heart.

Mar. Nay, let me hear thine argument. 'Tis grief
Must bow to duty, duty ne'er to grief.
Sorrow is pure in undevoted hours,
'Tis guilt usurping else. Thine argument.

Acil. The assembled senate hath this day received
Renewed disgrace and sharpest ridicule.

In person came the Emperor in the midst,
And in contemptuous mockery required
Opinions grave, a turbot how to dress.

Mar. What did the senate? As by magic away,
Rose not the indignant body in its wrath,
Defiance hurled, and pealed the cry for Rome?

Acil. What is the fallen and polluted senate,
That it should hurl defiance?

Mar. Were all silent?
Oh, would I had been there!

Acil. I would thou had'st.
Ay, all were silent—though a piteous few,
Scowled at the fierce indignity!

Mar. Fell not
The insulted walls and roof and pillars down,
In one revengeful ruin whelming all?
Rome thou art now no more! The little store
Of thy untarnished honor lies inurned.
Be named no longer Rome! for being else,
The dead is mocked when we do call thee so!
Thou now art numbered with the things that were!
Thy wondrous glory, thy unequalled arts,
Thy god-like virtues, and thy mighty deeds—
Thy thousand victories, thy conquests, stemmed
By each of aught to conquer, and thy Freedom,
Proudest of thy possessions, fled for ever,
These in thy chronicles alone, endure!
For with thy glory, virtue, freedom, might,
Thou'rt withered, faded, and for ever gone!
And few thy mourners are!

Acil. May we not save
Our country by a blow, and set her free!

Mar. If by a blow her freedom may be won,
Be mine the arm to strike. But how, or where?
Aim ye the dagger at Domitian's heart?
Ye pave a bloody way for anarchy,
Or one succeeding, mightier in crime!
Will ye through Rome lift Freedom's banner up,
And call on Romans to throw off their yoke!
Who now are Romans? They are sunk to beasts,
That caged, will rend the hand would set them free!

Your little band would vanish like the dews,
And Rome's last sons by wanton impulse die!
But now 'tis nightfall; let me see ye both
Upon the morrow to consult anew.

Cris. Be this in firmest secrecy involved:
Farewell.

Acil. Farewell!

[*Exeunt CRISPUS, ACILIUS and FLAVIUS.*]

Mar. I had my passions schooled to temperance;
And curbed the hot brained fiery impulses,
That trample reason in excited play.
I had resolved to woo forgetfulness
Of this vile state I dwell in, and devoted
To the deep searchings of the grasping mind—
Study intense, and high imaginings—
To probe dark mysteries! And now, despite me,
The blood is tingling to my fingers' ends;
And mingled passions, turbulent and wild,
Vehement rage and bold perplexing rule.
Let me grow calm again! (*A knock.*) Come in!

[*Enter PETRONIUS.*] *Petronius,*

Thou who dost love my Livia, and hast won
Return endeared, the jewel of her heart,
Welcome—and say, what sends thee thus in haste?

P. My care for thee is prompter to my speed!
Why is thy dwelling darkened?

Mar. Thanks, Petronius,
Thy question is well timed. I had forgot
The shades of evening round. Without! A light!

Pet. Hast thou not heard the proclamation, spread
By strictest order of the Emperor?

Mar. Thou knowest, save by imperious duty driven,
Across my threshold, few my ventures forth.
For it doth too much move me, to behold
Rome's degradation! I have nothing heard
Of proclamation.

Pet. 'Tis supreme command,
That every house of high and low degree,
This night illumined be. E'en now all Rome
Shines as in midday brightness; while thy house
Conspicuous stands in darkness.

Mar. So shall it stand,
Ere for Domitian one poor lamp be trimmed!
I glory in the darkness—'twill give note,
That here a Roman dwells!

Pet. But 'twill subject thee,
To insult, shame, mayhap, alas, to death!

Mar. Death hath no terrors to affright my soul!
But 'tis too late now first to woo dishonor
To my embrace!

Pet. But in this slight effect
Thy lofty virtue can endure no scath.

Mar. Petronius, since first expanding sense
The force of Virtue and of Honor prize,
From youth to this, the vigor of my years,
I can with earnest satisfaction view
A life unsullied, and a mind confirmed
In purer thought and loftier resolve,
Of noblest race—for the Flaminian way
Hath hundred monuments of honored dead,
My long and proud array of ancestry.

I have not stood a suitor to Domitian,
Nor bated e'er a jot of dignity.

I would not serve that hated Emperor,
And where my sense rebels to offer duty,
I scorn to bend in honor. No, I'etronius,
We'll have no lamps to-night.

Pet. Will naught persuade thee?
Bands of carousing and of lawless youths,
Patrol the streets on all destruction bent,
And enter where the darkened portico
Betrays the proclamation disobeyed.

Mar. And thou wouldst have me serve this Emperor,
Who thus degrades his country and himself
By such Barbarian license! Say no more!
For are thy words but traitors to thy hope,
And all thou say'st makes resolution strong.
I'll have no lamps to-night!

Pet. I hear the shouts
Of coming revellers! Shouldst thou be marked
For insult and aggression—

Mar. Who will dare
Assault upon Marcellus?

Pet. Ah! I fear
Too many careless of renown or worth!

Mar. Let them but hurl one missive at my doors,
Or raise unwonted outcry 'neath my porch,
And by my soul, in wonder they shall find
They've roused the lion that shall leap i'their midst,
And rend them piece from piece! Assault my dwelling!
Ho, there! (*Enter TURBO.*) Strong bar the doors!

Let watch be kept
For rash intruders! Arm my household straight!

[*Exit TURBO.*]

Assault my dwelling! I am fired with rage!
I was accounted valiant in Hispania,
And little have I lost save some slight skill,
More than atoned by sinews ripe in power!
Let the vile renegades approach that dare!
I'm match for twenty of their carcasses.
Debauched, enervate, half decayed in life;
Corrupt by base and wanton revelry!

[*Loud noise without; shouts and assaults upon the doors.*]

Pet. Behold! I stirred thee not with idle fears!
They come, and by their loud and mingled din,
In numbers many. Since thou art resolved
On bold defiance, thus my sword I draw,
To stand or fall with thee!

[*Still louder noise. TURBO rushes in.*]

Turbo. Soon will the doors
Be forced to earth, too weak for such assault!

Mar. Here let us measure forces in this hall.
I will endue me in my chamber near,
With my firm shield, good casque and tempered blade,
And then rejoin ye. Has it come to this! [*Exit.*]

[*The servants enter and range themselves on one side, PETRONIUS and TURBO at their head. Soon after, enter revellers with SEXTUS, son of MARCELLUS, much intoxicated. He staggers down to the front, opposite the servants.*]

1st. Reveller. Resist ye, dogs, our will? Throw
down your arms!
Or hacked in thousand pieces ye shall lie!

2nd Rev. Show us your larder, or no mercy hope!

3d Rev. Your cellar and your larder. Stir, ye slaves.

[*Enter MARCELLUS, armed.*]

Mar. Ye drunken, lewd and grov'ling knaves! Ye
robbers,

Dead in your lives, a cumbrance to the earth,
What seek ye here? If ye be Roman sons,
Where is your shame, and where your heritage
Of continence and virtue? Have ye sunk
To the base level of the midnight thief?
Or do ye ape the savage of the wild?
If ye be foreign slaves that have engrafted
On Roman vice your fouler infamy,
Reveal yourselves, ye harpies of our state
That I may scourge ye first! But whence ye are
Or of what race or kindred, naught concerns me!
Thus I revenge your thief-like violence,
And thus defend mine honor and my life!
Upon ye, robbers!

[*As he has been speaking, he gradually draws to the front; and as he starts to the combat, his eye falls on SEXTUS, who is supporting himself on his sword. MARCELLUS staggers forward, drops his sword and shield and clasps his hands.*]

I'm nerveless now!

I cannot slay my son!

[*The servants and revellers, who had rushed together remain in silence with crossed swords, gazing in astonishment on MARCELLUS.*]

Original.

SLANDER.

It is an idea full of consolation, that God never allows an evil to visit us, but he at the same time supplies us with some source of consolation. A man may be called upon to yield up the wife of his young affections, or the children of his love; but with this blow comes bright hopes of an immortal reunion, of years and years spent in the bliss of an eternal world. Religion is his consolation. A man may lose property by a sudden blow of misfortune, or by gradual decay. It is a loss severe and unfortunate. But he knows the extent and sees his remedy. With nerves new strung, and resolution sharpened by adversity, he retrenches his expenses, increases his exertions, becomes more frugal, and retrieves his losses. Connected with this, may be other evils that fall more heavily upon the feeling heart. Friends may have dropped from the unfortunate in his hour of adversity; ingratitude may have thrown its mildew over him. Those he may have taken to his bosom when frozen and almost lifeless, may, viper-like, sting venomously their resting-place. The wound our peace receives from those we have cherished and trusted, is indeed a painful one. Yet, even here, the good man may find an alleviation, by taking the picture of moral deformity which ingratitude offers, and setting it up as an example of

warning to his own heart; and though he must grieve over its wasted tenderness and abused confidence, yet let him remember, that the Almighty, from his temple of glory, has His eye of majesty upon him, and that in his case, and in all others, He will prove himself just in mercy.

But among all the evils with which man afflicts his fellow man, there is, perhaps, none, that causes so much pain as Slander. I believe it may be taken as a general rule, that in all cases of malicious falsehood, the calumniator has become the enemy of his victim, by inflicting upon him some previous injury. This may be accounted for on the same principle that we love those on whom we confer benefits; and there is no enmity so bitter, so unrelenting, as that of one who has injured a fellow being, and unrepenting carries about the consciousness of it in his bosom. In the presence of the injured man he is humbled with the conviction of his own inferiority; he feels that he is looked upon in his littleness, and that he ought to be despised; he is conscious that his heart is before another in its blackness; and human nature is such, that there can be but little warm affection for an object we know does not, and cannot esteem us.

But where is the remedy of the victim of slander? In his heart, in his principles, in his life. Not by going from man to man to contradict circulated falsehoods. No man with truly delicate feelings will stoop so low as to endeavor to convince others by words that he is not that, which in the rectitude of his heart he ought not to believe his neighbor capable of supposing him. Nor is his remedy in, as it is called, tracing the slander to its source. In most cases it is difficult, and always painful to do so; and when it is done, what is the end obtained? The privilege of seeing lawyers; of collecting witnesses to prove that he himself is not a bad man, and that his antagonist is; to hear actions, that have sprung from exalted feelings and high-souled motives, tortured into errors, or perhaps crimes; to see the most pure and sacred actions of his life dragged from their sanctuary and distorted, till the injured man almost doubts his own identity.

And what is the punishment the law inflicts upon the slanderer? The forfeiture of money! Can that pay for the agonies suffered by his victim? No, not if each base syllable uttered could be hardened into a diamond, rich as that on Russia's diadem; not if each pulse of the slanderer's heart could tell down rubies, as a compensation for the evils of his falsehood. Then why seek this means of redress so long as the law offers one so feeble?

The slandered man must submit to see his reputation injured for a time; he must teach himself to see the eye of esteem turned from him; to have the warm grasp of friendship less frequently warm his heart; to receive the formal bow instead of the cordial greeting. But let him not despair; the world will at length judge rightly. Let him call up his religion and his philosophy to his aid, while steady in the rectitude of his heart; he mingles with his fellow men, omitting no opportunity of doing good, and avoiding all appearances of evil. This will prove the antidote of slander.

S. A. S.

Original

THE NORMAN ARROW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good green wood,
When the navis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.—LADY OF THE LAKE.

As beautiful a Summer's morning as ever chased the stars from heaven, was dawning over that wide tract of waste and woodland, which still, though many a century has now mossed over the ancestral oaks which then were in their lusty prime, retains the name by which it was at that day styled appropriately—the New Forest. Few years had then elapsed, since the first Norman Lord of England had quenched the fires that burned in thirty hamlets, had desecrated God's own altars, making the roofless aisles of many a parish church the haunt of the grim wolf or antlered red-deer, turning fair fields and cultured vales to desolate and barren wastes, to gratify his furious passion for that sport, which has so justly been entitled the mimicry of warfare. Few years had then elapsed, yet not a symptom of their old fertility could now be traced in the wild plains waving with fern, and overrun with copse-wood, broom, and brambles; unless it might be found in the profuse luxuriance with which this thriftless crop had overspread the champaign, once smiling like a goodly garden with every meet production for the sustenance of man. It was, as has been said, as beautiful a Summer's morning as ever eye of man beheld; the sun, which had just raised the verge of his great orb above the low horizon, was chequering the mossy greensward with long fantastic lines of light and shadow, and tinging the gnarled limbs of the huge oaks with ruddy gold; the dew, which lay abundantly on every blade of grass and every bending wild-flower, had not yet felt his power, nor raised a single mist-wreath to veil the brightness of the firmament, nor was the landscape that lay there steeped in the lustre of the glowing skies less lovely than the dawn that waked above it. Long sylvan avenues sweeping for miles through every variation of the wildest forest scenery—here traversing in easy curves wide undulations clothed with the purple heather, here sinking downward to the brink of sheets of limpid water, now running straight through lines of mighty trees, and now completely overbowed as they dived through brakes and dingles, where the birch and holley grew so thickly mingled with the prickly furze and creeping eglantine, as to make twilight of the hottest noontide. Such were the leading features of the country which had most deeply felt, and has borne down to later days most evident memorials of the Norman's tyranny. Deeply embosomed in these delicious solitudes, surrounded by its flanking walls, and moat brimmed from a neighboring streamlet, with barbican and ballium and all the elaborate defences that marked the architecture of the conquering race, stood Malwood Keep, the favorite residence of Rufus, no less than it had been of his more famous sire. Here, early as was the hour, all was already full of life, full of the joyous and inspiring con-

fusion that still characterises—though in a less degree than in those days of feudal pomp—the preparations for the chase. Tall yeomen hurried to and fro, some leading powerful and blooded chargers, which reared, and pawed the earth, and neighed till every turret echoed to the din; some struggling to restrain the mighty bloodhounds which bayed and strove indignantly against the leash; while others, lying in scattered groups upon the esplanade of level turf, furbished their cloth-yard shafts, or strung the six-foot bows, which, for the first time, had drawn blood in England upon the fatal field of Hastings. It might be seen upon the instant, it was no private retinue that mustered to the "mystery of forests," as in the quaint phrase of the day the noble sport was designated. A hundred horses at the least, of the most costly and admired breeds were there paraded—the huge coal-black *destrier* of Flanders, limbed like an elephant, but with a coat that might have shamed the richest velvet by its sleekness; the light and graceful Andalusian, with here and there a Spaniard, springy and fleet and fearless—while dogs in numbers infinitely greater and of races yet more various made up the moving picture—bloodhounds to track the wounded quarry by their unerring scent; slowhounds to force him from his lair; gazehounds and lymmers to outstrip him on the level plain; mastiffs to bay the boar, "crook-kneed and dowlapped like Thessalian bulls;" with terriers to unkennel beasts of earth, spaniels to rouse the fowls of air. Nor were these all, for birds themselves were there, trained to make war on their own race; the long-winged hawks of Norway, with lanners from the Isle of Man, merlins and jerrfalcones and goshawks. No tongue could tell the beauty of the creatures thus assembled, some scarcely half reclaimed, and showing their wild nature at every glance of their quick flashing eyes, some docile and affectionate, and in all things dependant upon man, to whom, despite caprice and cruelty and coldness, they are more faithful in his need than he, proud though he, dare boast himself towards his fellow; no fancy could imagine the superb and lavish gorgeousness of their equipments.

A long keen bugle-blast rang from the keep, and in an instant a hundred bows were strung, a hundred ready feet were in the stirrup;—again it rang, longer and keener than before, and every forester was in his saddle; while from the low-browed arch, bending their stately heads quite to their saddle-bows, over the echoing drawbridge a dozen knights rode forth, the followers and comrades of their king. Scarcely above the middle size, but moulded in most exquisite proportion, thin-flanked, deep-chested, muscular and lithe and agile, there was not one of all his train, noble or squire or yeoman, who could display a form so fitted for the union of activity with strength, of beauty with endurance, as could the second William. His hair, from which he had derived his famous soubriquet, was not of that marked and uncomely hue which we should now term red, but rather of a bright and yellowish brown, curled closely to a classical and bust-like head; his eye was quick and piercing; his features, severally, were well formed and handsome; yet had the eye a waver-

ing, and restless, and at times even downcast expression; and the whole aspect of the face told many a tale of pride and jealousy and passion; suspicion that might be roused to cruelty, and wilfulness that surely would be lashed by any opposition to violent and reckless fury. But now the furrows on the brow were all relaxed, the harsh lines of the mouth smoothed into temporary blandness. "Forward, Messires," he cried in Norman French, "the morning finds us sluggards. What, ho! Sir Walter Tyrrel, shall we two company to-day, and gage our luck against these gay gallants?"

"Right jovially, my liege," returned the knight whom he addressed; a tall dark-featured soldier, rode beside his bridle rein, bearing a bow which not an archer in the train could bend. "Right jovially will we—an they dare cope with us!—What sayest thou, De Beauchamp—darest thou wager thy black boar-hound against a cast of merlins—thyself, and Vermandois against his Grace and me?"

"Nay, thou shouldst gage him odds, my Walter," Rufus interposed, "thy shaft flies ever truest, nor yield I to any bow save thine!"

"To his, my liege!" cried Beauchamp, "Thou yield to his!—never drew Walter Tyrrel so true a string as thou—he lacks the sleight, I trow, so ekes it out with strength! Tyrrel must hold him pleased if he rate second i' the field."

"How, now, Sir Walter?" shouted the king; "hearest thou this bold De Beauchamp, and wilt thou yield the bucklers?—not thou, I warrant me, though it be to thy king!"

"So please your highness," Tyrrel answered; "'tis but a sleight to 'scape our wager, 'scaping the shame beside of yielding! He deems us over strong for him, and so would part us!"

"Nay, by my halydom," Rufus replied with a gay smile, "but we will have it so. We two will ride in company, each shooting his own shaft for his own hand. I dare uphold my arrow for twenty marks of gold and my white Alan, against thy Barbary Bay. Darest thou, Sir Walter?"

"I know not *that*, I dare not!" answered Tyrrel, "But your Grace wagers high, nor will I lightly lose Bay Barbary; if so our wager stand, I shoot no roving shaft."

"Shoot as thou wilt, so stands it!"

"Amen," cried Tyrrel, "and I doubt not to hear your Grace confess, Tyrrel hath struck the lordlier quarry."

"Away, then, all! away!" and setting spurs to his curvetting horse, the monarch led the way at a hard gallop, followed by all his train—a long and bright procession, their gay plumes and many-colored garments offering a lively contrast to the deep leafy verdure of July, and their clear weapons glancing life-like to the sunshine. They had careered along with merriment and music, perhaps three miles into the forest, when the deep baying of a hound was heard, at some short distance to the right, from a thick verge of coppice. Instant the king curbed in his fiery horse, and raised his hand on high, waving a silent halt. "Ha! have

we outlaws here?" he whispered close in the ear of Tyrrel. "'Fore God, but they shall rue it!" Scarce had he spoken, when a buck burst from the thicket, and, ere it made three bounds, leaped high into the air and fell, its heart pierced through and through by the unerring shaft of an outlying ranger, who the next instant stepped out of his covert, and catching sight of the gay cavalcade confronting him—the sounds of whose approach he must have overlooked entirely in the excitement of his sport—turned hastily as if to fly. But it was all too late! A dozen of the king's retainers had dashed their rowels into their horses' flanks the instant he appeared, and scarce had he discovered their advance before he was their prisoner. "A Saxon, by my soul," cried Rufus, with a savage scowl, "taken red-hand, and in the fact!—out with thy wood-knife, Damian! By the most holy virgin, we will first mar his archery, and then present him with such a taste of venison as shall, I warrant me, appease his hankering, for one while. Off with his thumb and finger! off with them speedily, I say, an thou wouldst 'scape his doom! Ha! grinnest thou, villain," he continued, as a contortion writhed the bold viage of his victim, who, certain of his fate, and hopeless of resistance or of rescue, yielded with stubborn resolution to his torturers—"an' this doth make thee smile, thou shalt laugh out right shortly! Hence with him, now, Damian and Hugonet—and thou, Raoul, away with thee, set toils enow, uncouple half a score of brachs and slowhounds, and see thou take me a right stag of ten ere vespers!—Bare-backed shalt thou ride on him to the forest, thou unbanged Saxon thief, and see how his horned kinsmen will entreat thee. See that the dog escape ye not, or ye shall swing for it—bind him and drag him hence to the old church of Lyme—hold him there, on your lives, till sunset! and, ye, lead thither his wild charger; we will sup there upon the greensward, as we return to Malwood, and thou shalt make us merry with thy untutored horsemanship. Now for our wager, Walter. Forward—hurrah!" and on again they dashed, until they reached the choicest hunting-ground of all that spacious woodland—the desolate and desert spot where once had stood the fairest village of the land. Unroofed and doorless, in different stages of decay, a score or two of cottages, once hospitable happy homes of a free peasantry, stood here and there amid the brushwood which had encroached upon their precincts, while in the midst the desecrated church of Lyme reared its gray tower, now overgrown with ivy, and crumbling in silent ruin. Upon the cross which crowned the lowly tower, there sat, as they approached, a solitary raven, nor, though the whoop and horn rang close below his perch, did he show any sign of wildness or of fear; but rising slowly on his wing, flapped round and round in two or three slow circles, and then with a hoarse croak resumed his station. The raven was a favorite bird with the old hunters, and when the deer was slain he had his portion, thence named the raven's bone; indeed, so usual was the practice, that this bird, the wildest by its nature of all the things that fly, would rarely shun a company, which its sagacity descried to be pursuers of the sylvan game.

"What! Sittest thou there, old black-frock, in our presence?" shouted the king, bending his bow, "but we will teach thee manners;" still, the bird moved not, but again sent forth his ominous and sullen croak above the jocund throng; the bow was raised, the cord was drawn back to the monarch's ear; it twanged, and the next moment the hermit-bird came fluttering down, transfixed by the long shaft, with painful and discordant cries, and fell close at the feet of Rufus' charger.

There was a murmur in the crowd, and one, a page who waited on the king, whispered with a pale face and agitated voice into his fellow's ear—"I have heard say

"Whose shaft 'gainst raven's life is set,
Shaft's feather his heart-blood shall wet!"

The Red King caught the whisper, and turning with an inflamed countenance and flashing eye on the unwitting waker of his wrath, "Dastard and fool!" he shouted; and, clenching his gloved hand, he dealt the boy so fierce a blow upon the chest, that he fell to the earth like a lifeless body, plunging so heavily upon the sod head-foremost, that the blood gushed from nose, ears, mouth, and he lay senseless and inanimate as the surrounding clay. With a low sneering laugh, the tyrant once more spurred his charger forward amid the smothered execrations of his Norman followers, boiling with indignation—for that one of their noble and victorious race should have endured the foul wrong of a blow, though it were dealt him by a monarch's hand. And there were scowling brows, and teeth set hard among the very noblest of his train; and, as the glittering band swept on, the father of the injured boy—a dark-browed, aged veteran, who had couched lance at Hastings to win the throne of earth's most lovely island for that base tyrant's sire—reined in his horse, and leaping to the earth upraised the body from the gory turf, and wiped away the crimson stream from the pale features, and dashed pure water brought from a neighboring brooklet in a comrade's basinet, upon the fair young brow, but it was all in vain! The dying child rolled upward his faint eyes; they rested on the anxious lineaments of that war-beaten sire, who stern and fiery to all else, had ever to that motherless boy been soft and tender as a woman. "Father," he gasped, while a brief painful smile illuminated with a transient gleam his ashy lips—"mercy, kind mother Mary. Father—father"—the words died in the utterance, the dim eyes wavered—closed! the head fell back upon the stalwart arm that had supported it, and, with one long and quivering convulsion, the innocent soul departed. Some three or four—inferior barons of the train, yet each a gentleman of lineage and prowess in the field—each one in his own estimate a Prince's peer—had paused around the desolate father and his murdered child; and now, as the old man gazed hopelessly upon the features of his first born and his only, the sympathy, which had moistened their hard eyes and relaxed their iron features, was swallowed up in a fierce glare of indignation irradiating their scarred and war-seamed visages with that sublime expression, from which, when glowing on the face of a resolute and fearless man, the wildest

savage of the forest will shrink in mute dismay. The father, after a long and fearful struggle with his more tender feelings, wringing his hard hands till the blood-drops started redly from beneath every nail, lifted his face, more pale and ashy in its hues than that of the inanimate form which he had loved so tenderly; and as he lifted it he caught the fierce glow mantling on the front of each well-tried companion, and his own features lightened with the self-same blaze; his hand sank downward to the hilt of the long poniard at his girdle, and the fingers worked with a convulsive tremor as they gripped the well-known pommel, and an exulting smile curled his mustachioed lip, prophetic of revenge. Once more he bowed above the dead; he laid his broad hand on the pulseless heart, and printed a long kiss on the forehead; then lifting, with as much of tenderness as though they still had sense and feeling, the relics of the only thing he loved on earth, he bore them from the roadside into the shelter of a tangled coppice; unbuckled his long military mantle, and spreading it above them, secured it at each corner by heavy stones, a temporary shelter from insult or intrusion. This done, in total silence, he rejoined his friends, who had forborne to offer aid where they perceived it would be held superfluous. Without one word he grasped the bridle of his charger, tightened his girths, and then, setting no foot to stirrup, vaulted almost without an effort into the steel-bound demipique. Raising his arm aloft, he pointed into the long aisles of the forest, wherein the followers of Rufus had long since disappeared.

"Our thoughts are one," he hissed, in accents scarcely articulate, between his grinded teeth, "what need of words? Are not we soldiers, gentlemen, and Normans, and shall not deeds speak for us?"

Truly he said, their thoughts were one! for each had severally steeled his heart as by a common impulse; and now, without a word, or sign, or any interchange of sentiments, feeling that each one understood the other, they wheeled their horses on the tyrant's track, and at a hard trot rode away, resolved on instant vengeance. Meanwhile the hunters had arrived at their appointed ground. The slowhounds were uncoupled and cast loose—varlets, with hunting-poles, and mounted grooms pressed through the underwood; while in each open glade and riding of the forest, yeomen were stationed with relays of tall and stately gazehounds, to slip upon the hart the instant he should break from the thick covert. The knights and nobles galloped off, each with his long-bow strung, and cloth-yard arrow notched and ready, to posts assigned to them, some singly, some in pairs; all was replete with animation and with fiery joy. According to the monarch's pleasure, Tyrel rode at his bridle-hand, for that day's space admitted as his comrade and his rival;—two splendid bloodhounds, coal-black but tawny on the muzzle and the breast, so accurately trained that they required no leash to check their ardor, ran at the Red King's heel; but neither page nor squire, such was his special mandate, accompanied their master. And now the loud shouts of the foresters and the deep baying of the pack gave note that the chase was on foot, and by the varied

cadences and different points whence pealed the soul-exciting clamors, Rufus, a skillful and sagacious sportsman, immediately perceived that two if not three of the noble animals they hunted must have been roused at once. For a few seconds he stood upright in his stirrups, his hand raised to his ear lest the slight summer breeze should interrupt the welcome sounds.

"This way," he said, in low and guarded tones, "this way they bend; and with the choicest buck—hark to old Hubert's holloa! and *there, there*, Tyrrel, list to that burst—list to that long sharp yell; Beshrew my soul, if that be not staunch Palamon—that hound is worth ten thousand. Ha! they are now at fault.—Again! Brave Palamon again! and now they turn; hark how the echoes roar; aye, they are crossing now the Deer-leap dingle; and now, now, as their notes ring out distinct and tuneful, they gain the open moorland—spur, Tyrrel, for your life! spur! spur! we see him not again till we reach Bolderwood," and, with the word, he raised his bugle to his lips, and wound it lustily and well till every oak replied to the long flourish. Away they flew, driving their foaming chargers, now through the tangled underwood with tightened reins, now with free heads careering along the level glades, now sweeping over the wide brooks that intersect the forest as though their steeds winged, and now, at distant intervals, pausing to catch the fitful music of the pack. After a furious chase of, at the least, two hours, the sounds still swelling on their right, nearer and nearer as they rode the farther, the avenue through which they had been galloping for many minutes, was intersected at right angles by one yet wider though neglected, and, as it would seem, disused, for many marshy pools might be seen glittering to the sun, which was now fast descending to the westward, and many plants of ash and tufted hazels had sprung up, marring the smoothness of its surface. Here, by a simultaneous motion, and as it seemed, obedient to a common thought, both riders halted. "He must cross, Tyrrel, *he must* cross here," cried the excited monarch, "aye, by the life of Him who made us—and that before we be ten minutes older. I will take stand even here, where I command both alleys; ride thou some fifty yards or so, to the right; stand by yon rowan sapling, and mark me—see'st thou yon scathed but giant oak?—now if he pass on this side, mine is the first shot; if on the other, thine! I will not balk thy fortunes; meddle not thou with mine!"

They parted, the king sitting like a statue on his well-trained but fiery Andalusian the rein thrown loosely on the horse's neck, and the bow already half bent in the vigorous right hand—the baron riding, as he had been commanded, down the neglected avenue, till he had reached the designated tree, when he wheeled round his courser and remained likewise motionless, facing the king, at that brief interval. Nearer and nearer came the baying of the pack, while ever and anon a sharp and savage treble mixed with the deeper notes, gave token to the skillful foresters, that they were running with the game in view. Nearer it came and nearer; and now it was so close, that not an echo

could be traced amid the stormy music. But with the crash, no human shout was blended, no bugle lent its thrilling voice to the blythe uproar, no clang of hoofs announced the presence of pursuers. All, even the best and boldest riders, saving those two who waited there in calm deliberate impatience, had long been foiled by the quick turns and undiminished pace maintained by the stout quarry. The crashing of the branches might now be heard distinctly, as they were separated by some body in swift motion; and next the laboring sobs of a beast overdone with toil and anguish; the waving of the coppice followed in a long sinuous line, resembling in some degree, the wake of a fleet ship among the rolling billows. Midway, it furrowed the dense thicket between the king and Tyrrel, but with an inclination toward the former. His quick eye noted his advantage, his bow rose slowly and with a steady motion to its level; it was drawn to its full extent; the forked steel head pressing against the polished yew; the silken string stretched home to the right ear. The brambles were forced violently outward, and with a mighty but laborious effort the hunted stag dashed into the more open space. Scarce had he cleared the thicket, before a sharp and ringing twang announced the shot of Rufus. So true had been his aim, that the barbed arrow grazed the withers of the game, a hart of grease with ten tynes on his noble antlers, leaving a gory line where it had razed the skin; and so strong was the arm that launched it, that the shaft glancing downward, owing to the king's elevation and the short distance of the mark at which he aimed, was buried nearly to the feathers in the soft mossy greenward. The wounded stag bounded at least six feet into the air; and Tyrrel, deeming the work already done, lowered his weapon—but the king's sight was truer, raising his bridle hand to screen his eyes from the rays, now nearly level, of the setting sun—"Ho!" he cried, "Tyrrel, shoot—in the fiend's name shoot!" Before the words had reached his ear, the baron saw his error, for, instantly recovering, the gallant deer dashed onward, passing immediately beneath the oak tree which Rufus had already mentioned. Raising his bow with a rapidity which seemed incredible, Tyrrel discharged his arrow. It struck, just at the correct elevation, against the gnarled trunk of the giant tree, but swift as was its flight, the motion of the wounded stag was yet more rapid; he had already crossed the open glade, and was lost in the thicket opposite. Diverted from its course, but unabated in its force, the Norman shaft sped onward; full, full and fairly it plunged into the left side of the hapless monarch, unguarded by the arm which he had cast aloft. The keen point actually drove clear through his body, and through his stout buff coat, coming out over his right hip, while the goose-feather, which had winged it to its royal mark, was literally dabbled in his life-blood. Without a breath—a groan—a struggle, the Conqueror's son dropped lifeless from his saddle; his horse, freed from the pressure of the master limbs that had so well controlled him, reared upright as the monarch fell, and with a wild quick snort of terror, rushed furiously away into the forest;

the bloodhounds had already, by the fierce cunning of their race, discovered that their game was wounded, and had joined freshly with his old pursuers; while he who did the deed, gazed for one moment horror-stricken on the work of his right hand, and then, without so much as drawing nigh to see if any thing of life remained to his late master, casting his fatal bow into the bushes, put spurs to his unwearied horse, and drew not bridle till he reached the coast; whence, taking ship, he crossed the seas, and fell in Holy Land, hoping by many deeds of wilful bloodshed—such is the inconsistency of man—to win God's pardon for one involuntary slaughter.

Hours rolled away; the sun had set already, and his last gleams were rapidly departing from the skies, nor had the moon yet risen, when six horsemen came slowly, searching as it were for traces on the earth, up the same alley along which Tyrrel and the king had ridden with such furious speed since noontide. The lingering twilight did not suffice to show the features of the group, but the deep tones of the second rider were those of the bereaved and vengeful father.

"How now?" he said, addressing his words to the man who led the way, mounted upon a shaggy forest-pony, "how now, sir Saxon; is it for this we saved thee from the tyrant's hangmen, that thou shouldst prove a blind guide in this matter?"

"Norman," replied the other, still scanning, as he spoke, the ground dinted and torn by the fresh hoof-tracks, "my heart thirsts not for vengeance less than thine! Nor is our English blood less staunch, although it be less fiery, than the hottest stream that swells the veins of your proud race. I tell you, Rufus hath passed here, and he hath not turned back. You *shall* have your revenge!"

Even as he spoke, the beast which he bestrode set his feet firm and snuffed the air, staring as though his eyeballs would start from their sockets, and uttering a tremulous low neigh. "Blood hath been shed here! and that, I trow, since sunset! Jesu! what have we now?" he cried, as his eye fell upon the carcass that so lately had exulted in the possession of health, and energy, and strength, and high dominion. "By Thor, the Thunderer, it is the tyrant's corpse."

"And slain," replied the father, "slain by another's hand than mine! Curses! ten thousand curses on him who shot this shaft." While he was speaking he dismounted, approached the body of his destined victim, and gazed with an eye of hatred most insatiably savage upon the rigid face and stiffening limbs; then drawing his broad dagger—"I have sworn!" he muttered, as he besmeared its blade with the dark curdled gore—"I have sworn! Lie there and rot," he added, spurning the body with his foot—"and now we must away, for we are known and noted; and, whoso did the deed, 'tis we shall bear the blame of it. We must see other lands. I will but leave a brief word with the monks of Lymington, that they commit my poor boy to a hallowed tomb, and then farewell fair England!" and they, too, rode away, nor were they ever seen again on British soil;

nor, though shrewd search was made for them until the confessor of Tyrrel, when that bold spirit had departed, revealed the real slayer of the king, did any rumor of their residence or fortunes reach any mortal ear.

The moon rose over the New Forest, broad and unclouded, and the dew fell heavy over glade and woodland. The night wore onward, and the bright planet set, and one by one, the stars went out, and still the king lay there untended and alone. The morning mists were rising, when the rumbling sound of a rude cart awoke the echoes of that fearful solitude—a charcoal-burner of the forest was returning from his nocturnal labors, whistling cheerfully the burthen of some Saxon ballad, as he threaded the dark mazes of the greenwood. A wiry-looking cur, maimed in obedience to the forest law lest he should chase the deer reserved to the proud conquerors alone, followed the footsteps of his master, who had already passed the corpse, when a half-startled yelp, followed upon the instant by a most melancholy howl attracted the attention of the peasant. After a moment's search he found—although he did not recognize—the cause of his dog's terror, and casting it upon his loaded cart, bore it to the same church whereat but a few hours before the living sovereign had determined to glut his fierce eyes with the death-pangs of his fellow man. Strange are the ways of Providence—that destined man lived after his intended torturer! And stranger yet, freed from his bonds, that he might minister unto the slaughter of that selfsame torturer, he found his purpose frustrate—frustrate, as it were, by its accomplishment—his meditated deed anticipated—his desperate revenge forestalled—"Verily, vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "and I will repay it."

H.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHERE shall we trace the power which binds
The kindred sympathy of minds?
'Tis where the feelings of a friend
With truth and virtue haply blend.

Where Friendship's spirit kindly flows,
Each joy in varied beauty glows;
It leaves a thousand charms imprest,
And gives to life its finest zest.

When days of sorrow and of care
Urge on the mind to sad despair,
The hand of Friendship will sustain,
Nor seek to comfort us in vain.

In Memory's vision, Friendship smiles,
And oft the lingering hour beguiles;
Fondly we trace in happy union,
Our dearest friends, in sweet communion.

Disdaining all the wiles of art,
It glows in every virtuous heart;
Is faithful in each changing clime—
Endeared by absence and by time.

Original.
THE VOW.

BY EDWARD MATURIN.

*Mens immota manet—
Mortem orat, tædēt cœli convexa tueri.—Virgil.*

"NAY; but the youth is good, and of upright dealing, my daughter; and one respected among our people. He is rich beside, and one that hath vessels and monies. The youth also loves thee, and I would thou wert affianced to him."

Such were the expressions in which a Jewish father endeavored to conquer his daughter's repugnance to an union with one of her own people, in which we may observe a leading characteristic of that nation, viz: prosperity and wealth forming the groundwork of his recommendation.

"Come, come, give thy consent, my Rachel. Thy mother is gathered to her people, and thou art the only pledge our years of love have left me. Thou art her image, and I fain would see thee happy ere I die." As the old man spoke, he took his daughter's hand, and pressing it affectionately to his lips, his tears flowed fastly on it.

The daughter he addressed was his only child, and Benjamin loved her with a feeling surpassing the "love of women." She was indeed one, that to look on, was to love. Her countenance possessed that classic regularity so peculiar to the Jews; the arched brow and aquiline nose, while the eye, whose blackness seemed capable of portraying only the strong passions, in her, beamed with a lustre which expressed the sentiment almost before it was spoken. She was seated after the Oriental fashion, on an embroidered cushion, while her fingers carelessly swept the strings of a mandolin. The melancholy chords she had struck accidentally, awakened a responsive feeling, and the maiden dropped her head to conceal the tear they had called forth. She handed the instrument to her attendant, and remained for a few moments silent. She looked earnestly on her father with a mingled expression of horror and supplication. "Thou would'st not make thy Rachel miserable," she said, "in wedding her to one she could not love. No; were he as Haman, whom the king delighted to honor, thy Rachel could not wed where she did not love."

"How cometh it thou lovest not him thy father hath chosen?" asked the Jew, his dark eye kindling as he spoke.

"Nay, be not wrath with thy Rachel," replied the maiden, clasping her father forcibly. "Have I not been to thee a daughter? have I in aught disobeyed thee? have I not been to thee even as Ruth to Naomi? But—"

"Why dost thou hesitate?"

"Forgive thy Rachel; she cannot love the youth."

"Ha! art thou of the disobedient of the house of Israel?" returned the Jew. "Hast thou chosen the part of Abigail? Thine end then be *his*; for from this time I hold thee as a branch cut from a goodly tree. Even

as thou sowest, so must thou reap." As he spoke, his eye flashed full on the trembling Rachel, but she saw not their expression; her own were full with tears.

The father's curse fell with a more blighting influence on the innocent Rachel, as she called to mind its cause, and the object on whom her heart was set. An obedient daughter, she shuddered when she thought that filial obligations compelled the compromise of feeling, or could cancel its freedom; and as her mind reverted to the object of her love, the name, the nation, and above all, the religion which separated them, her fears but too well justified the evil omen of her father's words.

That evening, Rachel had retired to her apartment. In addition to the luxury of Oriental style, it was marked by an elegance, the result of wealth and taste. The silver lamps had been extinguished, and the moon penetrating the leaves which twined the casement, reflected on the opposite wall the varied shapes through which it passed. A fitful air waved them to and fro, and as they yielded to its breath, they resembled spirits whose origin and destination are alike mysterious.

A deep and melancholy silence seemed to rest on every object; fitfully broken by the still more plaintive rustling of the leaves as the wind sent its soft music through the branches. The sadness of the hour was in unison with the maiden's heart as she dwelt on the malediction of her father, and felt, with the perversity of the passion, a fresh vigor arise from opposition. Notwithstanding the difference of creed, she had pledged herself to a young Moor, but the fearful menace of her father almost induced her to renounce the vow, and retrieve her faith.

The casement-window conducting to the garden, was open, and the soft light which fell on tree and flower, seemed to harmonize their shape and color. Rachel reclined on an ottoman, while her eyes were listlessly turned towards the casement. A shadow quickly passed the apartment, and a few notes of the guitar were accompanied by a sweet and manly voice, to the following:

"The myriad stars are gleaming, Love,
And the heavens with light are beaming, Love,
And the countless dyes
That bathe the skies
From the milky way are streaming, Love.
Oh, who would this hour resign, Love,
For the fickle hues which shine, Love,
On the dreamer's path?
Save when he hath
Such visions as float on thine, Love.
Such an hour as this is meekest, Love,
For Passion's tones; and sweetest, Love,
Are the hours that glide
When by thy side;
Tho' alas! they're too often the fleetest, Love."

No ear is more susceptible than that of Love; from a thousand, it can distinguish that single voice which first woke the infant-heart from its trance, whose dreams of happiness are too frequently changed for the sigh and the pang. The voice was Hassan's, her betrothed. In a moment she was in his embrace.

"Is it thus," said the Moor, as he gazed on her, "is it thus thou requitest Love? Is sorrow his offering? Are tears the rain with which thou wouldst water the

plant, and look for goodly fruit? Nay, weep not so, my Rachel." As he spoke he parted the hair from her fevered brow, and kissed the tears from her lids.

"Hassan, we must part," faltered the maiden.

"Not so, by Alla!" retorted the Moor. "Witness our holy prophet, how I love thee! Faith—country. The honors of this world, and the bliss of our paradise are but as dust in the balance when weighed against thee." He checked himself, and his lip curling with scorn, his mind was momentarily affected by some darker thought. "Perchance thou hast no love for me," continued the youth; "or worse, thou mayest love another!" And as he spoke, his dark eye fixed on her a glance which, while it dared to inquire, shuddered at the reply.

"Hassan, wrong me not," rejoined the maiden, with that fearless tone which bespoke the truth of her words. "My father would bind me in marriage, to one of our own tribe, and hath, even this night, mentioned the youth; then ask me not, doth Rachel love, who, for thee, hath disobeyed a father, and spurned his choice." The recollection of her father's parting words thrilled through her, and shuddering at their import, her head sank on the breast of the youth. He felt, as he gazed on her and her falling tears, that the bigotry of their mutual creeds formed a barrier weak and narrow between them, and determined that Rachel should be his own, though their union should be purchased even by the sacrifice of the promises made to the Blessed.

"Let us not," he cried, "tempt the prize while it is yet within our grasp, or temper the passion which binds our hearts by the stern and icy calculations of age. All shall be sacrificed for thee. The turban shall be trampled in the dust; mine ear shall be deaf to the call of the Muezzin, and the Pride of the crescent shall bow to the Truth of the cross. We will worship the same God, and the prayers we offer to His mercy-seat, shall return in blessings on the tie that binds us. Away then with tears, my Rachel; my paradise shall be on earth, and the Eternity thou hast told me of, as the hope of the Christian, shall outweigh the joys of our Eden which gladden the eye to betray the soul."

The bigotry of the Moor, and the pride of his creed seemed to fall before the strength of the passion he avowed, and the imaginary glories of his paradise to fade before ties and charms more tangible. He plucked a dagger from his belt, and presenting the hilt to his lips, was about to swear upon it, when the Jewess, seizing it, exclaimed, "Mine be the oath. *Sooner would I relinquish our holy faith, and bow with thee to Mecca, than wed the youth of my father's choice.*"

The words no sooner escaped her, than a faint rustling was heard among the trees, and the shadow of a human figure, indistinctly seen for an instant, escaped through an opposite path. The scimitar of Hassan was unsheathed on the moment, and, clashing her once again, he pursued the fugitive.

Throughout the Barbary states, and in Morocco—the scene of the present tale—such words as those uttered by the Jewess, are deemed equivalent to a vow

of Mahometanism, and atoneable only by death, if the offender repent or be unwilling to apostatize to the Moslem creed. The tendency of her words was but too fatally proved by a subsequent event. On the following morning a small body-guard of the Emperor halted before the residence of Benjamin, and their commander inquiring for the Jew, presented him a firman with the imperial seal. As the old man hastily scanned it, the ashy hue of his visage, his quivering hand and lips sufficiently testified the fearful exaction contained in the parchment. It specified the particular expressions used by his daughter, rendered penal by the laws of the Barbary states, and demanded her immediate appearance before the Sultan of Fez and Morocco, where the charge would be substantiated by a witness. The Jew stood motionless and silent, and the only symptom of the thoughts which agonized his mind, was the tear which fell upon the parchment as he unconsciously ran over its contents.

"My Rachel, my only child," he muttered to himself, "they will tear her from me, even as the rebellious sons of Jacob sold Joseph, the well-beloved, for a bond-servant." His head sank upon his bosom, and the indistinct mutterings of his voice testified the anguish of his soul. The firman dropped from his hand, and he stood like one whose hopes of the present and future were alike extinguished.

The suspense of the scene was interrupted by the appearance of Rachel. Her eyes wandered with timidity as she looked alternately on her father and the armed troops which surrounded him, and her apprehensions of danger were fully confirmed when she saw the Emperor's firman. She rushed to her father for protection.

"What is this thou hast done, my child?" sobbed the old man; "hast thou added apostacy to disobedience? have I nurtured thee in the faith of the House of Israel, only that thou shouldst bow the knee to the golden calf, or wander after strange gods? I say to thee even as the prophet, if the Lord be God, worship him; but if Baal be God, then follow him." The old man's voice gradually sank within him, as he dwelt on the dreaded apostacy of his daughter, compared with which, all filial disobedience was an offence light and venial.

"What sayest thou, my father?" replied the Jewess, fixing on him her full eyes, dim with the tears of terror and reproof, "What hath thy Rachel done? My knee hath bowed in worship but to the one and true God, even to the God who wrought deliverance for Israel."

"Nay, torture me not now with assurances of thy faith, even when the angel is at the door to smite the first-born. Hast thou not forsworn thy kindred, thine house, and, oh! that these lips should live to say it, thy God. Thou bowest no longer to the ark and the mercy-seat; Mecca is thy shrine, and the crescent the symbol of thy creed."

The Jew, amid the sternness of his reproof, could no longer repress the paternal feelings which rose like a ray of sunshine through mist; and falling on his daughter's neck, he wept the tears of bitterness and pain. "Thou wrongest me," exclaimed Rachel, as with diffi-

culty she endeavored to support his tottering frame. "Thou wrongest me. I worship none but the God of our Father Jacob; even Him whose pillar of light guided the footsteps of his wandering children. Who are these our persecutors in a strange land? Where is mine accuser? Wherewithal doth he charge me?" As she spoke, the glance of proud and maidenly defiance she cast on the armed troop, seemed to awe their commander to a momentary dereliction of his duty. He hesitated, till his eye falling on the parchment, he advanced, and raising, presented it to her. Dashing aside her tears, she perused it hastily, and her lips curling with disdain at the futility of the charge, and the treachery on which it was founded, she flung it at her feet. "It is true," she said; "I uttered the words; but though only a Jewish maiden of a weak and scattered race, your judge and tribunal I alike despise. It cannot be that He who fed the prophet in the wilderness, will desert the desolate and oppressed in the hour of need."

"Rachel, my child," exclaimed the old man as he heard her admitting the truth of the impeachment, "are these thy words?" She shuddered and was silent as she reflected on the words she precipitately uttered the preceding evening. "Wilt thou not answer, my Rachel?" he continued, regarding her earnestly, as indignation struggled with sorrow and tenderness. "Oh, my child, if this be true, then hast thou numbered the days of my pilgrimage. Even like our Father Jacob, my hairs will sink with sorrow to the grave."

As she looked on the anguish of her father, she repented the vow she had so rashly made, but felt that the pangs and penalties of the law would be weak compared with the passion which she was conscious would support her through them. The vow—if such it might be termed—had been uttered in an unguarded moment, and originated not from antipathy to her creed, but from dislike to the youth her father had chosen. She had resolved never to wed him, and her rash expressions of attachment to the Moor she was willing to maintain amid the cruelties and trials which the arbitrary justice of a despot might impose. As she felt the tears of the old man bedew her cheek, her feeling of repentance became stronger, and her attachment to her religion more confirmed by a sense of the ties which bound her to him.

There is an instinctive delicacy even in the roughest natures, which suspends the operations of duty, and bows in silent homage to scenes of suffering and distress. The soldier injured to danger and fatigue will weep in sympathy with the tear of innocence and childhood, and even the wretch whose brow has been seared by the hand of crime, has still one tear for the misfortunes which are but the mirror of his own. It was under the influence of this feeling that the commander stood in hesitation how to act, as he witnessed the painful scene between Benjamin and Rachel. At length approaching them with diffidence, and making a salame, he intimated his commission and the necessity of expedition. The old man raised his head slowly, and fixing on her an expression in which sternness melted before pain and

paternal love; "They will take thee from me, my child, and thou wilt be polluted amid the abominations of the tents of Kedar. But thy father will watch for thee to guard thee in their ungodly places, even as Mordecai watched by the palace gate for his well-beloved Esther. Go, go, my child. The blessing of the God of Jacob be upon thee. We are weak, and dare not resist these Philistines; but forget not, Rachel, thy God in the hour of trial, who can raise for thy champion the strong arm of a Samson."

As he spoke he pressed her to his heart with all the energy the anguish of the moment spared him, and a groan of agony burst from him as he gazed on his daughter surrounded by a band of Moorish troops.

There is no hour through life's pilgrimage when it wears more the aspect of loneliness and desolation than on our first separation from home; we feel as though our path were to be through a wilderness, where all is dark above, and bleak and barren around. The gay and lightsome footsteps of youth lags with the anticipated infirmity of age, and the eye weak and dim with tears, vainly endeavors to penetrate the clouds which lie before it. We feel as though the Past were a friend with whom we had been long familiar, and in the cold aspect of the Future, we recognize a stranger who smiles only to betray. Memory raises her veil from the thousand joys of childhood, and we can recount them only with the melancholy pleasure of those who still regard the flowers which have withered on their breast. Our heart feels no longer the quickening throb of health, its very pulse is weak, like a traveller who drops down exhausted ere half his pilgrimage be done. The voice of father and mother seems to have for ever passed away, and the tones of strangers fall coldly on the ear, like a wintry blast sweeping the æolian which had once responded to the gentler air of summer.

Such were the feelings which influenced Rachel, as she sat in the solitary apartment assigned for her use. It was evidently a portion of a building connected with the palace, from the murmuring sounds which issued from the corridors. She was attended by a female mute, from whose demeanor silent and austere, she anticipated the worst results. Refreshments were conveyed to her at appointed hours, but repeated questions were productive of no information.

Two days had elapsed since her apprehension, when the door of her apartment opening, the same officer who had conducted her thither, entered. The gentleness of his manners seemed to combine a native polish with sympathy. He intimated the command of his sovereign for her immediate appearance, and the involuntary exclamation, "God of Jacob, protect thy servant," burst from her pale lips, as the open door disclosed a guard of soldiers. She instantly dropped the long veil which covered even her bosom, and repeating an inaudible prayer, followed the men.

She passed through corridors crowded with men, some suitors, some merchants, the quick glance of the eye and rapidity of gesture, testifying the urgency of their business. The majority were litigants in quest of justice, and the black slaves who followed them laden with

costly gifts, sufficiently proved that there, as in other countries, the Goddess possesses a mercenary nature, and requires to be bribed for her favors, like the guardian of Danae.

As she advanced through the crowd, her beauty seen dimly through her veil, like a landscape through mist, struck the beholders with admiration and silence, not unmingled with surprise as they recognized in the person of the lovely captive the daughter of the wealthy Benjamin. "What was her offence?" was the question which leaped from mouth to mouth, and which rested unsatisfied with the inquirer.

She, at length alone and unprotected, stood in the hall of audience, and before her judge. Causes of complaint are, with few exceptions, brought before the emperor, whose eyes were sternly fixed on her as she advanced.

He was seated after the ottoman fashion, on a pile of cushions slightly elevated from the ground; one slave holding the umbrella over his head—a privilege peculiar to the family in possession of the throne—another plied the fan, while a third stood prepared with the favorite beverage, coffee. The remainder of his retinue was composed of officers, civil and military.

At a sign, two slaves approached and removed the veil of the Jewess. The piercing glance with which he had hitherto regarded her, both as a delinquent and a Jewess, softened into a voluptuous tenderness as he gazed on her beauty heightened by the pictorial effect of her national costume. Her robe of yellow silk hung sufficiently low to disclose a bosom of exquisite mould, whose throb bespoke the anxiety under which she labored; and her ringlets, whose blackness might be said to be dyed in *Death*, clustered on her snowy neck like the foliage of cypress shading a marble temple. The helpless maiden stood before her judge weeping and silent; she felt the truth of the accusation, she knew the penalty, and though she loved the Moor with all the fervor of woman's love, she repented the vow, when the religion of her fathers was to be the penalty of its fulfilment.

When she first appeared, Ibrahim resolved that as a criminal, upon the substantiation of the charge, she should be condemned and executed. But as he gazed on her surpassing beauty, with the passion of an Eastern despot who levels loveliness and virtue to the brute creation, he resolved that but one condition should purchase her pardon. In the cold and apathetic manner of one who performs a duty as a ceremony, he recapitulated the expressions which had been overheard, the construction placed upon them by the law as a vow of apostacy, and the punishment which awaited its non-fulfilment. While he was yet speaking, a murmur was heard at the entrance of the hall, and an old man advanced with tottering gait, followed by slaves bearing some valuable articles. The Moor who thronged the hall fell back from his path with that feeling of antipathy with which they regard one of an opposite creed. It was the Jew, Benjamin. His piercing eye glanced rapidly around as in search of some desired object, and

anon he wrung his hands or pressed them to his brow, as though they could remit the pain which fevered it.

"My child, my first-born," exclaimed the old man, as clasping his daughter's neck, he wept upon it. I have found thee," he continued, as he regarded her with fondness, and parted from her brow her flowing hair, "I have found thee, my child, yet though it be in the house of Baal, I thank my God I have found thee. These eyes are sore troubled with weeping for thee; yea, I desired to look on thee again, even as the hart thirsteth for the brook, and the God of our fathers hath heard my prayers. But why weepst thou, my child? Wherein have our enemies harmed thee? Thou art to me, Rachel, even as Joseph, his best beloved, was to our Father Jacob. Speak, speak, my child."

The old man paused; he felt the warm tear on his hand; he heard the violence of her sob. He hastily raised his hand to his temple, and striking it, endeavored to rally his thoughts which lay turbid and confused. The suddenness of his domestic calamity, and the anguish of their separation, as they quickened feeling, had blunted his mental perceptions; and he strove to retrace circumstances, to connect cause with effect, and vainly asked himself, "why he and his daughter stood before the tribunal of the Moor?" Ibrahim, with the taciturnity of the Eastern character, looked on in silence, secretly planning, however, for the possession of the Jewess.

The first object which formed a nucleus for the thoughts of Benjamin, was the articles carried by his slaves, on which his eye accidentally fell, as it wandered from one object to another. "Ha!" he exclaimed. "'Tis here. Perjury, by Heaven and earth. My daughter, the arrow of the destroyer is on its deadly flight, and hath singled thee for its victim." His voice sank with that tone of rapid alternation consistent with the wanderings of his mind, and seizing a casket of jewels from one of the slaves, he fell at the emperor's feet, and casting them before him, in an attitude of prostration, he sank to the ground, his face almost touching the feet of Ibrahim. "Take them. Take them all," he cried, "but leave me not childless. Why should I linger on through the valley of the shadow of death, when my staff is not by my side; neither are my loins girded for the way?"

The appeal had no further influence upon the despot than to call forth a burst of impatience. Rising from his seat, and for the moment discarding the indolent apathy of the Oriental character, "Away with her," he cried; "and thou, dotard, on thy life, fail not to appear to witness thy daughter's fate."

He saw the love which united father and daughter, and the strength of his lust hesitated not to make it the instrument of inducing compliance with his abandoned will. The old man feebly rising from the ground, stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the ground, while his strongly-knit brow and quivering lips, seemed as though he were mentally invoking a curse on his enemy, which he dared not utter. He seemed abstracted from all associations either with his daughter's situation or dan-

ger, and the warmth of paternal affections he had so strongly expressed, was absorbed in that most tantalizing of all feelings, the desire of vengeance neutralized by impotence.

Ibrahim whispered one of his numerous retinue, and on the instant two separate guards surrounded father and daughter. The old man did not even raise his eyes, but attended by the guard, mechanically moved on.

The apartment to which Rachel was now conducted, differed far from that which she had formerly tenanted. It combined splendor with the luxury incidental to Oriental furniture. It was spacious—the walls hung with damask drapery, were ornamented at the cornices with arabesques, while the corners bore in large letters the word "Alla," wrought with gold in the Turkish character. The room, circular in its form, was surrounded with ottomans, so dexterously joined, as to represent the appearance of unity, covered with damask, and fringed with gold, while at stated intervals there rose a pile of folded drapery terminating in, and clasped by, a crescent. The floor was of porcelain, divided into tessellated compartments of blue and white, while from the centre rose a fountain, whose waters, perfumed from a reservoir, cooled, while they scented the atmosphere.

Regardless of the splendor which surrounded her, the unfortunate Rachel flung herself on an ottoman and buried her face in her hands. Between the Past and Present, a dim veil seemed to hang which confounded agents and events, and through which it was impossible to distinguish the visionary from the real. Dull and confused were the objects which floated before her, like the intangible imagery of a dream, which, though visible, the mind vainly endeavors to incorporate. But amid them all, conspicuous rose the form of Hassan, like a solitary column amid the wreck which surrounds it. The smile which glowed upon his lips re-animating her drooping energies, and she felt that penalty or even torture were inadequate to subdue the love she bore him. Yet, though she was willing to sacrifice her life for him, she could not compromise her religion; and though now in the power of those hostile to her from creed, as she dwelt on the faded glories, the prostrate power of Israel, and the pride of her theocracy, when God spake face to face with her legislators, priests, and leaders, her heart swelled with devotion as she pondered on the grandeur and antiquity of her religion. So long had she remained in the trance, that it was night before she rose. The casements had been closed, and a solitary silver lamp suspended by a chain of the same metal, shed a "dim, religious light" through the apartment, harmonizing the damask into a dark and sombre hue. The coolness and splendor which met her eye only formed the stronger contrast with the humiliation of her spirit; she felt herself, as it were, in the toils of a tyrant, whose will might either liberate or enthrall her, and as she pondered on her condition, the chilling thought thrilled through her, of a corpse arrayed in the gilded trappings of the tomb.

Ibrahim was not long in disclosing his schemes. On the following morning, preceded by some two or three

officers, he appeared at her door, and his retinue, making their salaam, closed it, leaving them together.

She was pacing the room rapidly as he entered, and so great was her abstraction, that she heeded him not until suddenly turning, the eyes of Ibrahim and his lovely prisoner met. There is a majesty around the form of Innocence, as she folds around her her mantle of whiteness, which silences the aspersions of malignity, and awes the bold aspect of the accuser. She seems to stand like Pallas, when she rose from the head of the Olympian god, her attitude one of defiance, and her panoply proof against every shaft chance or design may level. So stood the Jewish maiden before her accuser, whose tyrannic will might authenticate the charge and seal her fate. As he gazed on her attitude of pride, he for the moment forgot his power, and feared to pursue his design. But a short interval convinced him that it was but woman who stood before him, whose delicacy sunk beneath the dangers which menaced her, and whose tears flowed as though to conciliate and soften the heart of her accuser. In a moment she relaxed the sternness of her attitude, and was at the feet of Ibrahim.

"Mercy—mercy!" burst falteringly from her lips, as she knelt to him. He regarded her with an air of proud indifference, as one whose feelings were already bent to his will. So looks the tiger on his destined prey, or the reaper on the flower which falls unresistingly beneath his sickle.

"Lovely maiden, askest thou mercy of me? The request comes too late; thy crime is great, great must be the penalty. Our Prophet and his God claim thee as their own. Thou canst not be unwilling to consummate the vow thou hast uttered freely."

"The vow—what vow?" reiterated the maiden, as her mind rapidly retraced her interview with Hassan. "Is it the boasted justice of your law, or mercy of your religion, to exact with rigor the penalty of words uttered in unguarded haste? It cannot be. But even for his sake though I would part with life, I dare not forsake my god."

As she rose from her knees there was a blended air of pride and devotion, and the elevation of her eyes to heaven gave that holy aspect to her countenance which seemed to say that her heart was animated with the spirit in which she spoke.

"It is vain, maiden," replied Ibrahim, after a pause, "to look to heaven for protection, when thou art in the power of an earthly king."

"Yet the sceptre of that king may break," retorted Rachel, "when he would stain it with blood, or bend it to the purpose of his own unholy will."

Her eye as she spoke rested full on Ibrahim, who felt that in its penetrating glance his designs were anticipated. He resolved, therefore, to conceal them till her fortitude should sink under the terrors of her approaching death, and then disclose them, as the only means of purchasing her freedom.

"Knowest thou, maiden, the death to which thou wilt be doomed?"

"I defy and brave it for my God," replied the Jew-

ess: "for though ye should bind me to the stake, yet amid the tongues of fire which rose to consume me, I would glory in the pain which attested the sincerity of my faith, and like the captive Hebrew in the furnace-flame, the hand of the protecting spirit would be extended, if not to guard, at least to guide me to that better world where the power of earthly monarchs must bow to the omnipotence of the heavenly, and their sceptres and thrones crumble amid the lightnings of the hand which created them."

Her form dilated and her eye kindled as she recounted the grandeur of the God in whom she trusted, and even the misbelieving Moor trembled as he recognised in the glow of her spiritual beauty that fortitude and firmness which seemed to emanate from the powers she described, which threats could not subdue, nor the terrors of punishment extinguish.

"Ha! laughest thou me to scorn," he exclaimed, his eye flashing and his cheek coloring with indignation. "Maiden, thou shalt rue it. My will is the arm of the law, which can either shield or condemn thee. Without are my guards ready for thy destruction—one word of mine, and thou fallest as the leaf from the tree, thy name unmentioned and thy place unknown. Think not that I boast—my very name is power, and in my veins flows the blood of the once-famed Boabdil."

"Sultan," replied the Jewess with dignity, "I have heard thy vaunting only to despise it, while I know that in the exercise of that power thou canst not stir one step beyond what the God of our faith will thee. Thinkest thou I would not rather tempt the terrors of the grave, than surrender myself body and soul to thy unholy will. 'Tis true, that the weak and scattered remnant of Israel are esteemed among ye but as the beasts that perish; yet shalt thou see, that loathed and trampled as we may be, the deserted Jewess hath still pride kindling within her soul sufficient, Sultan, to dare thy cruelties, and tell thee to thy face—thou art a tyrant!"

The only hope in which he had trusted, the reduction of her sternness and resolution, failed him now; and as a last resort he exchanged the haughtiness of command and threat, for the humility of earnest entreaty. "Lovely Jewess, hear me," he continued, approaching her.

"Sultan!" she interrupted, with an energy she had not hitherto exhibited, drawing from her bosom a small dagger, "approach one step further, and the daughter of the despised Benjamin lies bleeding at thy feet."

"Then hear me even where I stand," he continued; "but say that thou wilt be mine, and the wealth of my empire shall be at thy command. Look around thee, maiden, resistance is vain, thou art surrounded by men whose business is a slavish obedience to a will they dare not dispute, and cannot resist. The very floor thou standest on is within my Haram."

"Sultan, as thou valuest my life," retorted the Jewess violently, "no more! If thou wilt imprison my person, thou shalt not insult mine ear. Decide my fate as it pleaseth thee, thou wilt but add one more human life to the catalogue which bleeds with the names of thy

victims. If I fall, it will be because thy tyranny will it, for thou hast no witness to prove my words."

A glow of triumph suffused the Sultan's countenance as he replied, conscious that in the retention of the witness, he had multiplied the toils which ensnared his victim.

"The witness of thy words is here, even within my palace."

"I will not curse him," said Rachel, raising her eyes to heaven, the calmness of their expression still more softened by tears. "Rather would I bless him, and change his heart by kindness, as Joseph did his brethren, who rose up to slay him."

The benignity of the thought seemed for the moment to assuage her feelings, and her eyes still remained elevated, as in silent prayer to that Being, who, in the moment of trial, can inspire weakness with power, and breathe even on the heart of cruelty the throb of mercy.

"Jewess," said Ibrahim, "I will not parley with thee; a foul blot is it on my faith that I have held converse with thee so long. If naught can work on thee, neither the rashness of thy vow, nor the dread of punishment—lo! I have an advocate here, whom I have kept as an hostage for thy submission."

The Jewess regarded him with an expression of incredulity, and shuddered as she thought her obstinacy might extend its punishment to one who was alike beloved as innocent. Her worst anticipations were realized, when the Sultan stamping with fury, the door opened, and Benjamin, loaded with irons, and escorted by a troop, entered.

"Merciful God, look down upon thy servants," ejaculated Rachel, as she glanced upon the old man, his eyes moist with tears, his hair and beard neglected, his head declined upon his breast, and his whole demeanor that of one worn with care and bent with suffering.

The Sultan's eye wandered with a glance of malignant pride, as he gazed alternately on father and child, and fixed itself at length on the pale and trembling Jewess. "Did I not say unto thee, maiden, that resistance was vain; here is one in whom is no offence, and yet he bends beneath my chain."

Rachel answered not; her hands were locked as in an agony of prayer, and her closed eyes seemed to shun communion with the scene of anguish and bitterness. The brow of Ibrahim was knit, and his compressed lip worked as in meditation of some foul, dark design, and anger at her silence.

"Dog of an unholy creed!" he exclaimed, turning full on the Jew, "thou art mine and mine thou shalt remain, fettered as thou art; nay more, thine ill-begotten gain, which thou prizest as thy life-blood, shall be seized, and wanderers as thou and thy tribe are, thou shalt be a beggar, if this thy daughter bend not to my will."

The old man answered not; his head sank still lower, and a strong respiration seemed to relieve the intensity of his feeling. "Rachel! Rachel!" muttered the old man, inaudibly, "would that thou too, my child, wert gathered to thy fathers with thy mother, Rebecca,

ere this day of sin and shame had dawned upon our house! But the will of the God of Jacob be done. Even as the axe is levelled, so falls the tree!"

"Speak, dog! what wilt thou?" exclaimed the Sultan, "we trifle time. By Alla! we waste moments and words on this same maiden as though our prophet had destined her for his Paradise. Speak, Jew!"

Benjamin raised his head—rage and indignation had quenched his tears, as the summer's sun parches the earth, and a sternness almost preternatural kindled in his full dark eye.

"Sultan, I have heard thee. If the maiden be guilty, thy prophet and the law claim her. But rather would I kneel upon her grave, and thank my God she was at peace, than live the foul and corrupted instrument of thy lust."

"Ha!" exclaimed Ibrahim, his hand resting on his scimitar half unsheathed.

"Nay, hear me further," continued the Jew, his voice strengthening as he spoke, "and then strike. I was willing to ransom my child, but now that thou hast bared thy secret, not one coin will I give thee. Thou shalt find that weak and trampled on as we may be, like the grass of the field, the God in whom we trust can unlock the gate to the prisoner, and raise the right hand of his strength against the persecutors of his people. Rachel, my child," continued Benjamin, approaching her, and falling on her neck, "weep not, we are even now in a great strait, yet Israel once trembled before the hosts of Pharaoh, and horse and rider sank in the mighty waters. The mighty have fallen even in the great strength wherein they boasted, and the weapons of war perished even while the hand of the strong held them. The tyrant feasted, though the groans of our captive fathers mingled with the banquet-song, yet did the walls of his palace tremble even with the doom the Lord had written there; for the enemy and avenger were nigh even at the door. Then weep not, my child, for the arm of our God is not shortened that it cannot save."

"Dog! thou hast sealed thine and thy daughter's doom!" burst from the lips of Ibrahim, as he rushed from the apartment.

They were not left long alone; but even the interval was employed by the distracted father. His face half averted from her, as it rested anxiously on the door, he took from his finger a massive signet-ring. "Take this, my child. It is thy father's gift—keep it as the apple of thine eye, for even at the eleventh hour, when the hand of the enemy is on thee, it can change thy fate. Let not thy heart be troubled, my child, even our Father Jacob, fled before the vengeance of a brother. But God was with him to strengthen and multiply."

His finger pointed to a secret spring in the signet, and the stern significance of his eye left no doubt as to the fatal tendency of his gift. The heavy tramp of men being heard without, he resumed his attitude of indifference, and stood with folded arms, his declined head scarcely concealing his tears. One moment more saw him surrounded by the guard.

The hour of final separation is an epoch in life, which anticipates the chill and solitude of the tomb; and compresses into a moment all that we dread and tremble at of eternity. The momentary "Farewell" of a friend but sweetens our intercourse, and leaves behind it a charm like the echo of music, which links us with something delicious in the Past, on which memory can dwell even while she weeps. But when we *feel* we look our last on those we love, (for in the hour of misfortune omen speaks like truth,) that stillness shall succeed that voice, and the dim twilight of a friendless state the light of that countenance whose smile was gladness; it is then the grave is robbed of its terrors—we have felt its chill, we have heard the echo of its solitude, and wandered in its darkness. The sun has sunk on a sudden and for ever, and the *music of the statue* died amid the waste of sands which lent no echo.

They had parted, perhaps for ever; or if they met, it might be amid the pains and inflictions of a tyrant's will. The Jewess stood motionless on the spot where they had embraced; the look, word and action of her father were as objects she could not distinguish from a dream. The very ring he placed upon her finger lay unheeded, the possession alike disregarded as its object.

Suffering, like physical pain, from excess, produces torpor as well as acuteness, and while it gives us the patience of passiveness, deprives us of resistance. So was it with Rachel; she had unconsciously implicated herself and father, and the object for whose love the words had been so rashly uttered, was, perhaps, for ever separated from her. She could now only *endure* the result; and, like the flower, bend to the blast she could neither propitiate nor avert.

It was now evening, and since the hour of her father's departure she had been left alone; while solitude in the absence of every thing external to attract or beguile, lent imagination to anguish, and a gloomier tone to feeling.

She was standing by the casement which surveyed a spacious area before the building, and between her and the twilight, which yet lingered in the western sky, she plainly distinguished a figure, whose look and gestures were directed to her. It was Hassan, the Berber. His figure, naturally majestic, as it stood in bold relief against the sky, was a model of manliness and grace. He had partially removed a dark mantle which he wore for the purpose of disguise, and dropping it beneath his right arm, it fell in folds across his ample chest. She approached the casement, and waving her hand, he was in a moment beneath it. Slightly elevated from the ground, their communion was rapid as unheard.

"What doest thou here, Hassan?" said the maiden, anxiously. "Alas! thou art here too late. I am in the Sultan's power. Nor wealth nor prayer can change his will. Oh! could I have thought those rash words would have sealed the daughter's doom, and whitened the father's hair with grief? But why should the Jewess murmur?" she continued, the tear starting with

every effort to repress it. "As our loves have been unholy, even so must my death be unblest."

Her strength for a moment failed her, and she leant against the casement for support.

"Rachel," replied the Berber, the untamed blood of his mountain horde mantling as he spoke, "thou hast pledged thyself to one, who, nurtured in deeds of daring, and fostered by the free breath of his mountain, is as fearless as the eagle when he breasts the air, or hangs his ery on the cliff. It is for me, and the love thou bearest me, thou art in danger, and dead were I, alike to the freedom of our name, and the daring of our tribe, to desert thee. I heard thou wert here, and here have I followed thee, to save or perish with thee. Delay not, maiden, in disguise have I come, and if that save thee not, I wear a scimitar. By Alla! as I love, so will I die for thee. The night is lowering and overcast, the better chance for safety. My steed, fleet as he is true, waits without the palace-gate."

"Uge me not, Hassan," replied the Jewess, in a tone which blended despair with resignation. "My life is to me now even as a thing of dust, and I would that its last moments were steadfast in the faith. I seek not safety for myself—not for myself—" Her voice sank in broken accents, as her mind reverted to her father.

"By our prophet, I stir not hence!" exclaimed Hassan, "till I save or avenge thee!"

"Canst thou not save my father?" said the maiden.

"Thou, and thy cause, shall be both avenged!" replied the Berber.

"Great Heaven, he hears me not!" ejaculated the maiden, as the figure of Hassan disappeared through the opposite entrance.

The obstinacy of the Jewess, by insulting the pride of the Sultan, had but confirmed her fate. When first she appeared before him, he was willing to compromise the penalty for the possession of her beauty. But his suit had been spurned, and like authority when disobeyed and spurned, its exactions were increased, and to infiction was added vindictiveness.

Some days elapsed, and no intimation was conveyed to her of the day on which the Sultan's threat would be fulfilled. With every hour her resolution strengthened, and pride rose with the thought that she was called on to die for her religion. Her heart was weighed down with that ominous feeling, which never fails to haunt those who feel the approach of their last moments. She was, however, prepared for all, could she be but assured of her father's safety.

That night, overcome by the bodings of her fate, she had not retired to her sleeping chamber connected with her apartment; exhausted by her interview with the Berber, associated as it was with peril, she sunk upon an ottoman, vainly endeavoring to seek in sleep a respite from the horrors which surrounded her.

She started at midnight with the clash of arms and the shouts of contention. At first she confounded them with the turbid thoughts of her dream: she listened again—they were real. She darted to the casement—the court-yard was thronged with armed men. There

were a few whose wild and picturesque costume proclaimed them the mountain tribe of Berbers. Foremost of the band, she descried Hassan, amid the pale torch-light which but faintly shone upon the combatants. She saw his scimitar flash and descend upon his opponent; a successful parry warding the blow. The Berber leaped from his horse; a violent grapple ensued, and his enemy lay breathless at his feet.

"Alla—hu!" shouted Hassan, waving his blade, and his majestic figure which seemed to carve its way, was in a moment lost amid the crowd. The Jewess tottered, faint and trembling to the casement.

The confused perceptions of a dream seemed to pass before her. The tumult was not abated. Still rung the steel—still pealed the war-cry of the Berbers and the Sultan's guard. A hand of iron seemed to rend the door—it burst open, and Hassan rushed in, pale, breathless and bloody. He was followed by two or three of his tribe, whose torches but dimly lighted the apartment, and disclosed the object of their search. The arm of the Berber clasped the waist of the trembling Jewess.

"Fly with me!" he cried, while she rested on him as resistless as the prey in the vulture's talon. "Fly with me, while yet I have power to call thee mine. He never spared man in his fury, and how will he thee, who art but as the flower to the mildew? Delay not, maiden. Said I not I would avenge, or perish with thee? The free air of our mountain waits thee, that never yet was tainted by the breath of tyrant. Rachel, thou art mine, and for ever."

The pencil of the artist could have dwelt upon the group. The dim illumination of the chamber accorded well with the act of violence, while the flickering ray of light typified the feeling which prompted it. The pictorial grandeur of his costume; the muscular and graceful attitude; the trembling and half-lifeless maiden whose head reclined upon his bosom, realized all that we can combine of the protecting prowess of man, and the depending delicacy of woman. It pictured to the imagination the Roman and the Sabine, while the dimness of torches, and the swarthy complexions of their bearers, not inaptly harmonized with the scene, the hour, and the act.

The Jewess hung speechless on one arm, while with the other his scimitar pointed to the Moors the passage they were to clear. The energies of Hassan seemed to rise with the emergency. The war-cry of his tribe was still to be heard, but only in broken accents. Superior numbers had overpowered them, and one desperate effort remained for the achievement of the rescue. Raising her from the ground, like down before the blast, he was about to rush from the apartment, when an armed body entered with Ibrahim at their head, his scimitar was struck from his hand. The blow shivered it.

"Syndarac—Bentaleb!" burst from the lips of the Berber, in tones of rage and reproach. "Slaves!—strike! Our prophet hath blest the Brave!"

He clasped her still closer, and seizing a scimitar from one of the Moors, had almost reached the balu-

trade; but here the number of his opponents increased, and from the inequality of the strife he was overpowered. His companions were also disarmed, and a few moments more beheld them in chains, and Rachel once more in the power of Ibrahim.

"Away with him to the deepest dungeon!" cried the Sultan, in a voice of thunder, "and thou, fair Jewess," he continued in a voice of irony which but ill dissembled rage and disappointment, "thy vow is not forgotten—our Prophet claims thee still."

The mountain-Moor was soon in chains; but the fire which glowed in his eye as he fixed it on the Sultan, showed that his spirit was not quelled, nor his purpose of vengeance extinguished.

The attempted rescue only accelerated the fate of Rachel. Ibrahim, with the suspicion incidental to the cruelty and injustice of his character, feared that delay, while it afforded an opportunity for a second attempt, might frustrate his design, and disappoint his vengeance.

On the following day she was therefore summoned a second time to his presence. The number of the military retinue which surrounded him was increased; and as the deserted Jewess glanced on the drawn scimitars and the stern visages of the warriors who bore them, her heart sank within her. She felt herself, as it were, amid a new creation, where sympathy was unknown, and entreaty would be as unavailing as if addressed to marble. Her eye wandered from face to face. The tyrant had spared her at least one pang—Benjamin was not there.

A dead silence pervaded the hall, broken at intervals only by the clanking of chains. Every eye was directed to the advancing object; but Rachel feared to turn. The fetters were more distinctly heard as they approached, and as her eyes turned with diffidence on the prisoner, they encountered Hassan.

He spoke not—every feature was rigid and composed as marble; but in the haughty sternness of their expression, there was blended a contempt for death, with the resolution of revenge.

An officer beside the Sultan, unfolding a scroll, prefaced "In the name of the Prophet," read it aloud. It recapitulated her offence as the former one, with the addition of the penalty—capital punishment, which on the day following, was awarded also to the Berber.

Rachel heard her sentence with silence; but the intensity of her feelings seemed to struggle for utterance. After a moment which compressed into its brief space "the bitterness of death," and the pangs of separation from all we love and live for, she said, in a tone scarce audible,

"Where is he who accuseth me?"

On a signal from the Sultan, a small door opened, and a masked figure, strongly guarded, advanced. Rachel gazed with a wonder which absorbed every other feeling, the mask and mantle effectually disguising the figure, and baffling conjecture. The former was at length removed, and disclosed the features of Eleazar, the young Jew, whom her father loved and she rejected.

"God of our fathers!" exclaimed the maiden, raising her hands to heaven with an effort in which surprise triumphed over exhaustion, "and is it thou, whom I trusted, hast betrayed me?"

Shame and self-contempt burned in the heart of Eleazar; he was speechless, while his hands were extended to her locked in the agony of entreaty.

"Pardon—pardon!" at length burst from him, as rushing forward he sank at her feet. "I heard thee that fatal night thou didst commune in the garden. Revenge for my rejected suit, and evil wrought strong within me. Yet though thou shouldst hate and revile, oh! curse me not."

The moisture stood on his brow; his hands were clenched as though the grasp of death were on them, and he sank to the ground with the inert heaviness of a lifeless mass. Rachel for a moment regarded the prostrate Eleazar, but when she raised her eyes there beamed in them that holy serenity of forgiveness and resignation, which seemed to say more eloquently than the line itself—

"To err is human, to forgive Divine."

"How shall I curse, whom the Lord hath not cursed?" said the Jewess, calmly, while her eyes were fixed on Hassan; the benignity of her feeling borrowing the language, and softened by the spirit, of Scripture. "Even as the God of Jacob turned the heart of Balaam, the son of Beor, when he went up to curse Israel; so bless I thee."

Her hands were clasped in the fervency of prayer, and the motion of her lips attested the sincerity of her blessing.

But there was one who stood beside her, the disciple of a sterner faith, whose spirit unmitigated by the creed of *Faith*, remembered wrong only to avenge it. Hassan moved not his eyes from the prostrate form before him, derision blended with ferocity kindled in their gaze, and as he stood, his arms folded, and his foot insultingly on the neck of Eleazar, his Moorish countenance and commanding figure nobly represented the picture of the revengeful Zanga bestriding the body of Alonzo.

They were separated, and the Jewess remanded to her apartment. The certainty of death which draws an imaginary curtain between this and a future world, by elevating the hopes and desires to a purer and more permanent state, brings with it that calm resignation which renders us indifferent to all things earthly. Such were the feelings of Rachel as she that night addressed herself to God, in the spirit of her creed, praying not more for his protection in her hour of extremity, than for the outpouring of his grace on the wanderers of her people, and that the time might draw nigh when Jew and Gentile should worship in one faith, and His glory might be diffused like the waters over the face of the earth. The hour of midnight saw her still in prayer, and as she rose, opening a small book, in a low and silvery voice which attuned with the silence of the hour, and solemnity of her feeling, she read the following:

"Oh, God! Creator—Infinite!—
King of kings, and Lord of light—
Thou whose throne is hung on high,
Cloud-pavilioned in the sky—
Thou whose arm is strong to save
From the tyrant of the grave—
Incline thyself, oh, Lord! and hear,
Purge the heart and dry the tear.

Thou who canst raise the mighty deep
From the fetters of its giant-sleep,
And wing the tempest as it flies
O'er the bosom of the startled skies;
Loosing the lightning's burning zone,
That bursts in flashes from thy throne—
Bow thine ear, oh, Lord! and hear—
Save, for the Destroyer's near.

The Hebrew Captive's trust, oh, Lord,
Hung on the promise of thy word,
When Babylon's monarch read
The doom which gave him to the Mede.
Incline thine ear, oh, Lord! bow down,
Protect us from the Tyrant's frown—
Reject us not—in mercy hear
The prayer that moves the burning tear!"

She that night slept but little; next to prayer, her father's safety being the principal object of her solicitude. She was therefore prepared, when on the following morning, female attendants entered her apartment to array her in the garment she was to wear at her execution. It was entirely black, a color which, from the extreme antipathy with which the Moors regard it, the Jews are principally compelled to wear. She was disrobed and arrayed in the black garment. Every ornament was taken from her, and one of them pointed even to the signet-ring which Benjamin had given her as a parting pledge. She prayed she might be permitted to die with it. Her request was granted. She removed it from her finger, pressed it fervently to her lips, and restored it.

"Now I am prepared," she said.

In a few moments after, the muster of the troops in the palace-yard, accompanied by a low and solemn burst of music, announced that the melancholy procession was being formed. A guard of six entered the apartment, and surrounding Rachel, they moved slowly forward.

Foremost went the Imaums, each with an open Koran in his hand, and chaunting passages from it suited to the solemnity. Then followed a strong body-guard with drawn scimitars, whose cheerful gleam, flashing back the sunlight, formed a dismal contrast with the procession in which they glittered. Next came Rachel, her hair flowing loose on her shoulders, and a long black veil descending from her head and concealing half her person. On one side of her stood the Berber, his sternness and the majesty of his deportment unawed by the dread of death, his eyes fixed with a wild and ghastly stare. On her other side walked Eleazar, doomed to witness the punishment which had resulted from rashness and the evil suggestions of disappointment. The procession was closed by Moorish soldiers.

They had arrived at the scaffold, the procession halted. Rachel, overcome by weakness and terror, was supported as she ascended. Hassan moved not; every limb seemed to be moulded in marble, every muscle braced with iron. Her veil was removed by the executioner: every eye rested on her. There was a livid hue on her

features, and her eyes were fixed and glazed. A smile of triumph played on her lips, as with the remains of receding strength, she pointed to the ring; the signet was open. It had contained poison. The old man could now "kneel upon her grave, and thank his God his daughter was at peace."

While the attention of all were directed to the scene, the Berber, with the speed of lightning, snatched a poignard which he secreted in his breast, and buried it in the heart of Eleazar. One moment more, and he was on the scaffold, the crimson blade still in one hand, while with the other he clasped to his heart the cold remains of her, who, though separated in creed, was united in passion. Her cold head reposed on his beating heart, and, ere he surrendered himself, the tear of gratitude fell upon his cheek that she was beyond the reach of her tyrant and enemy.

Original.

MARCH OF THE AGE.

BY JOHN J. ADAMS.

"Leave we the Past, the recent wondrous Past,
To meditate on that approaching time
Which broadly now its shadows casts around,
How awells the heart with lofty contemplation,
When its high musings lift the raptured mind
To dwell on those bright days of promise'd peace,
Whose foretaste gives such philanthropic joy.
No impious work man's folly now uprears,
But elements, subservient to his will,
Here yield fraternal and expanded arms,
Which through its circuit to the lands far end,
Urged by the subtle fluid's potent power,
Brings brother unto brother, long estranged;
And there, upon old ocean's untracked wild,
The lordly palace speeding in its pride,
Makes brief the pathway unto shores remote.
By happy art in close communion brought,
The world, ere long, a fellowship shall own,
All feuds forgot and peace for ever reign."

The foregoing is an extract from a poem, entitled the "Charter Oak," a production of the author's written at sea during January last. It will be perceived that the following lines were penned shortly after the first arrival of the Great Western, and anterior to the coronation of Victoria.

WHILE fresh the trace the wild enthusiast made—
At least so deem'd by those who will not soar;
Behold, how beauteous comes the crowning hour,
Not dimly vision'd in his recent theme.
Speeds not the lordly palace in its pride—
Dawns not the day when peace shall ever reign?
Oh, Poesy! no longer thou'rt the maid,
Sporting with Naads in their murmuring streams,
Or revelling with the Dryads in the glade;
Far less we find thee now in Paphian bowers,
But, like Minerva, on the world thou break'st,
Crested in pride of wisdom and of art,
And marshalling man unto that conflict bright,
Where mind and love the blissful contest hold.
Vain was thy art e'en when of Illium's towers,
Of Hector, and Achilles, and their train,
In strains sublime the bounded minstrel sung:
Or when Aneas sought the Latian shore:
What sang they but of black revolting deeds,

And following still but in a wanton's train—
 For Helen Dido woke the glowing song—
 Else to Augustan ear gave sickening lay—
 The muse, poor pander, and the muse ashamed,
 Handmaid in art to cruelty and vice.
 No Pegasus can now the bard avail,
 Or airy rambling on Parnassus' height;
 To the dark Past he now but gives a look,
 Then hastes to plume him in the glorious train
 Borne so invisibly throughout the world.
 Mysterious power! what marvel fills the soul
 When we survey the varied, wondrous ways
 On which thou bear'st incredulous passive man,
 To the bright haven of his promis'd peace;
 Theme inexhaustible, yet I, presumptuous
 And wayward ever, seek to weave the strain.

Now nears the time when England's virgin queen
 In her gay court shall homage smile return
 Unto the flower of Europe's gathered pride—
 Perchance the last of all such pageants vain,
 Whose gewgaw glitterings shall debase the race
 That speak the swelling language of the free—
 And thine that language, cherish'd parent isle,
 Ere long to be the language of the world.
 Yet, lady, favor'd, happy in thy crown,
 The muse, while sternly truth doth guide her flight,
 Would fain thy laureat prove, and dip her wing
 To gild thy days in the reflected hues
 Of a whole nation happy in thy smile.
 Brief time, the tilt and tournament were there—
 And nodding plumes in graceful dalliance wave,
 The gallant squire, and high bounding steed,
 The lance well poised, lip press'd, and flashing eye,
 Proclaimed the cavalier for lady love.
 While the poor minstrel, lowliest in the train,
 Sang of bold deeds to condescending ears,
 His muse awak'd to worse than sensual strains
 And now are gath'ring round the mighty queen—
 Mighty indeed, for love's thy base of power,
 The beauty and the bright of Christian climes;
 The chivalry which shall thy splendor grace,
 Thrice happy queen—the chivalry of mind.
 Hereditary rank still holds its sway,
 And still its long accustomed station fills,
 Unheeded tho' to pass the gazing crowd,
 If mind or virtue shine not on its crest.
 Not mine, fair isle, in bold excepting tones
 To speak disparaging thy ancestral pride,
 Yet must I utter, as the full thought urges,
 The proud belief, that rapid hastes the time
 When lineal state shall quiet yield its sway—
 E'en as I've marked, in twilight glittering West,
 A lazy cloud—its sombre body deck'd
 With a bright fringing of the Iris dyes,
 Dissolving in a flood of chastened light—
 Then every star sent down its proper light,
 And chiefly Dian, mistress of the throng.
 Prove thou, fair queen, the Dian of the world,
 Bright in thy station may'st thou constant move,
 Thy God reflecting with a ray divine.

To the Far West now hies the impatient muse—
 With lightning speed, ark follows upon ark,
 As tho' the world were disembodying there.
 Where shall we rest, or where pursue the theme?
 The mind, which erst on fiction's pinions floated,
 There reveals in reality's romance.
 What bounds to reach, or to define the power
 Of the vast change few rapid years have marshall'd,
 Belongs to those, who, o'er their fellows favored,
 With heaven touch'd eyes the glowing future scan.
 Immortal Clinton! were thy grasping mind
 Again confined to frail debasing clay,
 How would it leap to reach that consummation
 Which in brief distance on its gaze would break—
 Tho' vaguely seen by all the world around—
 By those who toil but in a lowly labor,
 Or those who stand erect in artist pride:
 Little they deem who make the angle sure,
 Or those who elevate the humble spade,
 What glory shall accompany the train
 For which so busily they smooth the path.
 Like a young traveller bounding with desire
 To see the varied beauties of the world,
 Irresolute where first his steps shall wend,
 The muse, as breaks the wonders of the age,
 Tho' in their dawn—so circling are the lures—
 Scarce knows how she her new-fledged wing shall plume;
 Since, high, or low, far round or far beyond,
 All things that greet her rapt ennobling gaze,
 Invite her to a soul careering flight.
 And see where now in brightest radiance flashing,
 Each hill top cresting and each valley cheering,
 The light of liberty spreads o'er the land—
 Now speeds the time when freemen *shall* be free,
 When the unfettered mind, each shackle rending,
 Shall make the present to the smiling future
 A handmaid prove; with such bright jewels decking,
 That all the world may here in homage throng—
 For to the Future—unto it alone,
 Must boasting man look for his present pride—
 Be that o'ershadowed, darkling sinks his soul.

My country! and in this discursive strain,
 I will invoke thee in thy majesty,
 And offer up the soul incited prayer,
 That thou, with rulers worthy of thy empire,
 May, by thy great unparalleled example,
 Wake in the emigrant an emulation
 To nobly win a station midst our sons.
 Brief time, Heaven smile, this strain may be renew'd,
 To sing the praises of our patriot bands,
 Who, scorning all political device,
 Not rulers, but co-laborers *shall* prove,
 And swell the sober triumphs of that land,
 Where Eden's garden erst its fragrance gave.

No hireling words have ere disgraced the bard,
 And now the patriot feeling must have vent.
 Ere long the chosen of this favored land,
 Will treat of themes that shall each bosom swell;
 Leaving all selfish, low, intriguing schemes,
 How will they joy to trumpet our high destiny—

Point to the Rocky Mountains' natural gorge,
And trace the rail-road to its farthest bound;
Thence, with a Cullen's Fulton piercing sight,
The steamers see stud the Pacific wave—
No idle dream—nor even idle that,
Which views New England's ever hardy sons,
Make nought of China's famous Tartar wall:
There shall our language urge a healthful sway,
While now, its blessed and enlightening influence,
Through Burmah and Hindostan, Polynesia,
Doth waken man unto his better attributes,
Yielding a rich reward to Christian toil.

Original.

SHOWERS.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

THE leaves which tip the graceful Locust's boughs
Loaded with glossy pearls, are slowly waving
Before my lattice, and their slender stems
At times o'erburdened by the shining treasure
Stoop and throw off the accumulated rain.
Anon, some bustling and officious gust
Sweeps round the wall, invades the laboring tree,
And with its ruthless pinions sweeps to earth
The riches it still hoarded; but again
The half closed leaves receive the ceaseless shower,
And bend with treasure as they bent before.

Such is the course of life. Insatiate man
Sighs for the *golden* shower; and when it falls
He bends, bough-like, beneath the heavy load
Of care and anxious pain which ever come
With Fortune's glittering rain. Yet, if some blast
With adverse "pressure" shake his treasures down,
And scatter to the winds the gems he bore,
With all his former thirst he toils again
To win the bubble Wealth, and bend once more
Beneath the weight he deprecated once.

Original.

SONNET.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY—PAINTED BY D. R. BARKER.*

THE blissful June of life! I love to gaze
On its sweet wealth of ripening loveliness,
And lose the thought that o'er my saddening days,
Grim Care has wove clouds which will depress,
In spite of stoic pride and stern resolve:
Beauty like this the waste of life redeems;
'Round it—their sun—the coldest hearts revolve,
Warm'd back to youth and gladdened by its beams.
But, lady! in that mild, soul-speaking glance,
Those lustrous orbs, returning heaven its hue,
I greet an earlier friend—forgive the trance!
'Tis Nature only, imaged here so true
That, briefly, I forgot the Painter's art,
And hailed the presence of a Queenly Heart.

HORACE GREELEY.

* Whose rooms are at No. 243 Broadway.

Original.

VERSES WRITTEN AT CAPE COTTAGE.*

BY JOHN NEAL.

HURRAH for Cape Cottage, hurrah!
Hurrah for a sight of the sea!
Hurrah for the girls that are found there!
Hurrah for the rocks that abound there,
With sea-perch weighing more than a pound there!
Hurrah for the wind blowing free!

Bend, brothers, bend! with all your might,
Stretch forward, keep her to it!
Lo! the dark surges flashing bright!
Lo! the blue waters trembling white!
Hurrah boys! drive her through it!

Hurrah for Cape Cottage! hurrah!
Hurrah for the hedges of roses!
Hurrah for the trees and the flowers!
The berries and blossoming showers,
Sea serpents and pearls,
The boys and the girls,
And the beach where old Ocean reposes!

There's the "*Cape of Good Hope*," and the hope
of good cape
To comfort the man of the sea—
There's the frightful "*Cape Horn*"—to the married
"*Cape Fear*,"
And the nice little cape that belongs to my dear,
Of a tissue so thin that they call it *Cape Clear*!
The last to be *doubled* by me.

There's "*Cape Cod*," and "*Cape Anne*,"
Bless your soul what a "*span*,"
"*Cape Lookout*," and "*Hattaras*," too—
And the "*Capes of Virginia*," the strangest of all,
For oh! how strangely they rise and fall!
In the sweet sea-breeze, or the moonlight ball
That's held on the Ocean blue!
Oh, say what you will of the *Capes of the Sea*!
The capes of the Land are the capes for me.

Bend, brothers, bend! there lies the shore!
Spring to it—all together!
Now where the surges roar,
Along the Deep's "*untrampled floor*,"
We go like a dancing feather!

Then hurrah for Cape Cottage, hurrah!
Hurrah for the blossoming trees!
Hurrah for the shells and the moss!
The cliffs and the chasms to cross!
Hurrah for the beautiful women!
The places to swim in
All tranquil and brimmin'
Hurrah for the sounding sea-breeze!

* A watering-place on the shores of the Atlantic, near the entrance to Portland harbor, one of the most beautiful retirements in the world.

Original.

THE CHARITY OF WAGES.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

AMONG the forms of benevolence, which in our age of the world, are both multiplied and various, perhaps, few of us, sufficiently keep in mind, the *Charity of Wages*. To assist the poor, through their own industry, ennobles them. It keeps alive that love of independence, which is so priceless in a free country. To grudge, or stint the wages of female labor, is false economy. It is to swell the ranks of degradation and vice. In our sex, it is unpardonable cruelty; for the avenues in which they can gain an honest subsistence, are neither so numerous nor so flowery, that we may close them at pleasure, and be innocent. We ought not to consider ourselves as doing the duty of Christians—though we subscribe liberally to the foreign, and popular charities—while we withhold the helping hand, or the word of sympathy, from the female laborer within our own gates.

I know not that I narrate an uncommon, or peculiar circumstance, when I mention a young girl, brought up in comparative affluence, who at the sudden death of her father, was left without resources. The mother's health failed, through grief and misfortune, and she nobly resolved to earn a subsistence for both. She turned to the needle, with which she had been dexterous for amusement, or the decoration of her own apparel. A little instruction enabled her to pursue from house to house, the occupation of a dress-maker.

At first, some of the delicate feelings of early culture, clung around her. She dared scarcely to raise her eyes, at the table of strangers, and when at night money was given her, she felt half ashamed to take it. But want, soon extinguished those lingerings of timidity and refinement. Before her pittance was earned, it was mentally devoted to the purchase of some comfort for her enfeebled mother. It soon became evident that her common earnings were insufficient. She took home extra work, and abridged her intervals of rest. Her candle went not out by night, and sometimes when her mother had retired, she almost extinguished the fire, continuing to work with chilled hands and feet, lest the stock of fuel should not suffice until her slender earnings would allow her to purchase more.

Her nervous system became overwrought and diseased. Those for whom she worked, were often querulous, and hard to please. She felt an insuperable longing for a kind word, an encouraging look,—for some form of sympathy, to sustain the sensitive spirit. Those who hired her, had not put these in the contract. Work, on her part, and money on theirs, was all the stipulation. They did not perceive that her step grew feeble, as day by day she passed through the crowded streets to her task, or night after night returned to nurse her infirm mother. A sudden flush came upon her cheek, and she sank into the grave before the parent, for whom she had toiled.

The wife of a sailor, during his periods of absence,

did all in her power, to aid him in diminishing their expenses. He was not of that class, who spend their wages on their arrival in port, and forget their family. But as that family increased, his earnings, without rigid economy on her part, would have been insufficient for their support.

At length the bitter news came that her husband was lost at sea. When the first shock of grief had subsided, she summoned her resolution, and determined to do that for her children, which their father had so often expressed his wish to have done, that they should be kept together, and not be dependent on charity. She meditated what mode of livelihood would best enable her to comply with a wish, to her so sacred. She had great personal strength, and a good constitution. She made choice of the hardest work, which is performed by females, because it promised the most immediate reward. Often, after her hard task of washing, did she forget her weariness, while, in the dusky twilight, she hastened toward her lowly home, as the mother bird nerves her wing when she draws nearer to her nest.

But she found her sickly babe, a sufferer from these absences, and sometimes accidents befel the other little ones, from her having no person with whom to leave them. The sum which she earned, would not always pay for the injury they had sustained by the want of her sheltering care. It occasionally happened, that if the lady for whom she worked, was out, or engaged with company, she returned without her payment, for which, either to wait, or to go again, were inconveniences, which those who dwell in abodes of plenty, cannot estimate.

Was there not some labor which she could perform at home, and thus protect the nurslings for whose subsistence she toiled? The spinning-wheel and loom, first presented themselves to her thought, for she had been skilful in their use, in the far off agricultural village, where her youth was spent. But domestic manufactures had become unfashionable, and she could obtain no such employment. Coarse needle-work, seemed her only resource. At this, she wrought incessantly, scarcely allowing herself time to get, or partake of a scanty meal. But after all was done, the remuneration was inadequate to their necessities. She could scarcely supply a sufficiency of the coarsest food. Her children shivered, as the Winter drew on. Their garments, though constantly mended, were thin, and their poor, little feet, bare and blue. She drew back from the miserable fire, that they might be warmed, and shuddered as she saw the means of sustaining this comfort wasting away.

Still, the injunction of her departed husband, lay deep and warm in her heart. She asked no charity. She remitted no exertion, and her whole life, was as one prayer to God.

At this crisis, a society formed on the true principle of benevolence, to aid poverty through its own efforts, arose, to save her from destruction. Its express object was to improve the condition of the tempest-tost mariner, and his suffering household. It comprised an establishment, where garments were made for seamen;

and here she obtained a constant supply of needle-work, with liberal and prompt payment. One of its most beautiful features, was a school, where the elementary branches of a good education were gratuitously taught. Here, instruction in the use of the needle, was thoroughly imparted, and as soon as the pupils were able to finish a garment for the clothing-store, they were encouraged by receiving a just payment.

Now, the small, lowly room of the widow, was brightened with comfort, and her heart was too full for words. When her little girls came running from school, with a shout of joy, the eldest one exclaiming,

"See, mother, see, here are twenty cents. Take them, and buy a frock for the baby. They gave them to me, for making a sailor's gingham shirt, strong and good. My teacher says, I shall soon sew well enough, to make one of a nicer kind, for which I am to receive seventy-five cents. Then, I will help pay your household. Oh, I never was so happy, in my life, and yet I could not help crying when I waked, for I remembered that you used to make exactly such shirts, for dear father, and I did not know but the man for whom I made this, might be lost at sea, and never come back to his home any more."

"Here is a book," said the little sister, "which my teacher let me take from the school-library, to bring home, and read to you, while you sit at work. And she is so good, and kind to me, mother, she takes as much pains to have me learn, as if we were ever so rich, and I love her dearly."

"Blessings on her," said the widow, through her grateful tears. "Heaven's blessings on the society, and on every lady, into whose heart God has put it to help the desolate poor, through their own industry." And night and morning, she taught her kneeling babes, the prayer of gratitude for their benefactresses.

Let us encourage every variety of effort, by which our sex can win a subsistence, and foster in the young that spirit which prefers the happy consciousness of being useful, to any form of indolent, and helpless dependence. In our bounty to the poor, let us keep in mind, the principle of aiding them as far as possible, through their own exertions, for she who thus studies their moral benefit, elevates them in the scale of being, and performs an acceptable service to her country, and to her God.

Mothers, speak often to your daughters on these subjects. Instruct them in the economy of charity. Your responsibility comprises both earth and Heaven.

There are many works from writers of the present day, which afford valuable hints for conversation, on the subject of being respectable and happy, without the possession of wealth. Pre-eminent among them, is Miss Sedgwick's "*Rich Poor Man, and Poor Rich Man.*" From your own observation, you can illustrate the truth of such sentiments. You can convince them, from the page of history, that virtue, and talent, and the heart's true felicity, may exist without the tinsel of gold. You can impress on them from a Book Divine, that to "gain the whole world" would not balance one sigh of a lost soul.

Original.

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.*

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

CHAPTER III.

As the character of the officer to whom the reader was introduced, near the close of the last chapter, is of a complex nature, and he is destined to occupy a comparatively large share of our attention, a rehearsal of the prominent events of his life, prior to the period of his appearance in our pages, may be desirable. He was the son of one Simeon Howard, who found his way, early in life, from his native village, somewhere in the North of England, and sought his fortunes in the bustling city of Liverpool. Shrewd and calculating, he soon mounted the ladder of success. Never exposing himself to dangerous risks, though his gains were primarily small, from the diminutiveness of his capital, yet he avoided "great losses" thereby, and it was not long before his many littles became a mickle. When Simeon fancied, and fancied truly, that he possessed a sufficiency of this world's goods to enable him, without a sacrifice, to follow the general interpretation of "settling down in life," i. e. to attach to himself a help-mate for prosperity and adversity, he married one Fiorella Lozzi, a sprig of Italy, the daughter of an Italian refugee. It was the only mis-step that Simeon ever made. She was possessed of a disposition closely allied to the fiend-like. She had passions fierce and untameable; a fearful lack of the ennobling sentiments, and enough of subtle cunning to tinge this odious compound with a yet darker shade. It may be questioned how so careful a man as Simeon should thrust his neck into so fatal a noose. Alas! he but reaped the fruit of his own selfishness. The fact was, Simeon was a lodger, at a certain rate, per month, in the boarding-house of Antonio Lozzi, the father of the chosen one. Antonio prospered in his vocation; and Simeon cogitated that by marrying the daughter, he could win the father to admit him to a share in the receipts of the house, and thus he should secure a wife with a sort of perpetual dowry. He succeeded in the plan, in every ramification, but he would have relinquished boarding-house and profit, in one month after he became a copartner with Antonio, and husband of Antonio's daughter, to be assured that she was his antipode—that is, at the other end of the earth, there to remain during her mortal existence. Swallowing his domestic infelicity, however, as best he could, Simeon grew fast in wealth, and grew soon to be a father, which he rather regretted, because he had a notion, not very far removed from the truth, that children are considerably expensive; and this, in his estimation, was an adamant disqualification in anything. But the fortune was not to be avoided. The boy was born, and grew, and from the earliest period that he was able to exercise will, and more especially when he had attained, not to years of discretion, but of locomotion, he was suffered to manage matters very much

* Continued from page 18.

in his own way; for his mother doated upon him, and would sooner have received an injury herself, than have suffered the feelings of her darling to be hurt, or his wishes to be thwarted; and his father was too much immersed in money-making, to trouble himself greatly about his hopeful scion. He was named Frederic, not because that name conjoins euphoniously and sentimentally with Howard, but because Simeon, by whom any occasion whatever, was canvassed in regard to its capabilities to increase his stores, bestowed it in honor of an aged merchant, as tight-fingered as himself, and therefore sympathizing with, and interested in him—and rich, moreover, and relationless, and tottering on the brink of the grave. The old man was delighted at the honor, and thanked Simeon, and Simeon chuckled, and the old man died, and after sundry donations to asylums, and churches, and societies, by way of settling scores with Heaven for his extortions and gripings while alive, he made his namesake residuary legatee—the father to be executor, and to enjoy the use of the property until the boy became of age. Simeon now regarded his boy with a kind of reverence, for he was richer than himself, and to have opposed his will in the slightest particular thenceforward, had been sacrilege in Simeon's eyes. Unfortunately, Frederic, while his appearance had all his mother's grand characteristics—her dark eye and hair, and really beautiful features—his mind was also distorted like her own. He grew up, vicious in the extreme—a malignant, cruel, revengeful, selfish, proud and cunning child.

When he had attained to his twelfth year, his father received an injury, which, refusing to be entirely healed, offered a serious impediment to the continuance of his business, though not conflicting with his chances of a somewhat longer pilgrimage on earth, a pilgrimage indeed, was, it to Simeon, so soon as his darling means of adding to his possessions were removed from him; and loathing the sight of Liverpool, now that he could not make one of its busy crowd—for the very turmoil of life that he could witness from his windows in the street below him, excited him almost to frenzy—he relinquished business and boarding-house with a sigh, and an unquestionable equivalent, and removed to his native village to end his days. There Frederic formed an intimacy with the son of his father's next door neighbor, an intimacy, which in some phase or other, continued unbroken during the lives of the parties. Mathew Leggerson, this friend, was one of nature's whims. He resembled nothing on earth or under the earth—nothing of which mankind have any notion. He was tall and brawny, but his limbs hung loosely in their sockets, and his long arms, with huge hands thereto appended, swung backward and forward at every motion. One leg was distorted and unwieldy, giving to his walk an unnatural hitch. His hair was of no particularly describable color. The words dirty and yellowish and white may, however, impart a faint idea of its peculiarities. His eye—for one was sightless—was large, wild, and staring; his nose, long, thin, and inclined towards the sightless eye; his mouth, large, and disfigured by a row of long, yellow teeth, protruding from

the upper jaw in all imaginable shapes, over his under lip. His parents were Scotch, and his father had been a daring and ferocious smuggler. How they had become inhabitants of Simeon Howard's native village, it matters not; but true it is, and much it matters, that when Frederic first set eyes on this singular and almost disgusting being, he laughed to excess, but ere long, courted his acquaintance and commenced the intimacy we have noticed. Mathew's mind was of coarser material than that of Frederic, and his reason far more obtuse; but his passions were equally terrible in their strength. During their boyhood, their connection boded no good to the villagers. Mathew was ever ready to execute whatever rascality Frederic might devise; and their days and years were passed in the pursuit of mischief, that often deserved a stronger name.

As they became young men, a gradual change was evident in Frederic's manners and intercourse. His vanity taught him to respect the opinions of the world, at least, in appearances, and he learned to chain the devil within him, so that it should not stamp any visible impress of its ravages. Like Richard, he could smile and be a villain; he could speak the language of sympathy and love, while hate alone was dominant. Mathew, on the contrary, remained much the same, save that the repulsive features of his character increased in vigor with the growth of his body, and with the exercise in which he constantly indulged them. Frederic diligently practised those accomplishments which would impart grace and ease; Mathew became yearly more graceless and ungainly. Thus the contrast in their personal appearance became stronger and stronger; but their fellowship was not weakened. On the contrary, their destiny had, by this time, become interwoven by the commission of various deeds of the grossest character.

The father of Mathew, as we have said, was neighbor to Simeon Howard. On the other side resided, in a little cottage, an aged pensioner, who had been a lieutenant in the army. Supported in an humble manner on his half-pay, he solaced his declining years in the companionship of his only child, a daughter, now eighteen years of age. Frederic had often seen her after his father's settlement in the vicinity, but she was then a mere child, and as time elapsed, being often thrown into contact with her during her gradual developement to womanhood, he had not been impressed with the change, nor was he led to appreciate the gentleness and modesty of the blooming girl, whose tender glance, and sweet enticing smile, if they did not constitute beauty, were but slightly removed from it. A peculiar event, shortly before his arrival at man's estate, awakened new feelings in his breast. On a summer's afternoon, as he sat at home, by the window of his father's parlor, he heard shrieks plainly issuing from the rear of the Lieutenant's cottage, and, as may be supposed—for the cry of distress arouses the curiosity, if not the sympathies of the most abandoned of our race—he hurried thither. The nearer he approached the cottage, the more earnest and thrilling became the cries; now of help, now of intense supplication. Frederic was soon

on the spot, and beheld the lieutenant's daughter struggling in the grasp of Mathew Leggetson, who was endeavoring to throw her to the ground. The fiend desisted at Frederic's interruption, and muttering something in his rough *patois* of mingled Scotch and English, he shuffled off. Mary Lincoln had sunk in silence upon her knee, and clasped her hands, looking up into Frederic's face with a beseeching look, that words could not have assisted; and when she felt that relief was complete, she grasped Frederic's hand, and would have pressed it in gratitude; but exhausted and terrified nature gave way, and she fell, fainting, upon the ground. He raised her in his arms, and supported her to the cottage, where she soon revived, and remained with her until the return of her father from the village. Meetings between the young, under unusual circumstances, are apt to engender a strong tie of interest. So was it now. Frederic left the cottage, after assuring the lieutenant that he need not fear a second outrage of the kind, for that he had influence over the offender, and would exercise it in their behalf—full of the image of Mary Lincoln. He had indeed an influence over Mathew, and directly sought him. Few words passed between them, but enough to satisfy Frederic that no future interference with Mary would be attempted. Mathew had learned to look upon Frederic as a being of a higher grade than himself. He had so long been the clumsy machine put in action by Frederic's master genius, that he had acquired a habit of servility to him, mingled, also, with a kind of attachment. When, therefore, Frederic's word was passed, that this thing must not be again, he yielded without a spark of animosity towards Frederic, but he ever after regarded Mary with the full extent of his fiendish hate.

Frederic had won a passport to the lieutenant's cottage, and he failed not to employ it. How soon the guileless Mary loved him with her whole soul—loved him the more, that all the village else looked on him with an evil eye! It was a moment of exalted rapture to her, when he declared that he loved her, and demanded and received a modest kiss—the pledge that there was a union of their hearts. To her, shut out from communication with the world, her love was the one great impulse of her soul—her motive, thought, guide, and object in life. She was one of those mild and shrinking creatures, whom to love and be loved, implies the fruition of hope, the ecstasy of happiness. She would sit on a low footstool beside her lover, with her hands crossed upon his knee, looking up in his face, as he discoursed to her, with a steady gaze of trusting affection, uttering never a word, and only varying her position, to clasp her hands together, or cover her face, while tears of joy were springing up from her full heart; and so she could have sat for ever. Thus passed a year, and at the end of it, the old Lieutenant died. But he had the satisfaction before he died, to see his daughter happy as the wife of the man she loved, and secure of a home, when he was gone from her. She did not desert the cottage until he had been placed in his grave; and then, in weeping, but in hope, she became an inmate with her husband, of his father's house.

But Frederic was now a man. Should he remain a habitant of the village, where the remembrance of his youthful excesses, and suspicions of his agency in a thousand dark transactions since manhood had been upon him, were exhibited in every glance of every eye? It could not be. And ambition, too, began to swell within him. He spurned at the idle monotony of his life. Possessor of a sufficiency, if not of wealth, it had been misery to him to sit down to enjoy it with the sweet being who so dearly loved him. He panted for bold and vigorous action—for room in which the powers of mind that he felt to be strong, might expand and satisfy themselves. Fettered, however, by his sad lack of education, but few paths were open to him. He was not long in adopting what seemed the most feasible.

He had begun and matured his plans, without a suggestion to those most interested in his actions and his welfare; for this dissembling secrecy was one peculiar feature of his character; and when he announced to Mary that he had purchased an ensigncy in the — Regiment, then under orders to embark for the continent, it was like a thunderstroke to her heart. But she had already learned that his resolves were of adamant, and that expostulation or entreaty were vain; so she meekly bowed to the lot she could not avert, and tried to school herself to bear with calmness, his long—perhaps his eternal separation from her. She busied herself in preparing him for his departure; but oh, she listened to him now, and treasured up every word he uttered, and watched every change of expression, that the memory of those words and looks might be her solace when he that had spoken and looked was gone. He left her. It was a sad parting for the gentle Mary. She could not say farewell; the words would not pass her livid lips; and his last parting kiss was printed on a pale and lifeless cheek, for sense had refused to sustain her. The reader may not be surprised to learn, that Mathew Leggetson accompanied Frederic, as his servant.

For some months after her husband's departure, Mary's desolation was cheered by the reception of letters, full of love and affectionate remembrance. But Frederic, when he had joined his regiment, was translated to a new sphere of existence. New incitements, new impulses, new ends broke in upon him. Ambitious to the extreme, and unrestrained in the pursuit of any object by moral considerations—only asking himself how the goal might be achieved, and careless of whatever obstacles, provided he could screen his delinquencies from the knowledge of the world, he became a new man. He applied himself with diligence to various studies, when duty permitted, to qualify himself for an honorable part in social intercourse. He ingratiated himself into the favor of his brother officers, especially of those who boasted of nobility, and was restless for a claim to admittance into that elevated society, of which he gathered knowledge from the converse of his noble acquaintances. But when he turned his thoughts homeward, his soarings were chained down by the reflection that he had fettered himself to a wife, adorning indeed her own sphere, but unfitted for the brilliant destiny to

which he aspired. As he grew in favor with those whose friendship he regarded as his stepping-stone upward, by his gentlemanly address, apparent manliness of soul, and decided bravery, his advancement only stimulated ambition to bolder strides, and his remembrances of his wife assumed a gloomy hue. He first denounced his infatuation in precipitately binding himself down before the world had been opened to him. By degrees he transferred—for it was no difficult task in a mind like his—his anger against himself to its innocent cause. It soon became a settled feeling—until at last, it were not harsh to term it hatred. Yes, the gentle Mary was despised and hated by him, for whose happiness she would willingly have died.

It were a matter of course that his letters should become short, constrained, and infrequent. Mary could not but perceive the change, but while it gnawed like an adder at her heart, she could not bring herself to think that his love was diminishing; still less did it prompt her to call off from him one jot of her own affection. It was a mystery that made her cheek grow pale, her eye dim, her step feeble; and for whose development she waited in agony of soul. When she wrote to him, she did not reprove; but she would ask, while the stains of tears were on the paper, whether he were not well, that he wrote so little and so seldom. She knew not that he tore her fond letters as they came, into a thousand pieces, and scattered them, with an oath, to the winds.

By and by, Frederic received news that his father was on his death-bed, and a furlough was granted him, that he might obey the parental summons and hasten home.

Mary was the first to meet him; and in the rapture of beholding him again, all remembrance of suffering vanished, and she was carried back to the sweet hours of the past, when each day was but the renewal of joy in his dear presence. "Frederic, my own dear Frederic, have you come again? Do I see you again?" were her fervent exclamations, as she sprang into his arms, pressed his hand, and smiled through her thick-falling tears. Frederic could not perceive without a slight pang, the change in her appearance; though the sight of her did not reopen the closed fountains of his love; and he treated her for several days—during which he paid the last offices to his father's remains—with kindness and attention. But when the duties to his parent which had occupied his mind, were fulfilled, and thought had leisure to wander, the fell suggestions of his ambition renewed his imprecations at his state, and Mary's changed appearance, which he interpreted into a silent reproach, operated to increase the dissatisfaction with which he regarded her. He only regretted that the chain that bound him to her was indissoluble. But he resolved upon his course. He announced to her one afternoon, as they were sitting together, that that very evening he should depart for the nearest post town on his return to the army. It was the first intimation he had given of the near prospect of his leaving her, and with a half shriek she rose, and would have found shelter in his arms in her sorrow, but he coldly put her away

as she approached, regarding her with so calm an expression, so different from the look of love, that she was frozen to marble, and staggered backward to her seat, with a quick gasp of horror-stricken dread. Frederic was unmoved; and bidding her to listen to him without interruption, he plainly told her of the determinations he had formed, and of the obstacle which he felt her to be to him. "It were better for us," he continued, "that we should never see each other more. I will lodge sufficient for your comfort with L——, from whom, on application at the first of every month, you will receive a regular stipend. But I charge you by your love, and as you would avoid my hate, never to write to me, nor seek me, nor be to me other than a stranger."

He rose to go. Syllable upon syllable of his harangue had fallen upon her ear, as the peal of the tolling bell on the soul of the condemned criminal. She could not move when he coldly said farewell; but when he turned to look at her for the last time—hard-hearted as he might be, he dared not leave her, as she was, for she sat in a fearful and unnatural shiver, as though chilled to the soul. He went to her side—he chafed her hands—he spoke her name—and then the spell was broken, and with a convulsive laugh, she fell upon the floor.

We have omitted to mention that Frederic's mother had left the world while he was away, so that Mary was now alone. For some few months, Frederic heard nothing from her, and dreamed that she had succeeded in stifling her love and resigning herself to her situation; for he was informed by his agent that her stipend was regularly called for. But when some five or six months had gone, to his astonishment, he received a letter from her. It told him that she was ere long to be a mother, and conjured him, for the sake of his unborn child, to be kind to her once more. He gnashed his teeth as he read; the lone and utter misery of her soul, painted in her words, goaded him to phrensy; the news she communicated of the still closer tie that would interweave their destinies, was as poison to his soul. He sat and wrote in return—wrote, that he hated her from the bottom of his heart; cursed her and her unborn infant, and hoped that both might die, he cared not how.

He received word, soon after sufficient time had elapsed for the reception of his letter, that for several months no money had been called for, and when he came to England, advanced in rank, and with noble friends, he sent Mathew to reconnoitre the village and learn what had become of Mary. Mathew returned with the information, that one stormy night she had left her dwelling, and had not been heard of more; and it was thought, had destroyed herself. "Humph!" cried Frederic, as he brought down his arm upon the table, "that letter did its work! I thought it would! Thank Heaven, she's gone!"

To be continued.

A consistent and humble Christian is like the night violet, which is scarcely perceived among the flowers of the garden, yet it perfumes with its fragrance all around.

Original.
 "SPIRITS AND ELEMENTS."

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

—
 BY EDWARD MATURIN.

The Dramatis Personæ are, (as the title imports,) "Spirits and Elements," who are supposed to appear to a Mortal who has obtained influence over their powers as gifts. In accordance with the wildness of the subject, it is written in irregular metre. After the offers of the Spirit of Jealousy, the following is the soliloquy of the Mortal.

Bertucio. No more—no more! Thy deep malignant words—

Thy hate of human love and happiness—
 Thy loathsome joy i' th' wreck of struggling heart,
 Are but the mutilated gifts of spirits,
 Who give to curse. The fruit may please the eye,
 But poison and a penal downfall wreath
 Its bitter root. The moon may light the soul,
 And calm its fierce emotions; but her ray
 Pilots the storm. My heart's defaced and dark—
 Why soothe its turbulence by cruel gifts,
 Which, like the flaming sword at Eden's gate,
 But light the desolation of our path?

Spirit. Worship me.

Ber. Thee! To bow before a shrine
 Strewn with the shades of hearts betrayed and broken;
 Thy priests, the messengers of suffering,
 Not harbingers of peace. The arbiters
 Of sacrifice more bitter than the body
 In abstinence austere, or rigid penance
 Can pay. The hecatomb of dying hearts.

SPIRIT.

The star of the lover's soul hath set—
 And some in happy hour have met
 And shed their hearts in one embrace
 Of quenchless hope and throbbing fear—
 But soon the bright and joyous face
 I've saddened with an icy tear—
 In mirth I've seen that tear descending,
 Dimming Passion with its shade—
 I've almost seen the proud heart bending
 'Neath the thought it was betrayed.
 But what is all the suffering,
 I've dealt in sportfulness of hate,
 Compared with the never-dying sting
 Of thee? Thou worm—desolate. [*Spirit vanishes.*]

INVOCATION—CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Spirit who wakest the far-ailent air
 To music 'neath thy magic power!
 Burning Love, and chill Despair,
 Burst to life at thy natal hour—
 Come in array of tears and smiles,
 The shades and lights which spring from thee—
 For oh! thy softest lay beguiles
 The heart that writhes in misery—
 Come in the form of the dying swan,
 Or Nature's bolder harmony—
 Thy strain the gentlest talisman
 Which lulls the heart that longs to die—

Or if thou lurkest in th' extatic ear,
 Which drinks thy sound as jealous of its sense;
 Leave thine abode and haste thee here
 To quicken air with vocal eloquence—
 If in the slowly-stealing tear,
 Which falls adown the pallid cheek;
 (Passion's dirge—the heart's cold bier,)
 That heart thy voice hath sung to break—
 Thou hidest—if the depth of sea
 Be thy solemn murmuring home—
 Thine undulating harmony,
 The only sound thro' its azure dome—
 Mayhap thou lurkest in a breaking chord
 Of a sweetly-breathing lute,
 Speaking the responsive word
 To the aching heart it leaveth mute—
 Whate'er thy home, where'er thou ling'rst now,
 Appear attir'd in Harmony's rich flood—
 Spirit, before our bidding bow—
 With purest strains wake air's still solitude!

[*A strain ushers in the Spirit of Music.—A pause.*]

Ber. Oh, I could stand and chain myself to earth
 In mutest admiration of that strain—
 The new-born feeling in the burning heart,
 Which, ere 'tis spoken, quivers on the lip
 In trembling care not to disturb the soul
 It loves and starts to life for. Dewy rain,
 Which, (ere it falls, in sweet congruity
 Of sound with th' wave it kisses,) hangs in silence
 Of calm suspension. Wither'd leaves which wander
 Thro' autumn's air and shed their melody
 Of dying Nature on the very blast
 Which separates them from their parent-bough;
 Could not in sweeter stream diffuse their sound;
 Than thou. All Nature's strongest forms are dumb
 Before thee. Air has lost her spirit, and
 The wave her harmony. Speak, speak to me.
 Idols may nod from lofty pedestals
 In mute acceptance of the worshipper—
 Speak, thou—nor rob mine ear of sound—my soul
 Of purity.

[*A faint strain is heard. It dies away.*]

SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

From the chaos of earth,
 Where I lay in repose,
 To Harmony's birth
 I wak'd and arose.
 Confusion disappears,
 And order reigns—
 From primal Chaos' falling tears
 Arose the sadness of my plaintive strains.
 While from the burst of mirth
 When matter Harmony first knew,
 Arose the gladdening birth
 Of notes which wake the heart and soothe it too.
 From Chaos to Eden's gate
 I flew on speediest wing—
 I thought while there I ate,
 From Music happiness might spring;

But cries within its wall,
Broke on mine ear with sadness—
To sing, I thought, o'er man's first fall,
To guilt would horror add, to sorrow *madness*.
I lay in muteest grief,
When I heard those sounds of pain:
Autumn's withered leaf,
Sings not so sad a strain—
But Nature's voice was weak within,
Her very eloquence was mute,
To the tears I shed, when the cry of sin
Burst from the fall'n—the destitute—
I could not hear the cry,
Of the sad and sinful pair:
So I gave my current of Harmony
Flight thro' the silent air.
I wander'd far and near—
Thro' upper solitude,
'Till I saw the purest tear

That Nature ever shed in saddest mood:
I knew the tear—'twas Nature's own,
Descending from a Mount,
The beacon of the poets' eye—
The mind's pure spirits round it shone,
And sparked o'er the trickling fount,
Which flowing, murmur'd "*Castalie*"—
I lighted on its dancing wave,
Which quiver'd 'neath my slow-descending sound;
"Poet's heart," I cried; "be thou my slave."
And Music sent her poesy below, around,
Which mingling with the stream,
Begot the beauty of the poet's dream.

O'er *Castalie's* spring,
I wave my wing;
'Twixt earth and sky I hover and float,
Like a wandering spirit,
Whose tones inherit
The sweetness of ethereal note,
And bears within its bosom soft,
The harmony it wafts aloft,
To fall on the sinking heart of man,
Like renovating touch from ray Promethean—
The waves' soft rippling curl,
No beauty to the ear could bear;
If Music did not her charms unfurl,
And wave her wings syrenic there—

Ber. Hold—hold! And raise me not too quickly to
That Heav'n I've lov'd and painted in my dreams—
Show not thy love by raising *guilt* itself
To purity ineffable; lest air
So hallow'd would condemn the lip it cherish'd,
Suspending life, and mar my blessedness—
Oh, let me worship thee? Yet, no—speak on!

SPIRIT.

'Neath *Castalie's* wave, where my spirit hides,
Chast'ning its empurpled tides,
Purity dwells for the poet's lay—
For the snowy flake which falls on the lake,
Kissing the Parnassian billow,
Finds too soon a dewy pillow,

And in its waters fades away—
Yes, with Nature's every mode,
I interweave my spirit's abode—
In the mountain—waterfall,
Hasting to its burial—
In the dancing quivering spray,
Which bursts from the wave to kiss the day,
And in Love's satiety dies away—
In the branch's gentlest motion
Responding to the hum of Ocean—
In the song of the bee on the flower's breast
Where it seeks its sweets, and finds its rest;
By color and odor detain'd and carest—
In the soft murmur of the gale
Which flies to meet the sea it loves;
Pregnant with ethereal tale
Of ev'ry star in heaven that moves—
Blending its passion with a gentle wail;
Like notes of separating doves—
In the mighty thunder
Which shivers Earth above and under,
As tho' 'twould rend her poles asunder—
In the storms which heap
Wreck on wreck thro' the deep,
And in mockery lull them to Death's last sleep—
In the myriad host of the burning simoom,
Which in Araby rises a sandy tomb—
Thro' Nature's mildest, softest mood,
The peopled sphere, or desert-solitude,
I march with Melody—*my multitude*.

Ber. Spirit of Harmony which rulest Matter,
And still'st at the wind with thy melodious wand,
I dare not hear thee longer. As the wretch
Quivers upon the precipice's peak—I pause.
And tho' thy vocal mysteries unfold
A Paradise of Amphionic sound;
Yet I must hear—hear on—till sinking sense
Swoons in worship. Speak, speak again.

SPIRIT.

My spirit fails, but ling'ring echo
Beats thro' Nature to and fro,
As winds, odor-laden from paradise
Throw the balm of their wing
On the earth-born Spring,
And form a new Eden for human eyes—
As on the mountain's height
Morning's crimson-interwoven shroud
Scatters 'fore her wand of light
The night-born vapor and the cloud—
As from her urn of molten gold
She rises o'er the brooding shade;
And the Sun from his ocean-fold
Dispels the mists which melt and fade—
As the waves upon the river,
Hurrying on still ever—ever—
Die when on Ocean they break and sever—
As the darkness-wooing nightingale
Sinks her lay to a plaintive wail,
When at the dawn of day;
Her strain's decaying embers,
The sweetest Love remembers

'Fore light expiring die away—
 As the groans of the Dream
 'Fore Reality's beam
 In mute surprize to silence sink.
 As the chain of enduring joys we weave
 Our earth-bound spirits to deceive
 Melt; when we stand on Eternity's brink—
 As the blooming glow of youth's bright braid—
 As the buoyant smile of the love-sick maid—
 So dies my spirit, and my echoes fade
 Away—away. [*Spirit vanishes.*]

Ber. Where am I? Vanished! What stillly murmur
 Revels thro' sense? As Nature's tongue had spok'n
 Cloth'd in her garb of holy eloquence.
 What echo's this which fades in distance faintly,
 And like the voices of the guardian-spirits
 Around the sick-man's bed, make palpable
 The joys of th' unseen realms from whence they come.
 Oh! that thy form
 I could materialize, and make an idol
 To bow before. I dare not hear myself.
 Her spirit starts from its insulted trance,
 And peals upon mine ear; a *second conscience*.

Original.

SILENT LOVE.

"The grave has victims,—and the sunny earth
 Has many a one, who hopelessly lives on,
 When all that gave to early life its worth,
 When all that made the future bright, is gone.
 The early dead! Oh, call them not *the lost*,
 No more by storms of grief or passion tost,
 'They are the early blest—to them is given
 The changeless calm, the endless bliss of Heaven."

WITHIN a quiet village, rose
 A house of social prayer,
 Where those who worship'd, met with one
 Aiding their pastor's care;
 Each Sabbath morn they saw him come,
 Then turn to seek his distant home—
 He was a stranger there!
 A stranger young and eloquent,
 Who nobly bore his part—
 Warning the sinner to repent,
 Cheering the contrite heart,
 With many a blessed promise, given
 To those who seek a home in Heaven.
 Among his hearers there was one,
 Whose eye was fixed on him alone,
 Who seemed to watch each word and tone,
 As from his lips they fell;
 And soon her mild expressive face,
 Her beaming eye and native grace,
 With pleasure he had learned to trace,
 And found them when he left the place,
 Upon his memory dwell.
 Her name he knew not, ask'd not—yet
 With deep, and deeper feeling met
 That thrilling glance, and own'd its power
 When highest duties claim'd the hour.

His *thoughts* were of the sacred cause,
 In which he came to labor there,
 But even when the anthem rose,
 And even when he knelt in prayer,
 He *felt* her spirit join with his,
 He *knew* that beaming face was there.

Months glided by, until a year
 In secret thought, and hope, and fear,
 Had passed since first she met his sight,
 And though her eye became more bright,
 Less firm her step, more pale her cheek,
 And pensive brow appear'd,
 While wishing, half resolved to speak,
 He doubted, paused, and feared.

Still that mysterious interest grew
 More strong, and he resolved at last,
 That ere another Sabbath pass'd,
 Her name, her dwelling should be known,
 And then, Hope whisper'd, he might woo,
 Might win her for his own.

A message came—a soul had been
 Called from its earthly home away,
 And he was ask'd to minister
 The last rites to the shrouded clay;
 He went—the coffin lid was raised—
 With soul-felt agony he gazed—
 It was *her* face—the one that shone
 Upon him in the house of prayer,
 But, oh! the kindred soul was gone,
 The still cold face alone was there.

His dearest tie to life was broken—
 By other lips the words were spoken,
 The solemn words of "dust to dust,"
 He felt his heart, his spirit crushed
 With speechless anguish; but there yet
 Was more to suffer—to regret.

Her father told that she had been
 A silent suff'rer until death
 In her fixed eye and lip were seen,
 And then, that with her latest breath,
 She breathed *his name*—and thus reveal'd
 A secret, until then conceal'd,
 That hopeless love its poison gave,
 Short'ning her passage to the grave.

His heart was deaden'd; that one ray
 So fondly cherish'd—quench'd in night;
 And never on his darken'd way,
 Arose another star so bright.
 One hope alone to cheer his path,
 His solitary path, was given—
 That when his spirit rose from earth,
 'Twould be to meet with her's in Heaven.

She was released from earth, while he survived,
 One cherish'd feeling's deathless strength to prove,
 She died an early victim—and he lived
 A victim through long years, to Silent Love.

ELLA.

Original.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

PART III.

WHAT should be woman's education, if the objects of her existence be what we have endeavored to prove them?

Let us first dismiss, for it is of minor importance, the education that is to be obtained beyond the precincts of home; whatever is commonly understood by the term education. It is a social as well as a private duty in every being, whether male or female, to be versed in the elements of all knowledge; for every sound mind is capable of this without interference with its peculiarities, or injustice to the particular ends it is destined to achieve. Let woman, therefore, be taught in her youth. Let the door of nature be set open before her. Let her learn the wonderful laws that govern the mighty universe—how the twinkling stars are set in heaven, and planets roll—how water circlet in an ceaseless round; is drawn up from the deep, descendeth in rain, disappeareth in the bosom of earth, and gusheth forth in fountains, that course to the deep again—how the magnetic needle, the emblem of Truth, pointeth ever to the pole—how the huge ocean heave from its unfathomed depths, at the bidding of the moon. Let her be taught of herself. Let her mark the wondrous handiwork of the Creator in the structure of her own body—that glorious machine! that piece of matchless mechanism! All this that she may learn of nature—whatever may be the title her studies may assume; astronomy, philosophy, chemistry, anatomy—will not only assist her in her earthly career, but will also strengthen her virtue; make her piety to glow with added fervor; bid her to bow down in humility before the majesty of the Omnipotent—the maker of nature and herself. Let her be taught, moreover, of the earth; its changeful history; its curious diversity of climate, productions, and animate life; the progress of its noblest habitant in art and science, and the reach that is still before him, though he may boast himself of much. But when she hath learned enough to solve the problem that may be offered to her attention in the ordinary walks of life, and to bear her part with respectability in social intercourse, urge her no farther: no, not one step. There let her pause. Inculcate not that it is a profitable thing to dive into the mysteries and perplexities of knowledge; awake not her ambition to strive with men for the palm of proficiency, for it is not well. It will but divert her attention from the paths in which her feet are shod to tread, and in which she may advance with honor and delight, to conduct her into devious ways, where she cannot save but be a laggard, far behind. If she be of a masculine habit of mind, exhibiting a bias for such research, let it be no argument in favor of indulgence and encouragement. The more earnestly strive to repress such a bias, that is in truth, but an unsightly deformity. Did we need to fortify this our position, we could call to our aid the warnings of many of the female race, who have themselves disregarded the

incitements of their natures, and have rushed with man into the arena, striving for the fame of superior talent and acquirement. They have won, in a measure, the prize they sought. They have told us that the crown they have worn, was woven of prickly thorns; that they have felt themselves to be warring with their natures; that they have yearned, even in the noonday of their triumphing, for the feminineness of feeling that had gone from them for ever; the calm repose and shrinking delicacy of thought, that would permit them to wear the wreath that is the true glory of woman, and therewith to be content. If our exhortations be insufficient, and of no effect, let the adjurations of such be treasured and regarded.

The polite accomplishments are essential to a complete education. What the graceful volute, the airy column, and the tapering spire are to architecture, these are to the education, pleasant of themselves, and imparting beauty and harmony to the whole. Painting induces to a profitable communion with nature; and the study of her chaste combinations and proportions cannot fail to refine, in a degree, the operations of the mind in the gentle crucible of sympathy, and teach it to approximate to the same chastity and delicacy in its own labors. Music is harmony; and it teaches harmony. It subdues passion, enlarges the affections, and attunes the character to a sweet and delightful concord. The simpler forms of the dance are strengthening, enlivening, and innocently exhilarating; and combining as it does with melody, its influences are of a kindly nature. But painting and the song and the dance are often deceitful snares to the heart. Often, very often, they abandon their true position of ornaments, and become the very end and aim of life. Then is their harmony more accursed than discord most discordant. Then have they lost all precious influence. There is no more pitiable object, than the youthful female, just coming into life, when reason is expanding into the fulness of power, and the solemn responsibility of existence should burn like fire within her—who hath set up her accomplishments before her, and bows down before them, and worships them, as they were gods; sacrifices on their altar her precious thoughts; her noblest powers; the destinies of her life. Such a one hath, in the foolishness of her heart, reared her dwelling of columns only; carved and decorated, and beautiful withal, but wallless and roofless; admitting the storm to spend its merciless rage on the shrinking and unprotected habitant within. Perhaps, oh, dreadful thought! the vanity of a mother hath exposed her thus. How will that mother account for the mental murder of her child!

Dismissing, after this short attention, the consideration of outdoor education, it being, as we have before remarked, of secondary interest, we turn to the sacred influences of home—woman's dearest schoolhouse; and the tender yet urgent lessons of the mother, communicated by looks, by words, by smiles, by tears—the child's most precious tasks. And now that we are upon this theme, the importance of the subject fills us with emotion, and we would that we could communicate to

the heart of the reader the sensations that oppress our own, especially if that reader be a mother, or one that is looking forward to that endearing and solemn relation. Of all earthly duties, there is none that weighs so heavily upon the soul as that of the parent to the child. The tie that binds the offspring to its parents is strong, and justly and necessarily so. There are few who are not grateful for existence; and in proportion to that gratitude, should be filial deference and love. More than this, nature has implanted an instinct of affection to the creators of our being; the protectors of our infancy; and in the pages of revelation, this instinct is fortified by the express command of Heaven. But in a comparative view of the duties of parents and children to each other, those of the latter are but as dust in the balance. The child is devoid of agency in its own production. It is brought into the world, helpless and dependant. Before it can provide for its own wants, or secure its own sources of happiness, it is exposed to the reception of bodily and mental harm, if constant watchfulness be not exercised. It has tendencies of mind, that untilld and unpruned, may run to waste; and passions, that uncurbed, may fill the soul in after years, with madness and horror; make life a cursed thing; a hell this side the portals of the grave. If the freecreating creators of such a being—the conscious assumers of such a responsibility, by indifference or neglect, fashion this howling wilderness, where might have been a fertile and productive garden, who does not shudder at the mountain load of their accountability!

And if our previous reflections have been just, this responsibility weighs with especial heaviness upon the mother, as the peculiar guardian and guide of her children in those years when the character is chiefly formed; and when we view in the female infant, not only an immortal soul, placed upon earth to fit itself for Heaven, but the future governess of other souls, for whose advancement in virtue and knowledge she is to be partially accountable, we cannot but regard with exceeding and trembling interest the culture and training of its budding sense. It is in early childhood, as we have said, that the character receives its most vital impressions. It has been already remarked, that just as the twig is bent, the tree is not inclined; that we cannot sweep away at will, the great landmarks which nature has erected between the minds of the sexes; nor bridle the strong excess of any particular mental manifestation. But it is not often that this excess exists, and no reasonable being desires to overthrow those glorious landmarks. In the great majority of instances, a bias may be given to the character in early life, that it is not in the power of time and circumstance to destroy. The growth of the mind is, as a general thing, coequal with that of the body; and as you may swathe any portion of the infant frame, and palsy its strength, and increase or nurture it by exercise, so that it shall surpass its fellow members in vigor, so may you swathe and palsy, or nurture and expand any limb of the nobler frame within. We cannot particularly designate in what manner this influence is to be exerted, varying

as it must, with ever varying circumstances; tinged with as many shades as there are diversities of mind. The mother, the cultress, must be the judge. But let her beware of slothfulness or neglect in her task; and of that which is worse than inaction, the exhibition of perversion in herself. The child catches vivid impressions, before its tongue can frame its wishes into words; and those impressions may abide with it for ever, powerful for life or for death. We doubt not, that in ninety cases out of a hundred, the depraved and abandoned criminal may trace the first seeds of his error to the days of his childhood, and curse the misguidance of his mother. Is there boldness in this assertion? Alas, can you answer that it is not true? We do not intend to be understood that so many mothers are guilty of themselves, and wilfully communicate their own depravity to their children; no! we mean this; that such mothers were never taught, and have never known the tremendous responsibility of their charge. Each one of them may have tried to teach her children; she may think that she has done for them all that lay within the scope of her ability to do; and may be weeping over what she may deem the dreadful results of their perversity. She never dreamed that every outbreak of passion in herself was a lesson to her child more powerful than advice upon advice, and command upon command. She never felt that her own censoriousness, pettishness, vanity or pride, would be imitated and copied, and stamped deep as life upon the character of that child; that her own slight disregards of truth, had been treasured up, and had seared little by little the conscience of that child, as with a hot iron, to make its after years one long continued lie. She never imagined that the little tottling thing at her side, was revealing in its childish bursts of passion the incipient tendencies of maturity; that growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength, would lay their grasp upon it with irresistible power; and in her insane fondness, unwilling to check the "poor little thing that knew no better," or indisposed to the exertion of a contest to overcome it, had let slip, it may be, the one golden opportunity; had rivetted herself, the bonds of after crime. Afflicted mother, you who mourn the loss of a darling child—we mean not death, but that moral decay—worse, a thousand times worse than the death of the grave, look back to the days of its youth, and mark as you trace it along, whether you have not unwittingly destroyed your dearest hope—whether the sting of remorse should not pierce your own bosom!

We say to the mother who appreciates how important a part she has to act in the drama of life in the guidance of her children, look upon your daughter, not only as the companion of man, but as the future mother; destined to assume the same responsibility that you feel to bear so heavily upon yourself. Strengthen her virtue from her earliest years. Nature has laid for you a sure foundation. Strengthen and fortify her virtue; and above all, inculcate high and unalloyed incentives to action. We will say plainly and earnestly, you must strive to make her more than moral. She must be guided by loftier aims than are the offspring of morality,

and receive her impulses from Religion's purer fount. Yes, woman should be eminently religious. We consider any being as an object of pity, whose virtue is only the teachings of the blind instincts of nature—for no more than this is cold morality—or worse, the selfish counselling of policy; and the offices of woman are of the complexion which requires the active and hallowing impulses of religion to impart to them vitality. They will else be as salt that hath lost its savour. Where is the mother who would not have her child better than herself? How can it be better or so good, if that mother's virtue be but obedience to her instincts, unless it may be, the same instincts be stronger in the child? For she cannot surely counsel in what she hath nothing of herself; and imitation must ever fall somewhat short of the original. So will the instructions of the mother whose motives to action are no stronger than the lifeless promptings of morality, fail to impart with fruitful energy and earnestness. Again, no dependence can be placed upon the protection afforded by the blind instincts of the mind. A child that hath been educated only so far as morality extends, hath his honor built upon the sand even for earth—that the first winds of temptation may overthrow, the first torrent undermine. Let the young female be taught to draw the inspiration of her conduct from the loftiest source to which humanity can appeal; so that when she hath attained to that maturity which will open the eyes of her reason; and with the full developement of her bodily powers, she begins to estimate the ends of her existence, she may apply herself with the ardor and earnestness which such an estimate guided by such inspiration alone can communicate, to fit herself for her work. But, in order to do this, she must be instructed to know how to make this estimate of herself; how to appreciate the ends for which she hath been created—what and how momentous is the charge that is to devolve upon her. We repeat what we have said already, let the female child be taught from her earliest years, with especial reference to her paramount earthly duties as a mother and the instructress of her children; and when she is no longer a child, let her be plainly and explicitly told *what she is to be—what she will have to do*, and let her be encouraged to discipline her mind therefor. Upon this point, there exists, we fear, much false hesitation. We labor under the conviction, that this, the one great point of female education, is utterly repudiated; and that it is left to time and circumstance to convey this important lesson. Is it deemed indelicate for a mother to impress it upon the mind of her daughter that she is to be a wife and mother? That she is to be the guide of immortal souls, accountable to Heaven for the charge—and that, if she be unfit for this duty when called upon to exercise it, she had better—far better have never lived at all? Oh, that there were more of real delicacy abroad, and less of its flimsy shadow! Mothers can often help their daughters to husbands—can twist and screw and manage—and thwart inclination, and entail a weight of misery that would, at best, effectually prevent the proper exercise of any duty, but they can teach them nothing of the great objects of existence to

come after! Is not this silence false, criminal, dangerous? Take from the female, just coming into life, the vital principle of religion, and let her be moreover, ignorant of the paramount designs of her being, and what is she? A cumberer of the ground—wasting life in vanity and worthlessness. Of how many the years between womanhood and marriage are thrown idly away, solely for the want of this knowledge properly inculcated in all its solemn bearings and relations! Unpossessed of any fixed and controlling aim, they are the creatures of a day—mere butterflies—estimating happiness only by the amount of their evanescent pleasures. The ball-room, the theatre, and dress and gossip, are with such the all in all. Marriage may awaken the senses of many and teach them to bewail lost time—teach them what, had it been taught by their mothers, that time had not been lost. But in many instances, we fear—we know, that the poison of ignorance has sunk too deep to be eradicated. The follies of those wasted years have become necessary to happiness. Pride and Vanity have been intoxicated too long to yield up their accustomed draughts. Such a wife regards her husband with all the love of which she is capable, but she loves herself better. She must have the aliment which has nourished her. Her home will be a dreary wilderness, except in so far as it affords her opportunities to indulge her delusive tastes. Where are the fond sympathy and care, and the endearing interest man pants for, and the husband expects? They are not for the husband of such a wife, and he is still alone. Such a wife becomes a mother. A candidate for Heaven is born unto the world. Perhaps she curses its existence because its birth hath interfered with the circle of her pleasures. She may, perhaps—extent of stony-heartedness! deny it sustenance from her own bosom, that she may the sooner return to her giddy round; and cast it out to “heartless fosterage,” trusting its tender years to hireling hands. When its infancy is passed, she brings it home—but views it only as an additional instrument to feed her Vanity and Pride. Its soul—that mother never even whispered to herself in her loneliest musings that it had a soul! She bedecks it in gewgaws; instills into its growing mind the seeds of her own fatal infirmities; and when she hath grown too old to partake of what hath been the dearest sustenance of her mental life, and to mingle in the scenes where she had delighted to be foremost, she sends her daughter as her representative; and renews her own degraded youth in the degradation of her child.

Is this a startling and dreadful picture? Yet how many such there are; not perhaps vitiated to the full extent of our picture, though there are many for whom it is an accurate portrait, but occupying every intermediate grade. Shall it longer—much longer be?

We crave indulgence while we advert to one more important particular in regard to woman, before we close this already extended essay. We enter our protest against the early marriages on the part of females, so prevalent. The very truth that such marriages are sanctioned by custom, and are, therefore, common, the more excites us to urge its evils and advocate reform.

The male is confined by the shackles of the law, until the full vigor of manhood shall enable him to enter with honor and success upon the arena of duty. But woman assumes her most serious responsibility while she is yet a very child. It is true, that the female frame is developed at a somewhat earlier period than that of the male; but so far as our experience is our witness, this discrepancy does not extend in equal measure to mind. For whom will you demand more ripeness of character than for the wife and mother? and yet there is many a wife and mother, who is but a thoughtless and careless girl. Let us be borne with, though we speak plainly, for we speak at the same time what we feel, and indeed, we speak the truth. It needs not argument to convince that in whatever light this custom is viewed, its pernicious influences are of a serious nature. It is beyond the pale of the unfortunate and ill-judged; it is aggravated—it is criminal.

In bidding farewell to a subject that has enlisted our deepest interest, we would express our conviction that in no particular should there be more speedy and vigorous clamor for reform than in respect to the estimate of the "Sphere of woman," and the mental aliment she requires. Woman is not honored as she should be; she is not known; she does not know herself. It is the blindness in regard to her, which has led to the existing jealousy of man, and the desire to commingle with him in every scene, in every duty. This cannot be. The fiat of the Almighty has declared that it cannot be, and woman remain herself. Oh, let her know herself! Let her appreciate herself, and honor her own glorious calling! And so soon as this shall be, she will be fully and truly honored and respected by man. The superficial deference that is now extended to her, which is demanded only by her comparative delicacy and weakness, enlarged perhaps by a sense of her superior virtue, will give place to a deeper, stronger, intenser regard; inculcated by the knowledge that she hath her own mighty work to achieve—her own lofty sphere on earth; a work, that man, in all the pride of giant intellect, cannot accomplish—a sphere, in which in his most soaring and far-reaching impulses, he cannot move.

Original.

THE TRADESMAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

For hours the poor wife of the imprisoned tradesman had remained in the position which the overflowing of grief had left her in. As if one blow had turned her to stone, she sat bending forward with clasped fingers, and eyes distendedly fixed on the door, through which her husband had been dragged. No appearance of motion bespoke life, except a slight twitching of the nerves about the mouth; as the soft troubled tones of consolation reached her ear from the lips of her daughter; who, beautiful in youth and fortitude, knelt before her with tears rolling from her dark eyes, and streaming down the sweet face that was raised imploringly to that of

her mother. In vain had she exhausted every endearing epithet and term of consolation to arouse her from the lethargy of sorrow. Nothing would do. Overcome with her own sorrow and the sight of her forlorn parent, she let her young head fall into the lap of her mother, and gave vent to a burst of anguish terrible and touching in one so apparently helpless. For some time she rested exhausted upon her immovable mother, when, suddenly springing up, her whole frame quivering with eager hope, she exclaimed, "Up, dear mother, there is yet hope." Slowly the despairing eyes of her mother turned and rested their frozen beams on the glowing face of the enthusiastic girl; her marble lips parted, and her voice seemed to come from a far-off vault, "Hope, hope! and who speaks of hope—thou, my fatherless one—hope?—no, the clutches of the tyrant are upon us; the shadow of death is over us; the wail of cracking heart-strings is in my ear, and talk ye of hope? There is no hope—none." Her features had remained fixed while she was speaking, and, but that the eye moved, the voice might have seemed to come from a statue, so death-like and cold it seemed.

It was the first time she had spoken—and Ruth, thinking reason was returning to its seat, answered eagerly, "Do not despair, dear mother; I have a thought, if you could only compose yourself to listen. I—" but she broke off on seeing she spoke to ears that grief had made deaf to her voice. But the energy of the young girl sunk not, and she prepared to accomplish the project that had flashed across her mind in the depth of her grief, as the dazzling bow of heaven sometimes throws its belt of brilliancy over the earth, while the rain is yet falling. Ruth wrapped herself in a large cloak, and giving directions to a boy about six years old to watch his mother, left the house. She wound through several close streets that led to a more retired part of the city, and soon, unmolested, stood on the step of what, by its closed shutters and rusty latch, appeared to be an uninhabited tradesman's stall. Her eager knock was unanswered—a second, and a third. Impatiently she raised the latch and entered what had been the ware-room of a goldsmith's stall. Cases of rings, plates, jewelry and all the multifarious articles that compose the stock of a wealthy goldsmith of those times, lay scattered about the room without regard to order, and covered with the accumulated dust of months. The fever of excited hope ran too wildly in the mind of Ruth to admit of more than a passing glance at the neglected wealth scattered about her. She passed quickly forward, but stopped suddenly; and her heart quailed within her as through an open door she saw the object of her search. For the first time she thought of the magnitude and cruelty of the request she was about to make; and doubted whether, even to save the life of a father, she was doing right in tearing open the wounded bosom of one whose feelings had been so much greater than those of death. Almost breathlessly she stood by the open door, gazing upon the inmate of the little room. He was a man of about thirty years, thin and pale almost to ghastliness, yet there was something touchingly noble in his high, broad forehead, from which

the black hair was combed and fell backwards over his shoulders.

At length, timidly and with sinking hopes, Ruth ventured to claim his notice by advancing into the room. He raised his head and a faint smile flitted over his features on recognising his niece. He motioned her to take a seat on a low stool by her side, and laid his hand caressingly on her hair before he addressed her. At length, fixing his eyes mournfully upon her face, he said, in a voice so clear and sad, that it fell soothingly on the torn heart of poor Ruth, "And what brings thee, my child, to the lone home of thy uncle? Has sorrow fallen on thy young head that thou seekest companionship with misery?"

"Alas, dear uncle," she replied, "you have guessed too right; I am in sore grief; for last night my poor father was dragged from our hearth-stone by a company of the king's men at arms, who accuse him of treason."

"Treason! my brother John guilty of treason? child, thou ravest."

"Oh, would I did rave, dear uncle, if that could make my tale untrue—would I did rave. But alas, it is all too real. I saw it—felt it," she continued, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly; "I saw them tear him from the clinging arms of my poor mother, who now sits at home bemoaning him and bereft of reason; I saw them strike with brutal violence my dear little Richard, as he clung to the knees of his father and begged piteously that they would not drag him from us. I heard their coarse jests on my poor father as I knelt to them in my agony of grief. Uncle, I do not rave; would that I did!"—and she leaned her forehead on his hand bathing it with her tears.

"Compose thyself, my poor child; nay, do not cry so; this matter may not be so bad as thou supposest; knowest thou on what this charge of treason is founded?"

"Yes; when I knelt and begged of them to tell me my father's crime, they told me mockingly, uncle, mockingly, that it was for boasting that he would raise his son to the crown. I knew not what they meant then, but since I have bethought me, that once he said in one of his merry moods, that he would make our Richard heir to the crown, meaning the sign that hangs over our ware-room. Some person must have reported this to the king, and my poor father is condemned to death by the cruel Edward for a few words of pleasantry."

"Impossible, child, this cannot be the cause; even Edward, base as he is, would blush to put a man to death for an offence so trifling."

"Nay, she replied, "but the king has construed those words into a contempt for his title to the English crown, and therefore he condemns my poor father to the block."

Shore arose and traversed the room in agitation; then stopping before Ruth, he said, "Taken, tried and condemned already! saidst thou thus, child—and at what time must he suffer?"

Ruth clasped her hands over her eyes as if to shut out the sad vision this question presented, and in a

choaked voice replied, "On Friday morning unless he can be saved."

"Saved; is there any hope of this?"

"Only through you—only through you, uncle; and it was for this I came; for this I dared to interrupt your solitude." Shore fixed his melancholy eyes upon her in inquiry, and silently waited for her to proceed.

"Yes, uncle, it is to you I come to ask my father's life, and the life of your brother. There is but one way, and would to God I could follow it alone; but I cannot, and despair has urged me on to entreat you to join me in petitioning one for his life, who the world says rules this King Edward, even in his most wayward moods; I mean—"

"My wife? Ye dare not say it is my wife," almost shrieked the unfortunate man, clutching her hand and as suddenly relinquishing it, as he fell into a chair, every limb quivering with agitation, and big drops of perspiration gathering on his pale forehead.

"Uncle, dear uncle, forgive this cruelty," cried the terrified girl, "unhappy that I am, thus to be forced to tear the heart of my kind uncle, or see my father on the scaffold." She fell upon her knees by his side while saying this, and attempted to take his hand, but he resisted her effort, saying—

"No, no, Ruth, ask me not to see her face—to hear that voice; I could not and live. What! I, the father of her child, her first, only, her lawful husband, to ask her to smile upon the man who has made my home desolate, my child worse than motherless? No, Ruth, no,"—and he sprang up and struck his clenched hand upon the table—"not if it would save the life of all that ever drew blood from the same fountain."

"My dearest uncle," replied Ruth, frightened at his vehemence, "I did not ask all this; but one line, only one line from you will do more than prayers from me. I only ask you to write uncle; surely you will do this to save your own brother and the father of your poor Ruth?"

"No more, no more; I will—but do not torture me with words."

For some time the unhappy man sat as if endeavoring to still the tumult of his frame. Then taking a vial from his pocket he drank a part of its contents, and soon became calm enough to write; but his hand seemed to shrink from the vellum; and it was long before he could bring himself to write the first line; but when this was accomplished, he proceeded rapidly, as one who fears his power to finish a task will fail. With a heavy hand he placed his signature, and handing the roll of vellum to Ruth, motioned her to depart.

Elegant and costly as the fashion of the times would permit was the dwelling King Edward had provided for the beautiful object of his illicit love. All that wealth could purchase or power command, was lavished upon her person and decorated her habitation, but each day did she feel more sensibly the difference between the pure tenderness a husband feels for his virtuous wife, and the unholy attachment expressed by the object of her present choice. The glitter of wealth could not hide, even from the object of such a union as

this, its shameless iniquity. The tie was formed by trampling on the most sacred duties of life and upon the best feelings of the human heart. It was a bond of sin, and misery was its reward. Full and sparkling was the golden bowl the youthful monarch had offered to the lips of his beautiful victim. She drank—but bitter was the gall and wormwood she was condemned to drain alone to the bottom. Edward's attachment for her was still in its first freshness. She had not yet been called upon to witness his hand tear away the unholy links that bound them together, to spend days and nights in listening to his footsteps, to hang on his eye for a glance of former kindness, and to listen and look in vain; but her foreboding heart told her this fate would inevitably be hers; and a trembling dread of the future poisoned the present.

Whatever were the reflections of Jane they were interrupted by advancing footsteps. She listened with her graceful head bent slightly forward, and her heart palpitating like a caughtbird under her jewelled stomach-der. Nearer came the light footsteps, and brilliant was the smile that flashed like morning sunlight over each beautiful feature, dimpling the cheeks and lips into almost child-like sweetness, as she advanced to the door. It opened, and admitted, not the expected royal lover, but a female, shrouded in the ample folds of a large cloak, who advanced timidly and knelt at her feet as she stood surprised and disappointed. Jane's natural benevolence prompted her to acts of kindness, and pitying the evident distress of the kneeling stranger, she stooped to raise her, exclaiming, "Nay, maiden, kneel not to me; I am not one to receive the homage of my fellows. If in aught my poor efforts can assist thee, speak boldly; there is no cause of fear."

Slowly the suppliant arose; and, extending a roll of vellum, said, in a low suppressed voice, "This, lady, will inform you of my mission."

Jane took the vellum, thinking it a petition for her good offices with the king, such as she was in the habit of receiving; but before she opened it, she courteously led the stranger to one of the tapestried benches in the saloon. "Rest here, my poor maiden, while I learn the contents of this scroll, and if I can serve thee fear not the issue."

Thus saying, she withdrew to one of the arched windows and unrolled the vellum. It was scarcely open when with a smothered shriek, and lips, cheek, and brow as pale as marble, she sprang to the shrouded female and tore back the hood from a face scarcely less white than her own.

"Ruth, my own Ruth," she exclaimed, clasping the poor girl wildly to her bosom and madly kissing her forehead, "is it thou, so good and pure, who hast come to me in my degradation? But that scroll—that scroll—with its blasting signature—whence came it, I say—speak quick or my brain will burst!" and without waiting for an answer she darted forward to where the vellum had fallen, and again seizing it with trembling hands and compressed lips, ran over the contents. When she came to the signature, a spasm of pain seemed to dart

over her, for she pressed the hand in which she grasped the vellum, heavily against her side, and stood for a few moments gasping for breath, and quivering in every joint with suppressed agony.

Ruth, almost exhausted with the contending emotions of the day, set watching with pale cheek and heavy eye, the overpowering agitation of the aunt she once thought so perfect.

Jane at length advanced to her, and laying her finger on the vellum, said, in a low hoarse voice that, as she proceeded, rose to the pitch of agony, "This tells me there is a favor I can grant—ask it—take it, though it should be my heart-strings, and in return bear this message to him; tell him that if Jane Shore could again lay her head upon his bosom, as it once rested in her heart's innocence, she would endure the torture of years—tell him she is more wretched with a monarch at her feet, and the magnificence of a queen about her, than he can be in the solitude of his desolate home, for he has an approving conscience for a companion; but I—what have I but the consciousness of having scattered desolation and sorrow in the path of all I should have loved? Tell him I feel that misery, deep misery, will follow me for this; and now briefly tell me thine errand, for I would be alone with this scroll and my conscience."

Ruth, with many tearful interruptions, informed her of the imprisonment of her father, and the pitiful state of her other parent. Then she went on to describe her last distressing interview with her uncle. Jane listened, and as her thoughts were carried back to the scenes of her innocent happiness, by degrees the anguish of her feelings softened into a long and bitter fit of weeping. The certainty she felt of gaining a pardon for the brother of her injured husband, soothed down her tumultuous self-upbraidings; her beautiful features relaxed into their natural state, and she sat with her round white arm thrown carelessly around her niece, when quick light footsteps were heard in the passage. The door opened, and Edward IV., of England, entered the room. A slight start, as his eye fell on Ruth, was succeeded by a brilliant smile. He advanced, and with the graceful assurance of a man privileged to trample upon forms, separated the aunt and niece and seated himself between them.

"So, my lovely dame," said he, addressing Jane, "you have found a companion in my absence; and by my faith, a pretty one, too. I, who spurred my horse from the hunt till his sides were bloody, that I might not fail in my promised visit, feel now that I should have forced him to death, had I known I should have found you with such a companion."

As he said this, his large blue eyes were fixed in careless admiration on the blushing Ruth, while his hand was familiarly turning the rings on Jane's fingers. Jane answered with a smile, "You return from the hunt in cheerful mood, my liege, and I am right glad to see it, and more especially that the maiden pleases your majesty—for she has a boon to crave of your royal clemency."

"A boon, say you—and what favor can Edward deny a face like that? No, by the mass, if our citizens al-

ways sent such messengers, their king would soon win the title of Edward, the merciful—ay; and the bountiful, too, as our queen can witness.” The little hand, still in his, was drawn suddenly away as he mentioned the queen; but he again grasped it somewhat impatiently, exclaiming with a slight laugh, “Nay, Jane, no foolish jealousy—but tell us what we can do to please this fair damsel—what wouldst thou ask of us, maiden?”

“Nothing less, my liege, than the life of a father, who has fallen under your majesty’s displeasure,” said Ruth, kneeling before the king.

“Rise, maiden, rise—thy father shall be forgiven though treason were his crime, if it were only for his relationship to a creature so beautiful as thou art. But before we grant his pardon, take thy seat again at our side, and tell us thy father’s name and offence.”

“His crime,” said Jane, hastily interrupting Ruth who was about to answer, “his crime, my lord, is having said when in his wine, that he would make his son heir to the crown.”

“Ha, I remember me of the circumstance; a rash fool and a vain one—still, if he is thy father, damsel, we will order his release.”

Ruth, who had been indulging in hope since the entrance of the king, now sprang up as if a load had been taken from her heart. In a burst of eloquent feeling she poured forth her gratitude to the king and then to Jane, and finished by entreating permission to depart immediately with the joyful intelligence of her father’s freedom.

“Nay, nay, my pretty one—not so fast,” cried the king, “we have now a favor to crave—one kiss from those bright lips in exchange for thy father’s life.”

Ruth shrank from the proffered salute, and Jane seeing a cloud gathering over the king’s brow, said gaily, “Nay, nay, my lord, you but now accused me of jealousy—my hand claims that kiss as an atonement.”

“King’s lips never had fairer challenge, or more willingly paid their homage,” replied the gay monarch gallantly raising her hand to his lips, “but what is this, fair dame, that thy fingers lock in so lovingly,” and he took from her hand the letter of her husband which she still unconsciously held.

“Ha, what means this,” he cried, springing up and stamping violently on the floor, “speak, madam, and disprove that Edward, of England was to have been cheated into an act of kindness to the man he hates as much as king can hate menial—speak, woman, I command you—explain this artifice.” But the object of his wrath was incapable of answering. Exhausted by her former emotions, and terrified at his vehemence, she had fallen forward upon the floor. A string of gems that had fastened her hair under the flowing head-dress worn in that age, was torn off with the drapery, and her hair, loosened and deranged, fell in abundance from its confinement.

Edward, in his passion, saw not her situation, but foaming with rage paced the room with a heavy tread, trampling heedlessly upon the scattered jewels as they lay in his way; but on coming so near the object of his wrath as to get his spur entangled in the bright mass of

brown hair that lay scattered in its beauty over the floor, he stopped in his hurried walk, and carefully disentangling his feet, raised her in his arms and bore her to the couch. In doing so, he passed the frightened Ruth who shrank back to avoid him, and his anger took a new direction. “Begone, minion,” he cried, in a voice of thunder, forgetting in his wrath it was a female he addressed, “begone, I say, and come not hither again to sow discord and mischief. Away,” he repeated, turning furiously from the couch, “and speak not of what has passed, or by my crown, thy father’s head shall have company upon the scaffold.”

Years had passed by since the foregoing scene, when Edward, while in the very prime of manhood, had been called before the bar of Him who judges the monarch as rigorously as the beggar. Richard, the hunchback, of murderous memory, with the assassin’s dagger, had cut his way to the crown; and in order to justify, among other enormities, the death of Lord Hastings, he condemned the unhappy Jane Shore to be stripped of her possessions, and cast into the street to perish, forbidding all on pain of death rendering her succor or sustenance. Meanwhile, Ruth had passed through much of suffering. Her character had been strengthened by affliction; and as one tie after another that bound her to her fellow men was severed, she but applied herself more anxiously to perform the duties that remained. The sorrows that had clouded her life led her pure thoughts to that after state of bliss where she looked forward to join those that the hand of tyranny had torn from her.

Her mother had never recovered from the state of torpid sorrow which we described in the beginning of our story. Soon after the execution of her husband, she, too, died unconscious of the event. The little boy soon followed; and Ruth, except her Uncle Shore, was left alone to struggle through a world she had so much cause to fear. She took up her residence with that kind uncle, and by degrees won him to something like cheerfulness.

Ruth was one morning drawn to the door by the noise of many feet upon the pavement. Surprise and pity kept her there on seeing a miserable female in front of their dwelling, whom the brutal crowd were urging forward, notwithstanding her state of utter exhaustion. On seeing Ruth, she feebly approached the steps, and in a voice of touching misery, entreated for one piece of bread. The generous girl turned to grant her request, notwithstanding some one from the crowd called to inform her that death would be the consequence. In passing through the ware-room to procure the bread, Ruth met her uncle. He, too, had heard that voice of entreaty, and though as yet ignorant of the barbarous cruelty of the tyrant, he had instantly recognized in its hollow sounds notes that had fallen sweetly on his ear in happier times. Wildly he rushed to the pavement, and there in all her misery, for the first time since her disgrace, the husband and the wife met. When Ruth returned with bread for the wretched woman, she was a corpse in the arms of her husband.

ASK NOT WHY IT IS I LOVE THEE.

COMPOSED FOR THE LADIES' COMPANION BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.



MODERATO CON ESPRESSIONE

Ask not why it is I

f

love thee, Why is heav'n di - vine, I on - ly know I cannot tell thee;

But my heart is thine. Why loves the breeze at noon to sigh, Why

cease, why cease the stars to shine? I cannot solve, I know not why— But my heart is

thine, Why loves the breeze at noon to sigh, Why cease, why cease the stars to

shine? I cannot solve, I know not why, But my heart is

thine.

2. Though others smile with kindness on me,
 This heart alone is thine;
 Its every pulse an off'ring to thee,
 So hallowed is its shrine.
 The sun will hold his onward course,
 Thus does my love, my love incline;
 To thee, and nought on earth can force
 My heart from being thine.

3. In vain thou bid'st me to forget thee,
 Death shall first be mine,
 E'en then my flitt'ring soul shall bless thee,
 For my heart is thine.
 Each thought that haunts this fever'd brain
 From love's first dawn is thine, is thine,
 And this, the latest breathes again,
 That my heart is thine.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—During the past month nothing has been presented to the public of a novel character, at this house, which was not adverted to in our last number—in other words, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews and Mr. Power have been again engaged, and have occupied nearly the whole of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathews terminated their engagement about the middle of the month. On the gentleman's benefit night, which was announced as offering their performances for the last time in this country, the audience was exceedingly large and fashionable, and the several personations of these artists were greeted with warm plaudits from every part of the house. It cannot be questioned that their acting was fully worthy of the applause and acclamation bestowed upon it. Both these performers are excellent. Mrs. Mathews is the more finished artist of the two, but the distinction is one only to be discovered by the careful scrutiny of the analytical critic. We have not space to speak at large on this point: yet, in a few words, we will endeavor to convey our meaning. Mrs. Mathews ever appears the character who would personate. She never steadily gazes at the audience, betraying signs that she knows there are persons before her. She is wholly lost in her vocation. No actress can be more perfect—though others may be more fascinating, and may overcome us with "special wonder." The style of her acting is such that persons who wish to see something beyond nature had better not witness her performances—such persons can see just such acting every day in a lady's parlor, without paying a dollar, if they have only the happiness of being introduced into good society. Mrs. Mathews, then, is only to be admired by those who have a good taste for the dramatic art and those who have never seen much of life—those who prefer to view it at the theatre than search for it in the actual world. Mr. Mathews is not equal to his consort. He is, however, a diligent and apt pupil. He has learned rapidly, and, of course, has unlearned, also, to a good degree. He has much still to unlearn. He is always before an audience—his eyes tell you that he is aware of it—his smiles at the pit are the seals that assure you of it. In whatsoever character you behold him, your mind ejaculates there is Charles Mathews.

Mr. Power, the personator of Irish character, passed through his farewell engagement immediately subsequent to that of the performers we have mentioned above. We have often witnessed, with pleasure, his delineations: they are always replete with a rich humor which is sure to please. We must take exception, however, to his mono-dramas, if we would make any thing like a critical comment upon the stage. No matter what this actor appears in, it is Power here, and Power there—Power everywhere! One is inclined to think that the actor is a perfect autocrat, for it matters not how much the other actors are annoyed, so he lights the scene. This, truly, is not observable at a single performance, but where a person witnesses the same play several times, it is evident that Mr. Power causes nearly all the stumbling on the part of those who have as good a right to be heard as himself. This is shameful. It is not only uncourteous to the actors, but is disrespectful to the audiences who, year after year, countenance and applaud them. It is Mr. Power's cunning that does all this—although he has not the cunning to conceal it from those who have their eyes open. It is not, however, our province or disposition to expose all these tricks, unless they interfere with the enjoyment of the audience. We hope to have such things reformed altogether in future. Mr. Power would be much more acceptable to all parties, we think, if he were a little more modest.

As an actor he is very amusing—there is no one more so; yet he has his faults. One of his chief ones we will mention. It is his familiarity with his audiences—his impudent self-possession, which carries him through every thing, and which strengthens our belief in the old maxim,—"Braas is every thing." If this is inherent to his composition, we regret it; if it is a "part of his system," let him rid himself of it as speedily as it is possible for him so to do. We admire his talent—we laugh at his Momus-like face—we are pleased with his accom-

plishments—but we wish he were not more than half as popular as he is, that he might be obliged to work in the harness with others, and thus be of more benefit to the profession he has chosen. Moreover, we wish that the people were less satisfied than they are with the little sketches in which he appears—that they would find fault with mere scenes, and demand something from the players which should approach to what might be called a comedy. However, the work of reform, if it be commenced, must of necessity be slow in its progress. The practices of speculators in dramatic talent have done so much injury to the drama that it will be many years before any important change can be effected. The days of the legitimate drama, nevertheless, must be restored, or the drama—the acted drama, must die into paltry insignificance.

NATIONAL.—At this establishment, within a few weeks, engagements have been fulfilled by the Corps de Ballet, under *Monsieur Hazard*, as he was styled in the bills; by *Mr. Forrest*, and by *Mademoiselle Celeste*. As yet, we have not spoken of the first of these.

The *Corps de Ballet* was partially successful, and only so; for this French company was almost entirely composed of American girls, who have been under the instruction of Mr. Hazard in Philadelphia for several months. Why will our managers endeavor to announce all their novelties as imported, or, as having been polished by an engagement at a foreign theatre? Is the fault with the public? If so, let it be amended. Let us take some delight in encouraging our own artists, and not expend all our praise upon the second-rate and third-rate artists of England and France—persons who may shine very well in the parts they are wont to personate at home, but who, to be successful here, introduce petty plays night after night, and week after week, which are applauded much more than the best dramas of the best writers, and are utterly dangerous to the future interests of the drama. But to return to our subject, *Madame Stephen*, of the company we have mentioned, is certainly worthy of a remark. She dances with ease and grace, and is sure to be welcomed by the audience whenever she appears. Some of her associates are very promising in their art, and, by severe study, may in time approach to *Madame Stephen's* finish, though they can never expect to equal her in that natural grace which can alone make a dancer great in the eyes of the public.

Mr. Forrest's engagement was, very judiciously in the manager, a short one. He has confined himself to a few of his old characters, such as *Spartacus*, *Metamora*, *Olaude Melnotte*, etc. Rather peculiarly we think, he has not attempted any character moulded by Shakespeare—and is it well that he has not, perhaps; for his fame as an actor, and his purse as a business man, can never be enlarged by his performances in the plays of the immortal dramatist. He can never endue his form and face with the subtle spirit which all of Shakespeare's characters should possess in some degree plainly noticeable. Still, we would not be understood to say that he cannot give us a fair performance in many scenes. He can do so; and sometimes he plays so well that we are surprised that he should hinge upon his efforts, unaccountably fixed deformities.

In *Olaude Melnotte*, Mr. Forrest appears to much advantage. He seems to have felt the character to a good extent, and though we dislike exceedingly his dress as the Prince, we pass it over, to give him our word of praise for the beautiful manner in which he delineates the aspirations of the low-born boy of genius—in which he displays with nicety and precision the sense of error which Claude feels and his determination to wipe the stain away from his character. Yet we should not forget to censure the pointed way in which he addresses the pit, when he exclaims, "Oh, that we—we, the hewers of wood," etc. We have noticed that he always obtains for it a round of applause. It would better become an aspirant for political honors than one who would win renown as an artist, to adopt such a style of expression. The sentence is always delivered emphatically at the audience. We wonder at this, since Mr. Forrest in refusing to address his friends before the curtain, makes this out of the way method of speaking to them during the play, altogether too palpable to be misunderstood.

Mr. Forrest's engagement was a farewell one, and he has departed to the Southern cities. On the last night of his engagement he was called before the curtain, and it was supposed that he would speak, but he only smiled and withdrew immediately upon making his bow. We think this was tasteful. The practice of speaking before the curtain is foolish, and can have no good effect. If a call be made for an actor it should seldom be done, and when done should be, indeed, a compliment.

Mademoiselle Celeste has been attracting very large audiences every night. In the opinion of the multitude, no actress ever equalled her; but she makes the judicious grieve, not so much that she does not please them, but that she pleases the public so much, and that her miserable plays are greeted with applause, while the words of the best dramatists fall almost upon senseless walls. It is true she is an artist, but one in a line of performance which has but little to recommend it. We rather prefer to hear good ideas read well by a plain woman. To the intellectual, we bow in preference; for mere momentary pleasure is as unsatisfactory as a sudden and short shower on a heated desert of sand. The immense popularity of *Mademoiselle Celeste* exhibits how easily the public are carried away with the vanities of beauty and the trappings of art, rather than by great intellectual merit. *Mademoiselle Celeste* is an artist. She is certainly very accomplished; but it is out of our power to divine why it is that the people are so anxious to see her perform.

LITERARY REVIEW.

PALAYO: *Harper & Brothers.*—We consider this book as decidedly the best Mr. Simms has presented to the public. With the exception of the *Lady Cava*, who is a milk-and-waterish creation hardly worthy of a place in its pages, his female characters are creatures of fire and spirit, that rest upon the memory as if colored there with the pencil of an artist. The Gothic courtesan—we have forgotten her name—but the character is vividly before us—is, in our estimation, the most finely delineated, and the most true to nature of any female that he has yet portrayed. There is something thrilling, and yet strangely correct, in the struggle of good and evil in her heart. The death scene kindles the fancy almost to horror, but we should have liked the conclusion better had she been allowed to follow the good impulses of her heart, and have repented in her native mountains. Among the men, is a most despicable villain, and a more than glorious old Jew—the hero, whom we do not exactly fancy, and his brother whom the author most appropriately makes the lover of Lady Cava. The two characters were created each for the other, and if they are not allowed to get married in the promised two volumes, it will be, as the old ladies say, “against all nature.” The book will not only be read, but will be remembered: for there are scenes in it that cannot leave the mind.

VELASCO; a Tragedy: *Harper & Brothers.*—This American production reflects the greatest credit on its talented and young author, *Epes Sargent, Esq.* We have perused this play with unusual attention, and feel no hesitation in pronouncing it equal to the best of those emanating from foreign dramatists. The poetry of Velasco is rich and glowing—the dialogue is pointed and free from irksomeness—the incidents sufficiently dramatic to ensure the perfectness of stage effect. The reflections of Izidora are chaste and beautiful, particularly in the scene after having beheld the corpse of her murdered father:

“He moves not—breathes not! Is this death? No, no! It cannot, should not be! not death! not death!
Ah, father, speak—it is thy daughter calls!
She, who this morning hung upon thy neck—
Whom thou didst circle in thy living arms!
Oh, do not leave me thus—

Cold, motionless,

Silent, for evermore!

And I stand here,
Conscious of this, yet wondrously alive—
Nerving my sinews to the appointed task.
The name? Know ye the name he would have uttered?
Ye do not. It is well. Bear in your burthen.

Now to fulfil mine oath! and were there none,
To bind me to pursue the murderer,
Should not my filial duty be enough
To urge me on? An oath? an oath of vengeance!
Oh, what have I to do with vengeance? I,
Who do so shudder at the sight of blood.
Unworthy hesitation; am I not
A warrior's promised bride? Where should I fly,
If not to him, in this calamity?
Alas, he now awaits me, light of heart,
Beside the garden's verge—the spot I chose.
Affliction casts no shadow on his dreams!
He looks for a glad meeting. Oh, Velasco,
What desolation would be round my path,
In this bereavement, where it not for thee!”

And again, her reply, when she discovers her lover, Velasco, is his murderer:

“Wake? Then 'tis a dream!
Oh, blessed waking! such a dream of horror
Duped my poor senses—were it palpable,
It could not more have check'd my frozen blood,
Nor thrill'd mine eyes within their loosen'd orbs.
Methought I gazed upon my slaughter'd sire—
Bound by an oath of dire solemnity,
To take swift vengeance on his murderer.
Distracted with grief, I hasten'd to Velasco—
Whom should I make, but him, my champion?
The lightning's flash—the muffled thunder's peal—
The arrowy rain—I heeded not the storm;
But forward urged my steps, until, at length,
I met my lover near our favorite haunt.
Averted were his eyes—but when he turn'd
To fold me in his arms, pale horror glared
From every tortured feature—then, oh, then—
Thou art Velasco. This is not my home:
My happy chamber, where the morning sun
Sheds such a tender radiance. No; the air
Is black with vapors, and the moaning gale
Bends the high trees and sweeps the murky clouds.
What do I here at such an hour as this?
It was no dream. It is reality.”

In conclusion we quote the following, previous to her anticipated nuptials with Velasco:

“My home seems changed: new faces stare upon me;
Familiar ones are miss'd; or, do I dream?
Was it not all mere fantastic play
Of brain-sick fancy? No. I stood before
The king, and claim'd redress against my lover.
Oh, hypocrite! thy tongue besought a boon
Thy inmost heart rejected. I have fail'd
In my first trial—would it were the last.
May it not be the last? Have I not done
All that could be exacted of me? No!
My duty urges, and my oath compels—
Terrible duty! heart-distracting oath!
Is this the hand to point th' avenging steel—
To point it against him! And do I waver?
Do I so soon infract my sacred word?
Ye powers of retribution, strengthen me—
And thou, impatient ghost, rebuke me not
For this delay: I'll not forget thy mandate:
I will do all my woman's weakness can.”

Throughout the entire work, we could continue making extracts, in proof of our opinion, were it necessary; but the reputation of Mr. Sargent is too firmly established to require such a course. It is, in short, a production reflecting alike honor to the poetic powers of the author and the dramatic literature of our country. Velasco has been produced in Boston with the most unequivocal success. Miss Ellen Tree sustained Izidora, the heroine. It will, we are happy to learn, be performed at the South this winter by the same lady.

STANLEY; or, the Recollections of a Man of the World: *Lee & Blanchard.*—This is an American work; the name of the author is not, however, revealed. It equals any of those which are now flowing so fast from the press of our country, and in point of literary composition it is superior to many of them.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—The publishers, *Lee & Blanchard*, have issued, complete in one volume, the first part of this peculiarly interesting narrative. The illustrations are numerous and characteristic of the story. Charles Dickens, the notorious “Boz,” is the editor of the work in question.—*G. & C. Carvill.*

NAPOLEON MEMOIRS—Evenings with Prince Cambrésis.—*E. L. Carey & A. Hart.*—The author seems possessed of the necessary materials for the formation of a valuable record of past events. We have not read it through, but what we have satisfies us that it is one of great interest.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

AN EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY IN AFRICA. *E. L. Carey & A. Hart.*—This work is the production of James Edward Alexander, under whose conduct the expedition commenced its tour of discoveries. The volumes are interspersed with anecdotes illustrative of African manners, together with a brief description of the chase as conducted in that wild country. It is an invaluable work.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

THE MIDDY: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart.*—This is another of those numerous productions, the foundation of which is laid on the ocean. The interest of all such narratives are mostly of a nature calculated to enlist deeply the feelings of the reader.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

ROMANCE OF VIENNA: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart.*—Here we have the famed *Mrs. Trollope* again. Her mind is ever active, and consequently she is always engaged with something or other—whether it be of a libellous or innocent nature it is the same to her. Her powers of description are great and they would do honor to a more worthy owner. There is a peculiarity about her writings that we have ever admired, although we strongly condemned her illiberal and prejudiced opinions.

BRITISH SENATE: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart.*—The author of the "Great Metropolis," has, apparently after much labor and research, succeeded in manufacturing the "British Senate; a second series of "Recollections of the Lords and Commons." It is a work, we doubt not of much truth, inasmuch as the author states he has done every thing in his power to insure the greatest possible accuracy in his statements. The description of the opening of Parliament by the young queen, Victoria, will amply repay a perusal.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

EDITORS' TABLE.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, Barclay street.—A most magnificent collection of pictures has just been opened in Barclay St., each picture a study and a gem. Four are by *Dubufe*. One is a thrilling scene from *Lord Byron*. The quiet and holy picture of *John in the Wilderness*, is of itself sufficient to place the artist at the head of modern painters. The *Circassian Slave*, and the *Princess of Capua*, the one a portrait, the other an illustration of a common Eastern custom, are both full of *Dubufe's* peculiar excellence. The satin drapery about the former is perfection in its way. But the principal attraction of the room is an immense picture of the *Destruction of Jerusalem*, by *Titus*, for the first time exhibited since it came from the hands of the artist. A day might be well spent in examining this fine painting, and each hour would end in the discovery of a host of rich beauties, unperceived by the careless observer. It is indeed a rare production. The *Revolt in Paris* is the only remaining scene which is of deep interest and finely executed. The whole entirely fills the exhibition room, which is fitted up with excellent taste, and with a regard to light which gives a most beautiful effect.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. B. SNOWDEN.

The sweetest flowers that gem the gay parterre,
In transient beauty bloom, and fade away:
And mem'ry fondly sighs o'er flowers that were
The fleeting shadows of the by-gone day.

And thou art gone! gone to thy narrow home
Ere rip'ning years had nursed thee into bloom,
To that bright world where angel spirits roam
Whose op'ning gates are in the silent tomb.

Spirit of maiden purity, farewell!
Claim'd by the holy sisterhood of Heaves,
In endless realms of light and life to dwell,
Sinless in soul—in lighter sins forgiven.

W. Z.

JULIETTA GORDINI; THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.—We have read the manuscript of this play carefully and critically, and consider it a valuable acquisition to the dramatic literature of our country. The plot is intensely interesting and is developed with great skill and judgment. The language is simple and effective and distorted by none of those unnatural inversions so common among our modern play-writers. The author has also, with great good taste we think, resisted several grand opportunities for inserting ranting and raging speeches in his piece. There is much fine sentiment, glowing imagery and touching poetry in the performance, all in accordance with the characters which utter them and flowing naturally from their position in the story. We learn that *Mr. Isaac C. Pray, Jr.*, is the author.

The annexed article will be read with pleasure by those who feel the importance of a Christmas dinner. The author has conceived and executed his work in a truly poetical style. He is evidently inspired much by his knowledge of the standard poets. This is betrayed in his style:

THE TURKEY—A CHRISTMAS PIECE.

I saw the Turkey in his matchless pride;
The barn-yard ground, with crest erect, he walked.
His subjects marched behind and by his side;
And he Grand Turk of all, imperious stalked.
No crowned king could with this fowl compare
In his majestic step and stately air.

Himself at his full height he proudly raised—
Each other Turkey meekly bent his head,
And then around him in contempt he gazed,
And, could he speak, I'm sure he'd thus have said:
"Show me the Turkey on this farm, I say,
That from myself can bear the palm away."

Thus thought the Turkey, and in grandeur stood;
But soon the ruthless farmer-boy drew nigh—
His right hand sternly grasped a club of wood,
His sleeves up-rolled, and murder in his eye.
With direful force he struck one deadly blow,
And on the ground he laid that Turkey low.

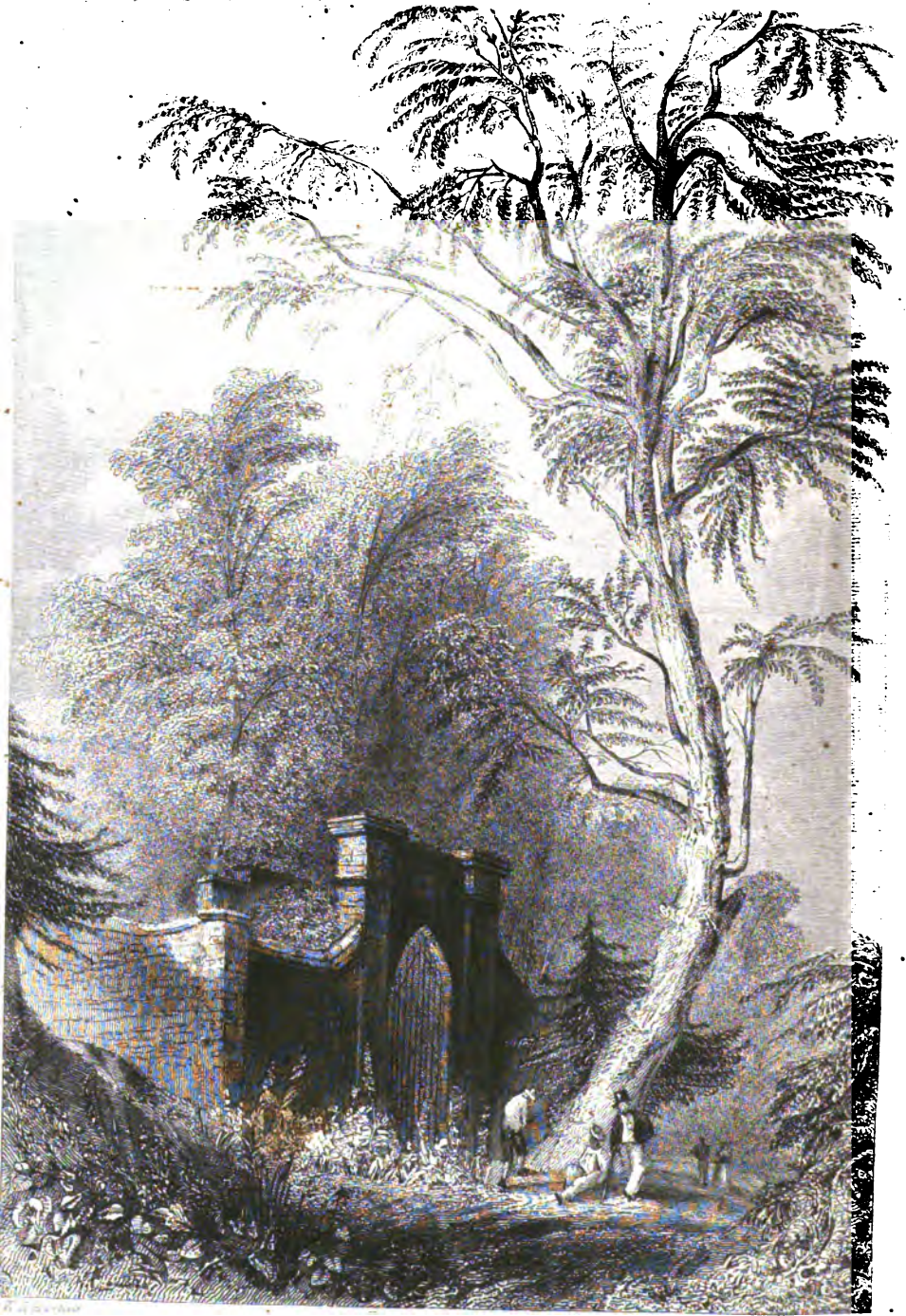
The Turkey fell; but struggled still with death:
His eye a look of stern defiance wore;
And, half up-raised, he madly strove for breath,
Then gave one desperate gasp, and—all was o'er!
And here this moral is impressed on all,
That soon or later, pride must have a fall.

Ah, hapless Turkey! Hard was thy sad fate!
For o'er thy mangled corpse, in joyous glee,
Matrons, maids, urchins, each before a plate,
Shall mingle laugh and mirth and jollity,
Until, at last, satiety shall be,
And they are full of happiness—and thee!

And ye, the offspring of that luckless bird,
Will ye not sigh, and weep, and rave, because
He whose sweet gobbles have so oft been heard,
Is gobbled up himself by human jaws?
And cackle curses 'gainst that custom grand,
Which spreads such havoc through all Turkey Land?

The happy parents, for their children's joy,
Have made ye parentless; he who was living
Yesterday, your sire, now dead, they do employ—
Grief infinite to you—for their thanksgiving.
So goes the world; what's happiness to me,
Another's direst curse, perchance, may be.

Reader—these lines a moral good contain,
Which you with care may easily discover;
I shall not deem my verses are in vain,
If you will deign to con that moral over.
Yes! In these stanzas of an unfledged pen,
A lesson is to Turkey—and to men!



Printed by G. Miller

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON.

Designed for the Ladies' Companion.



for
MICH

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1839.

Original.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE Tomb of Washington! Let the eye dwell upon this sacred picture; let these words, which contain a mournful history of death and of departed greatness, linger within the heart till all the sad and yet glorious associations connected with them are awakened.

The Tomb of Washington! To every son and daughter of America, these few simple words convey a melancholy and powerful meaning. Feelings of mingled affection, pride and regret awake in the bosom, like those aroused by a strain of funeral music, when drums are muffled, and crape streams gloomily from the folded banner. Solemn thoughts of greatness mingling with native dust, beneath the shadow of those trees, impress us with the majesty of that mind which has endowed a nation with its own greatness and with the magnitude of those deeds which have coupled the name of Washington with reverence and love, not only here among his own children, where the effects of those deeds are daily and hourly felt, but abroad, throughout the civilized world, in the humble cottage of the European peasant; on the throne of the Autocrat; in the palaces of kings; nay, in the regal halls of that very monarch whose power he braved, and from whose grasp he wrested a Nation's freedom. The grand, the sublime, the thrilling and the beautiful, all mingle and grow strong in the heart while dwelling upon this subject. The soul becomes agitated with deep feeling, like the ocean when waters are surging darkly up from its secret caverns, and are breaking away, wave after wave, in the broad sunshine. The gloom of the grave is there, but the glory of past deeds is shed all around it, telling of the Hero's life on earth, while a soft and placid light breaks gently up from the horizon beyond the tomb, speaking of that home which is shared by the Hero and the *Christian* in Heaven.

To those who can feel the true loveliness and dignity of nature, there is something heavenly in the solemn repose which hallows the Tomb of Washington. There is a sublimity in its very lack of ornament, well befitting the last resting-place of a Republican General. Let an Alexander the Great, or a Napoleon, men who conquered from a love of conquest, be perpetuated in marble, lofty as their own ambition, cold as the hearthstones their arms have made desolate. Let them be confined in gold, rich with the spoils of victory, and blazing with gems wrested from the crowns and sceptres which they have recklessly trampled beneath their feet. For these things they conquered, and by these things let them be remembered. But Washington, our father, needs none of this. He fought only for the redemption of his native land, and while one rood of that land remains

firm against the beatings of the ocean, his name will be remembered, and he will need no other monument. He fought for his native soil, and by that soil alone should his tomb be decorated. The sculptor might exhaust his art, and the graver his skill, to embellish that tomb, yet the most exquisite workmanship would but mar the simple and quiet loveliness which now lingers about it. Upright and unostentatious was his character—silence and verdure should for ever dwell about his last resting-place.

It has been in deliberation to remove the remains of Washington to the seat of General Government, but to those who hold the ashes of the dead as something little less than holy, it would be almost sacrilege to disturb his august repose, even to gratify the pride and patriotism of a nation. True, it would seem but fitting that his burial-place should be in the marble aisles of the capitol, that the shadow of his presence might fall like the wings of an archangel over that place where Senators and lawgivers assemble to regulate the power which his firm mind and strong arm secured to them. The presence of the illustrious dead might have a salutary moral influence on the deliberations of the living. It would seem that ambition might stand rebuked, and the clash of political factions be hushed beneath the dome which sheltered the body of Washington. But if the moral influence of his example prove insufficient to keep the altar of liberty unstained, and the temple of laws sacred to justice alone, neither would the presence of his venerated dust have that effect. To the man who could feel the solemnity of his presence as it should be felt, with the glow of patriotism and the enthusiasm of poetry, the holy associations connected with his remains could never grow dim; but to the mass, their very nearness might take something from the feeling of awe which now lingers about his tomb. No; let his remains rest in peace; the crowded thoroughfare and the arena of political strife is no fit mausoleum for the body of Washington. Let his tomb remain in its simple beauty, where the sunshine falls pleasantly through the overhanging branches upon it, and the breezes of heaven fan it with their invisible wings. May it still remain where the blossoms of Spring lavish their perfume amid the tall grass, and the leaves of Autumn rustle a solemn dirge to the breath of coming Winter. Let a guide be ever in readiness to conduct the stranger through the sacred shades, and that guide a pensioned soldier of the Revolution, so long as one of the venerable band remains to perform the office. And when the last one shall disappear from among us—when the minute gun sounds forth the death of a generation, let the Tomb of Washington be opened, and that soldier be placed at his feet, that their dust may be mingled together, the *first* and the *last* of an illustrious army, which will then have disappeared from the face of the earth for ever.

Original.

REPARATION.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

THE winter sun was sinking behind a low range of hills, which bounded the village of Bellefonte on the east, as a party of huntsmen were returning from the chase. The foremost of this little band, a handsome, well-formed youth, with a frank and merry countenance, paused for a moment to watch the last beams of the declining luminary. The landscape that lay before him, though clad in the ghostly shroud of winter, might well claim the attention of an ardent admirer of nature. The long, irregular hills on one side, the mountains on the other, the roofs of the village, and the banks of the meandering Undaga, were covered with a shining crust of snow, which sparkled in the last rosy rays of daylight. Here and there, tall evergreens, magnificent trees of the forest, displayed their green adornments, contrasting beautifully with the snow-wreaths that encumbered them. The band of hunters we have introduced, were sons of the Green Mountains, and their homes were in Bellefonte, that prettiest of New England villages. The dress of their leader, though half savage, was quite picturesque. From his fox-skin cap depended the rustic ornament of the bucktail, his green frock-coat, trimmed with fur, was buttoned to his throat, and relieved by a bugle worn at the side. The lower limbs of the youth were defended by strong deer-skin leggings, the seams of which were fancifully worked, while the formidable rifle reposed upon his shoulder. A powder-horn balanced the bugle, and a buck-skin pouch contained other muniments of sylvan warfare. A shaggy hound walked demurely at his heels, who, but for certain stains of blood upon his thick coat, might have been deemed a peaceable companion. He now seemed to claim the attention of his master, thrusting his rough muzzle into the youth's hand wagging his tail and uttering a low whine.

The young man sighed as he bestowed the expected carress. "My poor Hylax," said he, "you are now the only friend of thy race I have. Be of good heart, old fellow, for to-morrow we must avenge the death of Marcus."

"So you're really determined to hev a brush at the b'ar to-morrow?" asked one of the party, "even if you go alone."

"Go alone!" thundered a Hercules of a fellow, a curly-headed giant, with blue eyes and a cheek like a winter apple. "Who talks about the cap'n's going alone? I'm booked to go along with him, if none of the rest follows in the trail. I should be a pretty sargeant for the Bellefonte Rangers, if I heern my superior officer talk about going to battle with sich a somniferous monster, and never volunteered my services. No, no! Cap'n Ashton, 'Lisha Brashley is not the chap to turn his back on friend or foe."

"Thank you, Sargeant," replied Ashton, shaking hands warmly with the gallant woodman, "the affair is settled—to-morrow we beard Bruin in his den. Both of us have a pique against him."

"And that's true, cap'n," said the Sargeant; "he's carr'd off, first and last, as much as half-a-dozen of my sheep, and be hanged to him. He must be shocking fond of mutton, that critter."

In the meanwhile the little band of woodmen had dispersed, and Brashley and the captain were left alone. The sun had sunk, and the brief but glorious twilight of mid-winter had faded entirely away.

"Good-night, cap'n," said the Sargeant of the Bellefonte Rangers, shaking hands with Ashton once more. "Pleasant dreams to-night, and to-morrow—to-morrow for the varmint. If Kate fails," he added, glancing at his rifle, "by George, I'll get another shooting-stick.—But my wife'll be rampagious, so good-night once more—and, as that 'ere song you're eternally singing, says

'We sorrow, we sorrow for the dog that's gone—but then To-morrow, to-morrow we'll rouse him from his den.'

And with this fragment of a ditty on his lips, the gallant sargeant disappeared.

"Happy fellow!" ejaculated Ashton. "You have a cheerful home, a lovely girl to welcome you, and children to climb your knees, while I return to witness the melancholy moroseness of a father, nor have I the cheering certainty of being beloved by her whom I adore. And even if this were the case, how many obstacles might oppose between us. I will see her to-morrow and satisfy my doubts. 'Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards.'" With these words, he shouldered his rifle, whistled to his dog, and cheerily descended to the village.

Young Ashton and his father were not natives of Bellefonte; they had removed thither a few years previous to my story, at which period the elder Ashton purchased the small farm which his son now cultivated. He was a widower, and his sole domestic was a wrinkled crone of some fifty winters, who was a veritable sovereign in those parts of the forest farm-house which were committed to her sway. But there were other portions of the building where Dame Briarton's influence was unfelt. The father and son had each his apartment sacred from the foot of woman. Arthur's room was kept in good order, notwithstanding the miscellaneous materials accumulated within it. There were books, music, a guitar, rods and lines, boxes of artificial flies, hunting and powder horns, the equipments of an officer of Rangers, and the easel and other implements of an artist. A few fine pictures on the walls, decorated by frames of bird's-eye maple, attested the skill of the owner of this apartment. If at times a few blotted pieces of paper strewn upon the carpet, proved an occasional sacrifice, to the Nine, the fair reader must not consider my hero insane—no—he was but twenty and in love. One of his pictures was a portrait of his mistress. The face was a fine oval, and the dark complexion assimilated well with the pensive expression of the faultless features. The pencil had done all that pencil could do in portraying those love-like eyes, swimming in lustre, and shining through a soft moisture—as the stars beam through the dews of heaven. A cloud of silken black hair fell upon the polished shoulders. But it was not the chiselled beauty of the features, the harmony of all the

tints that made the charms of this delicious face, it was the expression of blended intellect and modesty, which rendered it enchanting, and invested the sweet image with a magical influence. The portrait had been painted in a moment of inspiration. Arthur was proud of his skill, but prouder of the likeness—it was enthroned the *genius loci* of the place, as the fair original had been erected into the divinity of his heart—so that those fair eyes were the first which greeted his own at waking, and the last on which his looks reposed at night. It seems as if his orisons were purer for having that mute witness of his devotion—there were times when his fancy almost deceived him into the belief of the actual presence of his beloved idealizing all his views, and purifying all his wishes.

But it was not to this apartment that Arthur bent his steps upon returning from the chase. He made his way to the *sanctum* of his father. This was a large room with a huge old-fashioned fire-place, and the ceiling was crossed by naked rafters of white-oak. The furniture was of the plainest description, but it boasted an admirable collection of books enthroned on the shelves of old worn-eaten book-cases. There were ponderous folios, and airy duodecimos, and dark velums contrasted with the gaudy exteriors of modern edition, while their contents were as various as their weight and dress. The satirical spider wove his meshes undisturbed over weighty tomes of controversial theology, on which the book-worm only preyed. History displayed its numerous quartos, while modern poetry conceitedly assumed a place beside medicine and jurisprudence. Justiman was elbowd by Moore, and Aristotle crowded hard by Byron. In the midst of this apartment sat its owner, a stern, grey-haired man of fifty-five, at a table which was covered with books and manuscripts. Many of these had fallen to the carpet and there formed a cordon around him, so that he might have been fancifully likened to an astrologer of the middle ages, in the centre of his magic circle. Luke Ashton looked up as Arthur entered.

"Well, my son, returned at last! What sport?"

"Indifferent," replied Arthur, carelessly, as he flung himself in a seat.

"I'm glad of it," replied the senior, coldly, "because, to-morrow I can pin you down for that unexplained passage in Plato's republic."

"You must excuse me, sir," replied the youth; "Plato's mysteries must be unexplained to-morrow. I have stirring game on foot—the unearthing of a sort of monster from his mountain fastness."

"Indeed, my boy! And pray what sort of *monstrum horrendum* is the object of your enterprise?"

"The bear, sir. He has been the terror of the neighborhood for a year. He has a long account of plundered folds to answer for—and to-day has added another to his list of crimes. The best dog that ever brought deer to bay, or bled for his master, has paid the penalty of his gallantry. Marcus is dead!"

"Ah! is he?" replied the old man indifferently as he resumed his book.

"Is that all!" muttered Arthur to himself. "Well,

my father is a very clever scholar, but one would think that literature had given him a kindlier feeling for wood craft."

"Arthur," cried the father looking up again, "are you bent upon the chase to-day?"

"Aye, determined, sir. I have sworn to destroy the monster—his life or mine."

"It is thus," said he, musingly, "that man ever seeks his foe. If it be a brute, through snow and ice, through fire and flood he rushes to his revenge. But if it be a human foe he seeks—God help the man who crosses his path! Arthur! may you never know what it is to avenge a mortal injury."

As if ashamed of his vehemence the old man shaded his face with his hands, and appeared absorbed in his book. Leaving him to his studies, Arthur descended to the sitting-room, engrossed in the sublunary care of providing for his bodily wants. Old mistress Briarton was bustling about, busied in setting out a table, which speedily groaned under the profusion of the viands heaped upon it. There were venison steaks, hot bread and ham and eggs, while a huge coffee-pot sent up a savory stream from its spout.

"Fine times," cried the old dame, tartly, as our hero entered, "when you make no bones of keeping the table waiting half an hour, and disappointing us after all. Here I've been obliged to cook another supper for you. And then your dogs—like master like man—only one of 'em ready for his victuals. The other will be coming in just as I am clearing things away, I warrant."

"Marcus will never trouble you again," said Arthur, "he is dead."

"What do you mean?" cried the old woman, who, after all had a kindly heart. "Dead, Marcus dead? And how came that?"

"The bear," said Arthur.

"The nasty wretch!" cried the old woman, "there's no end to the trouble he's caused. And Marcus was a good cretur after all, and very fond of you, Mr. Arthur. You wouldn't have had so many antlers on your walls if it had'n't been for him."

"I know it, dame," replied the young man, "but to-morrow Bruin pays the penalty. Brashley and I are going to wake him right early."

"Oh! you won't go near him, Mr. Arthur," said the old lady.

"No farther than into his den, I assure you," replied Arthur, laughing.

It was with uplifted hands and eyes, that the ancient dame conjured the young Nimrod to forego an adventure which seemed to her so fraught with danger; but all her remonstrances proved fruitless, for as the young man lighted his bed candle, and bade the dame good night, he again expressed his determination to follow the trail of the bear. Fatigue and exercise soon threw the young huntsman into a profound sleep, from which, however, he was awakened at the dawn of day, and sprang from his couch as the first grey light crossed the Eastern horizon. He was rapidly attired and equipped, and after dispatching his break-

fast and feeding his dogs, was ready to take up his line of march. Mrs. Briarton, now in her blandest humor, a singular medley of smiles, and tears, and snarls, bade him take good care of himself, as she tied a fur comforter round his neck, and gave him his wallet of provisions. She watched him anxiously as he departed from the house.

"Ah! he's a proper nice young man," she cried, "and it would be a thousand pities if he came to harm. But goodness gracious! what is the boy about? He isn't taking the road to the mountain. Perhaps he's grown wiser than he was a moment since, and has given up the scheme. No, no! he's going to Mrs. Markham's. Aha! I suspect! I suspect! Well, well, Miss Isabel is a pretty girl and a sweet-tempered one, and they do say that the old lady has a power of money, kept in the banks away down to Boston and New-York. Well, well, he might go farther and fare worse—as the frying-pan said to the fish."

Meanwhile Arthur diverged from his path, and approached a neat white dwelling, which stood somewhat remote from the beaten road. Its walls in summer were covered with verdure, for its fair inhabitants were fond of flowers, and literally embowered their habitation in luxuriant vines. But these had disappeared beneath the icy breath of winter, and now to the wan trellices, clung only the skeleton stems and withered tendrils, which rattled in the passing blast. To our hero, however, even these poor legacies of summer had a charm. The whole landscape was steeped in the sunny hues of his warm fancy, and he felt as a bird in approaching its native bower. The cloudy sun had now rose above the Eastern horizon, and the many paned windows of Isabel's dwelling flung back its light in diamond rays. With the familiarity of an old acquaintance, Arthur opened the outside door, never locked in that peaceful and hospitable section of the country, and soon stood within the little parlor. A lovely girl stood with one arm resting on the mantel-piece, gazing vacantly into a bed of glowing embers, where, perhaps, her fancy was shaping out likenesses, or building castles. She started at the step of a visitor, and we may pardon her if she gave one thought to the simple dress in which she was attired.

"Mr. Ashton!" she exclaimed, in a pleasant tone of surprise, "an early visitor!"

"I should apologise," began the youth.

"I am sure you shouldn't," said the young lady, "I am very glad to find you an early riser. Equipped too, for the chase. Bravo! the very Nimrod of Bellefonte. And so you are going to make war upon my favorites—the deer—it's a pity they're such awkward creatures—

"To hunt the deer, with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way—"

"Nay, Miss Markham, my presumption will not, I trust, cause a single 'stag of ten,' to rue

"The hunting of this day."

I am going against a more formidable antagonist—the bear of yonder mountain."

The cheek of the young lady turned pale. "Oh, no,"

she said, "you are jesting. Let me hope you will not enter into collision with that dreadful animal."

"The adventure is not so very terrible," replied Arthur, gaily, pleased at the interest displayed by Isabel. "Your bear is a very prudent animal, and 'tis tea to one he may fly at the first intimation of our approach. I say *our* approach, for I'm not going to venture into the conflict like a veritable knight errant, unarmed and unattended, for I have for a squire, our trusty and well-beloved Elisha, surnamed Brashley, sargeant of the Bellefonte Rangers—and our good hound Hylax, would worry a Hippogriff."

"And why not, Mr. Ashton, since Brashley's a host in himself, let him go alone?"

"Nay," replied Arthur, "I must share his danger if danger there be. Brashley is married—has children; if he meets with harm, how many hearts will bleed for him—while I, save my father who would mourn my fate—I am a waif upon the waters of existence—the sea of fate may overwhelm me, and none bewail my loss."

"You do yourself injustice," said Isabel, with a faltering voice, "you have many friends who would lament your loss."

"There is one alone whose sympathy I crave!"

Their eyes met—an electric glance revealed to each the other's secret. Hope suddenly enkindled in the breast of Arthur. He sprang to the side of the blushing girl, and took her hand. She made no effort to withdraw it. The next moment he was pouring forth his vows and confessions, mingling with them his hopes and aspirations, his lofty views, his chivalrous desires. They had reached that moment of their lives when the delights of memory and hope are lost in the bliss of the present. Their spirits mingled like two clouds that meet in the sunshine of the summer heaven. Wrapt in that entrancing communion of soul, they were lost to earth and its grovelling desires—purified and elevated by that holiest of passions. The tongue of the clock marked the rapid flight of time, and the hour of departure, and Arthur, after one permitted embrace, tore himself away. Isabel watched him with tearful eyes as he slowly and reluctantly resumed his path, often turning to wave a mute adieu—to sigh a passionate farewell—

"And oft he turns a truest eye,
And pauses oft and lingers near;
But when he marks the brightening sky,
Away he bounds to hunt the deer."

At the appointed trysting-place he met with Brashley fully equipped for the chase and accompanied by a couple of staunch hounds. Hylax gave them a look of angry jealousy, and bristled his crest as he followed sulkily in the footsteps of his master. The salutation of the woodman was frank and cheering, and the two companions, side by side, resumed their march. Their progress was soon impeded by drooping branches, by thorny vines and the slippery nature of the footing; but encouraged by beholding fresh foot-prints of the bear, they struggled along upon his trail. Here and there they found a sprinkling of blood, faint and dimmed, as if spilt the night before.

"That fellow bears a grudge agin you, I'll be bound," said Brashley. "You made your mark on the 'tarnal varmint last night, in red ink. I shall give his memory a jogging myself for fear he forgets his lesson."

They had now arrived at a scene of savage interest. A little opening in the gloomy pines, displayed a more gloomy torrent leaping from an overhanging rock into a stone basin, and thence finding its way to the lowlands over a rocky and broken channel. At every obstacle in its path, it foamed, roared, and scattered its spray upon surrounding objects. To the left of this torrent, lay the opening of a deep cave, the access to which difficult even in summer, was now highly dangerous. To this point the unerring scent of the dogs led them, and their clamorous baying was replied to by a low growl, from the lowest part of the abyss.

"There's the onrightheous varmint!" roared Brashley. "Snug enough in winter quarters. What's to be done now? It would be murder to send the dogs down, and the place is dark and pokerish enough. There'll be no use in a chance shot, for the entrance is winding."

"I have a thought," said Ashton, after a pause. "I'll go down into the cave myself."

"Go to destruction!" retorted the sergeant. "I've seed a man in the travelling caravan go into the tiger's cage and put his head in the cretur's mouth—but that was cakes and gingerbread to this. Pho! pho! you aint, you can't be serious!"

"Perfectly serious, I assure you—I have made up my mind. The thing is practicable; I will descend and shoot the monster where he is."

"Then, by George, you shan't go down alone. I'll keep you company if I die for't."

"No, sergeant, I must try the scheme alone. Your presence would embarrass me."

"Ha! ha! that's a likely idea!" roared Brashley. "No, cap'n, you don't shake me off so easy. I can't stand on the outside and see you thrusting your head into such a bear-trap."

"As your superior officer," said Ashton, smiling, "I command you to keep on the outside of the den. Think, my good fellow, you have a wife and children."

"My wife would never speak to me," said Brashley, stoutly, "if you so much as got your face scratched and I came home with a whole skin. She'd be mad enough to make a few remarks on my countenance herself."

"Then let me tell you," said Ashton, "you can be of more service to me where you are now. Reserve yourself and your fire for the point of danger. When I give the signal, you are welcome to descend."

Brashley reluctantly assented to the proposal, and Ashton began his enterprise. Grasping his rifle he began carefully to descend the dismal and slippery rocks, which guarded the bear's retreat. More than once he lost his foothold and came near being precipitated to the bottom of the cavern. But a watchful Providence sustained him, and he descended in safety. Straining his eyes to penetrate the obscurity of the den, he perceived a huge inert mass, something like a pile of rocks, at the farther extremity. A sluggish motion was perceptible in the heap, as a low growling issued from the

throat of the angry animal—then, as its head turned, two glaring eyes gleamed fiercely before the daring intruder. Now was the eventful time. Arthur levelled his piece and took aim between the flashing eyes of the beast. He pulled the trigger with a steady finger—a shower of sparks flew from the flint—but the powder in the pan refused to ignite. The bear arose upon its hind feet, gnashed its teeth and roared frightfully. Arthur cocked the piece with a steady hand, and drew the trigger once more. A blinding stream of fire gushed from the muzzle of the piece, a deafening roar broke upon the silence of the cavern, and the thick smoke rolled upwards to the vaulted roof.

"You done it!" shouted Brashley, plunging down into the den, regardless of his neck, and followed by the dogs, which no longer could be kept back. "Aye! aye," he added, as the result of the shot was evident; "the cretur's nigh his latter end, and my hunting-knife's a marcy."

With rash, but characteristic bravery, the huntsman threw himself upon the wounded beast, and sheathed his knife in his heart. Arthur raised his cap and wiped the perspiration from his brow—the formidable beast was dead.

Arthur hastened to communicate to his father the secret of his attachment to Miss Markham, desiring his early consent to their union. He had little, it is true, to offer her besides the devotion of his heart and hand, since his main dependence was upon the successful cultivation of his farm. He was surprised to find that the engagement met with the entire approbation of his parent, who acknowledged the beauty and worth of Isabel in the warmest terms.

"You have made a wise choice," he said, "and Arthur, you have not forgotten an essential to matrimonial felicity—a fortune."

"Upon my word, sir," replied Arthur, "I never thought of that."

"Never thought of that!" exclaimed the old man in surprise. "Now, Arthur, you are either a very great hypocrite or a complete simpleton. Come, come, I know you're not a fool. You've doubtless sounded the old lady on the subject of her daughter's expectations—you've made a bargain, I warrant."

Arthur was shocked at the unscholar-like cupidity and indelicacy that his father manifested. He was too new to the world to be callous to such emotions in a parent. At twenty, avarice surprises—at fifty, nothing can astonish. He hastened to disavow any mercenary views.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "perhaps your delicacy was politic; at least it was in character. Rash affection for youth—prudence for old age. Well, Arthur," he added, rising, and taking his hat and staff, "I must see Mrs. Markham, and arrange the preliminaries—ask her consent, and attend to the settlement. It would'n't be quite proper for you to present yourself until the result of the interview. Amuse yourself in the interim with reading. You will find Chesterfield in the book-case on the right. Good morning."

"Alas," thought Arthur, left to himself, "and cannot literature and science raise us above the sordid level of base minds? Do we know the courses of the stars, the bosom secrets of the earth, the powers of the material world, and yet possess no bridle to our passions? Have Plato and the stoics lived in vain? Pythagoras given fruitless instructions? Where shall we find the guide to peace and virtue, if we look for it in vain in the writings of the Eastern magi?" His eye fell upon a small clasped volume, bound in black. "The answer is before me," he exclaimed.

"Within this sacred volume lies
The mystery of mysteries."

He opened it and read some passages with humility. His pulse beat with calmness, hope reigned in his heart, and he met his father, returning from his mission, with a cheerful aspect. "What news, my father?"

A strange foreboding was awakened by the countenance of Luke Ashton. The veins upon his forehead were swollen, a dark frown lowered on his brow, and a sinister smile preyed upon his withered lips. He pulled his hat down on his forehead with violence, and dashed his staff upon the floor.

"What is the matter, father. Are you unwell?"

"You may well ask that question. No; well enough in body. I'm a fortunate messenger, and you are happy. You're a winning gamester, Arthur, and throw double-six every time you lift the box."

"Have you brought a favorable answer?"

"Mine are not the lips for messages of love. Go—learn your answer from the lips of her you adore. Go, go, be happy."

Arthur gazed upon the countenance of his father with an expression of doubt. The old man's agitation had passed away, leaving a calm expression on his face; but about the lips lurked that ambiguous smile we have before remarked. Arthur snatched his hat and hurried with all possible speed to the dwelling of his mistress. Isabel and her mother were both in the parlor. The countenance of the latter was flushed, and the eyes of the girl were red with recent weeping. Mrs. Markham bowed to Arthur, and then turning to her daughter, said, "Go, my child, I have that to say to Mr. Ashton, which it would be painful for you to hear."

Isabel clasped her hands, rose, and rushed from the apartment.

"Mr. Ashton," said the mother, "what I am about to say will give you pain, but I know not how to render it otherwise. You have sought the hand of yonder weeping girl. She can never be yours."

"Ah, madam!" exclaimed the young man, "you have shattered at a blow the fairest hopes that ever youthful fancy formed. I have loved your daughter long and devotedly. I did hope that you were aware of this, and did not frown at my presumption."

"I have seen your father. Ask me no more."

"Perhaps, perhaps," suggested Arthur, "his views may not have met your approbation. Permit me to declare that mine are different. I ask nothing but your daughter."

"I know it. I know your noble nature," replied the

mother, "but I must reject your suit. Too soon you'll know the reason of my determination. Providence has interposed a barrier between my child and you. I can say no more."

"Then I'm lost indeed!" cried Arthur, and giving way to the powerful tide of his emotions, he buried his face in his hands, and indulged in a flood of tears.

"After what has happened," said Mrs. Markham, "you will perceive that a removal from this scene is the only thing which can save my daughter's peace. My resolution is taken. By to-morrow night we shall be far from Bellefonte."

"And where shall I be," muttered Arthur. He sprang to the side of Mrs. Markham and grasped her hand. "I have but one request to make," he said. "I relinquish every attempt to gain the hand of Isabel. I give her up. I dare not question the justice of your decree, nor doubt a mother's judgment. Henceforth she shall be to me as an angel of light—as a star to shine on me from a distance—immaculate and unattainable. But to my human weakness you must grant this—one parting interview with her I love. I claim this as due to the overwhelming sacrifice I make."

Mrs. Markham, dreadfully agitated, answered, "You have my permission to see her for the last time. Let it be to-night."

We leave it to the imagination of the reader to picture the manner in which Arthur passed the time that elapsed before the arrival of the appointed hour for his interview. Long before that period, he was restlessly pacing in the neighborhood before Mrs. Markham's house, ruminating on the sudden change in his fortune. At length the shades of evening deepened the landscape, the stars came out in the blue vault, and the snowy cones of the pine trees sparkled in their clear radiance. The night was cold and clear, and the aurora borealis was beaming in the North. Arthur watched the streams as they shot up to the zenith and then fell to the horizon. "Such," thought he, "were my aspiring hopes, so they soared to mid-heaven only to be dashed to earth."

How often had he watched that magnificent aurora in the morning of his aspiration, when he attached a different meaning to its shifting splendors. He pushed open the little garden gate that stood invitingly ajar, and was at once in the little parlor. Mrs. Markham alone was there to receive him.

"Isabel is very ill this evening," she said, "and I thought you would give her time to collect her spirits while I prepare you for the interview. In order to do this I must tell you my story. It involves that of your father, and you must suppress your filial feelings while I comment upon his errors. In early life I met your father; he then bore another name. Luke Morden was young, gay and accomplished. His fine exterior and mental cultivation attracted universal attention, his motions were watched, his sayings recorded, and his movements commented upon. In the ball-room, the theatre, the crowded assembly, he was alike conspicuous. His fatal eyes were at length directed to me. Oh! I knew I was envied. I, the object of his passion—

ate devotion. He breathed his love in poetry and music. I was fascinated, dazzled—nay, my heart was touched. He was wealthy. I was poor, with no dowry but my charms. My guardian—for alas! I was an orphan—was opposed to a union so unequal, for he naturally reasoned that the passion of so celebrated a man would demand a more brilliant idol to render his homage permanent. Morden offered me a private union. I consented. Under the cover of the night I fled from the house of my noble protector to the arms of a lover. A few stages from the city we stopped at a rustic inn. There a priest appeared and performed the ceremony. For a short time we were happy. We lived in a lovely village secluded from the world. A barrier of hills, green with luxuriant foliage to the summits, shut us out from the busy world—its intrusive comments. A blue lake embowered in foliage reflected our charming dwelling and garden. Here floated the bark of my lover bridegroom, while at midnight stole up from the calm waters the music of his unexpected serenade. Ah! what a fairy life was that. I even now shed tears when memory recalls it. At length the hour arrived when Morden wearied of his retirement, where he no longer heard the plaudits of the world, nor received the homage of a brilliant *coterie*. He bore his situation with sullen fortitude; but soon his indifference ripened into disgust; he, he, deserted me—aye, fled. I was overwhelmed with despair, but the birth of a daughter came like a sunbeam to my heart. Judge, then, my horror when I received intelligence that the marriage ceremony was false—that I was a dupe—a victim. I next heard of Morden at another's feet—the accepted lover of a fascinating woman. The proof of the completion of his perfidy is before me. You are his son."

"And Isabel, his daughter! Gracious Heaven! what a sudden light has broken in upon me."

"This morning," continued the lady, "we met for the first time—for you know we both have lived secluded from the world since our arrival in this village. Agitated, alarmed, overwhelmed, I commanded him to leave the house, and fled from his presence. I will never see him more."

"Never see him more!" repeated a deep and solemn voice which made the lady tremble. "Behold him here!" Arthur turned and saw his father. "Eliza!" said Morden, "look at me, and see whether my life has passed happily since like a traitor I fled from my duty and from thee. Look upon this brow, furrowed by the lines of care. These locks, whitened, not by age, but grief. I have wandered far and wide—learning, business, war, have by turns, engrossed my time, but my heart has never been false to you."

"Never false to me!" cried the lady, "there stands the living witness of your faithlessness."

"You are mistaken," replied Morden, calmly. "Arthur is the child of a dear comrade who died, committing his infant son to my care. I swore to bring him up as the child of my bosom; to adopt and educate him in a manner worthy of his gallant father. I have kept my vow."

"Ah!" exclaimed the weeping lady, "had every

vow been kept thus faithfully, we might yet be happy. But you were perjured when you swore to be my protector and my friend for life."

"Listen to me," exclaimed Morden. "In that, you are deceived. My villany was defeated by the honesty of the agent I employed. He, repenting before it was too late, procured a real priest, and our marriage was solemnized by the sanction of divine and human laws. Here are the proofs." And here he extended to his injured wife the papers which substantiated his avowal. She perused them in silence, and when she again raised her eyes they were suffused in tears.

"Hear me, Eliza," said Morden in a tone of deep earnestness, "hear me ere I depart from before your face for ever—ere I go in bitter solitude to expiate my offences. I was voluntarily a wanderer from you but a brief period. A guilty passion led me for a while astray. I was spurned, rejected with contempt. I awoke to a full sense of the enormity of my offences. I resolved to see you and offer all that was in my power—my hand and fortune. I came back to throw myself at your feet, to do you justice, and to die. But that happiness was not reserved for me. I found our little paradise deserted—weeds had choked up its garden, and the cold winds of Autumn howled gloomily over its blue waters. I sought to trace you, but in vain. My agony, my despair, no words can picture. For years I sought you faithfully. Plunged as I have been into every species of excitement, they brought no balm to my broken heart. At length I have found you. I have given you the proofs of the legitimacy of our union. I dare not hope for forgiveness, but this I ask, do not destroy the happiness of these young hearts; let me see Isabel and Arthur Leslie happy in each other; as for me, no matter what becomes of me."

Mrs. Morden had risen from her chair; the tears were coursing rapidly down her cheeks, and her bosom heaved with agitation. Arthur sprang forward, caught her hand, raised it respectfully to his lips, kissed it, and then placed it in that of his father. It was precisely at this point of time that Isabel, pale and disordered, entered the apartment. She was speedily informed of all that had occurred. The joyful tidings brought back the color to her pallid cheeks, and more than the usual animation to her lustrous eye. We will not dwell upon the happiness of the re-united lovers. That night, when Arthur bade good-night to his beloved, he pressed her lips and she forgave him.

F. A. D.

Boston, Mass.

EXPERIENCE teaches that the sword, the faggot, exile, and proscription, are better calculated to irritate than to heal a disease which, having its source in the mind, cannot be relieved by remedies that act only on the body. The most efficacious are sound doctrines and repeated instructions, which make a ready impression, when inculcated with mildness. Every thing else bows to the sovereign authority of the laws; but religion alone is not to be commanded.

Original.
GLIMPSES AT GOTHAM.

NUMBER I.

BY JOSEPH H. INGRAHAM.

"*Nos populo damus.*"

UNLIKE other prominent metropolies, cis-atlantic, or trans-atlantic, anti-diluvian, or post-diluvian, New York possesses no individual civic character. It is a city *sui generis*. Baltimore is characterised by its high tone of refinement, its fashion and aristocracy, with decidedly a southern tone pervading its society. Philadelphia boasts its accurate taste in architecture and costume; its stable and most moral population, its quiet tone, the most polished elegance of manners is subdued by a quakerlike simplicity; its just taste reigning pre-eminent and like a leaven pervading all social ranks; and its literature, which next to religion is honored and cherished. Boston prides herself in her merchant princes; her literary nobility; her great names; her scholars; her opulence, and boasts too her moral and religious character. Literature is its characteristic feature, and it probably has produced and now contains more learned men than any other American city. To go on with the list. Portland is celebrated for its lawyers and beautiful women. Cincinnati for its doctors, scholars, and social literati. Louisville for its commercial enterprise. Lexington for its opulence and refinement. New Orleans for its modishness and prevailing French tone of manners. Every city has a distinctive feature—an individual character—and one too by which its citizens may most generally be identified. But Manhattan, Gotham, the glory of the key-stone state! the sovereign of American cities is yet without any distinctive mark. It has no identity, emphatically no character! A New Yorker! what is he? As mysterious and indefinable a personage as the shadowless Peter Schlemihl. The Philadelphian, —the Baltimorean, —the Bostonian, each is a marked man! An individual of a known species. He is *classed*! With each, we at once associate his proper metropolitan character. Dr. Franklin used to say, in the times when the side-walks of Gotham were constructed of round paving stones—that he could tell a New Yorker in the streets of Pennsylvania by his walk—the smooth pavements of Penn's city causing him to shuffle along as if he was walking on ice. But in this day of flag-stones and asphalt, this distinction no longer exists, and New-York is without a physiognomy: and for the next half century to come, the immense emigrant population of this city must continue to invest it with its present peculiarities.

Ostensibly the English language is spoken here; but really German or High and Low Dutch, or, else a broken superstructure of English upon a German basis are as commonly heard by the passer-by in many of the streets that ramify from Broadway, as French is in New Orleans. In every sense of the word, New York, if it can be characterised at all, must still, as in the days of Governor

Stuyvesant, be called a Dutch city: for such, with some modifications it continues to be. With the name Manhattan, (now with good taste being revived,) it has something of the spirit of the old town in its composition. Its old families are Dutch, or of Dutch descent. Dutch signs meet the eye at every turn. The floating population, deducting Irish and Africans, is mostly Dutch, and a majority of the laboring and journeymen artisans are of the same trans-atlantic origin. If therefore, there exists any distinctive feature in New York, compared with other cities, it consists in the Dutch air every where perceptible.

It has been sagaciously remarked that a peculiar individual of New York consists in the elongation of the nasal organs of its citizens. Now, that there are long noses in Gotham is doubtless true. But that there are to be found longer noses in Gotham, and more longer noses than in the other cities of the union requires demonstration. Sceptical myself respecting this round assertion, I sought this salvo to my credulity before I gave it implicit credence. I determined to see faithfully as impartially, and to admit no conclusion until I should be thoroughly convinced.

Broadway rewarded my search in presenting three aquilines to two pugs—while the usual intermixture of bottle, Roman, and piquant, were observable. But then every third aquiline might have belonged to a stranger; and I felt charitably disposed to let Gotham answer only for her own sins. The omnibusses gave five Wellington's out of seven, and Wall Street four out of five. Yet my desire to arrive at the whole truth and learn the right, prevented me from jumping to the irresistible conclusion that this general inspection offered. I resolved to wait, yet a while longer, and see if some other day the cards might not shuffle differently and turn up other trumps.

After three days diligent investigation, during which the visages of some hundred thousand bipeds must have passed under my scrutiny, the wisdom of my forbearance was evident; for on casting up both sides, a small balance was left in favor of the short noses.

"Be they bottle, pug, or sausage,"

That is to say, this class of brief noses carried the majority.

I had now nearly made up my mind in relation to this nosological branch of human science and had arrived at a conclusion in no ways flattering to the veracity of those travellers and scandalizers who had set down the worthy Gothamites as "men of mighty noses," when admirable to relate—wonderful to tell! a man passed my window with a nose—*suck* a NOSE! On it was plainly inscribed in large Roman capitals,

"HIC EST AUT MUSEUM QUOD QUERIS!"

"Here and no where else, indeed, is what I seek," I exclaimed, seizing my hat and stick. But the next moment the thought occurred to me that perhaps he was a stranger—and my heart sunk within me. But I inwardly resolved the vexed point should be decided and for ever put to rest by this nose, for to whatsoever city it should be proved to belong, it would mark that city to the exclusion of all others.

I sallied forth in pursuit.

It did not rain—it poured! The sun had not been visible for a fortnight. The streets were buried as deep beneath a superstructure of mud and water, as ever was Hercules. Every man carried an umbrella. The chase was half a square ahead of me, and going at full speed.

"This," thought I, "is in favor of his being a Gothamite—for they never *walk* but *rush* along the streets." And herein he was a New Yorker: for he 'scurried' along the pavé like a penny-post man. Skilfully he evaded the sea of umbrellas that rolled and waved about his head. By this I knew he was not from the country—what city then was to claim him! I was determined to know. He had to cross the street—but, although evidently in great haste, he went thirty steps out of his way to take the flags by a right angle. He must be a New Yorker, was my mental ejaculation. He neither lingered to gaze at any thing or any body—all that he passed seemed too familiar to his eye to attract his attention. "Alas, for Gotham!" I said. He bowed with a jerk of the head to several whom he met, just as a man does to acquaintances he is in the habit of seeing daily. "Gotham, thou art the city that owns this man!" thus thought I.

He turned down Wall Street, and as he got opposite No. 8, he stopped and looked in as if about to mount the steps and enter, when with a negative shake of his head he continued down at the same rate as before. This delay had enabled me to come up to within twenty feet of him. What surprised me, and at the same time made me almost certain that he was a Gothamite was, that his vast nose attracted no attention—no one turned to look after him—no one stared as he went by—no little boys shouted "Nosey!"

I lost him near the board fence that encloses the Custom House, amid a rabble rout that were looking at caricatures stuck thereon. As I was anxiously searching after him a dirty nosed urchin thrust a newspaper beneath my nose and shrieked out

"Baa'ny Morain' Nose, sir?"

"Do you see it?" I eagerly asked, my thoughts only on the nose, darting forward.

"Cricky, but he's a rum 'un!" said the imp, as I left him picking up his papers which in my haste I had jostled from his hand.

I soon discovered *the* nose. The nose which was destined to decide the fate of cities! He doubled the corner of Wall and William Streets. I was close at his heels! Suddenly he stopped before a store door, sprang and shut his umbrella, opened the door like one familiar with the premises and disappeared.

Here now had arrived the moment and opportunity of for ever putting at rest this question of noses. For in my own private opinion that nose would turn the scale, for or against any city, this or the other side of the ocean.

With a step weighty and solemn with the importance of my business, I lifted the latch and entering the shop I cast my eyes anxiously round. The gentleman with the nose and two little boys with pug snollers were the

only occupants. He with the nose appeared *behind* the counter, and bending over it with much grace, politely desired to know my wishes.

"He is the shop-keeper—therefore doubtless a Gothamite," thought I.

"Can I help you to any thing to-day, sir?" he asked interrupting my thoughts.

"Have you any nos—*gloves*, I mean to say, sir!"

"A superior article," he said, handing down several parcels.

I selected a pair.

"Bad weather, sir," I remarked, entering into a conversation preparatory to the grand aim I had in view—namely, to know what town gave him birth.

"Extremely, sir."

"You have a great deal of rain in New-York, I believe."

"No, sir. Never a city showed such a full pattern of blue sky the year round—why, sir—we get three per cent less profit on our goods here than in Boston, the shops are all so light—so much sunshine. I wish it was more cloudy, and the days were darker, for my part—this bright weather is ruinous to our business."

"No doubt, sir, no doubt. You have lived in New-York many years, I presume, sir?"

"Man and boy, and I may say baby too, for that matter—for I was born back here in Nassau street, I have lived here, and that's five and forty years come next Christmas. It's improved vastly in this time, sir. It's got to be a great and 'wonderful place now—the greatest I expect in the world next to London."

"It's the greatest and most wonderful nose I ever saw!" said I, unconsciously repeating his epithets, and gazing abstractedly on that organ.

"What, sir?" he asked, as if he had not heard my paraphrase.

"I beg pardon, sir,—you were speaking of New-York?"

"Yes, sir—a great place."

"Very."

"It is a bad day," he said, handing me my change, "I never saw the like before."

"Nor I!" I replied, looking significantly and wickedly at his nose. "Good day, sir!"

"Good day, sir."

Since I have heard the question of noses discussed at the table d' hôte; but I have held my tongue and husbanded my own wisdom.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

THERE is no rest for those who roam,
Burdened with a broken heart;
No hope—no dwelling-place—no home—
No human solace shall impart

To them the charm that made appear
All things of that sunny hue
That makes us wish to live and love—
Chagrin hath spectred all they view,
Farewell all hope below, above!

A wounded spirit who can bear?

Original.
THE CHRISTIANS.

A PASSAGE FROM THE REIGN OF NERO.

—
BY EDWARD MATURIN.
—

"They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision."—ANNALS OF TACITUS.

CHAPTER I.—THE CONSPIRATORS.

In a small apartment, strongly guarded by some of their own adherents, sat a small band of those, whom detestation of the tyrant and designs for vengeance had combined in a common cause. Humanity shuddered at the atrocities, perpetrated in the moments of whim and levity, and the minds of virtuous men were not less revolted at the crimes than the character of an Emperor whose chief delight was the blood of his people. Contempt formed also no slight ingredient in their revenge. A monarch who compromised the dignity of his throne for the humble distinctions of "a coachman and comedian," and who in his own person degraded the majesty of the empire he represented, by collision with the lowest classes, had claim neither to the respect nor allegiance of his subjects. Their reins of government were each day relaxed in authority, when its chief magistrate degenerated into a mere night brawler, masked for the purpose of enjoying his debauchery and excess with impunity. Yet there were many who flattered the vices of the tyrant, and dignified his follies with the name of talent, because they dreaded his frown; nor even did the Senate hesitate to pass decrees of servile adulation, extolling a son for the murder of his own mother, and proclaiming the anniversary of her birth-day as unhallowed in the calendar. But in that corrupt body there was one left (Pætus Thrasea) in whom the sense of virtue and natural feeling was sufficiently strong to restrain praise on such an occasion; and whose independence, in abandoning his seat, only marked him for the future vengeance of the Emperor, and formed an ingredient in his subsequent accusation.

"The conspirators," says Tacitus, "painted forth in glowing colors all his atrocious deeds, by which the Empire was brought to the brink of ruin; they urged the necessity of choosing a successor equal to the task of restoring a distressed and tottering state."

The Author of the present conspiracy was Caius Piso, whose noble birth derived additional lustre from his talents, which were uniformly employed in behalf of his suffering country.

At the head of the table, surrounded by several Roman knights, stood Piso; and on his right-hand, Fenius Rufus, commander of the Prætorian Guards, whose integrity as a public officer had insured the respect of the army and people. A single lamp illuminated the apartment, whose dim light gave an air of sternness to the visages of the group. Aware of the dangerous occasion for which they were assembled, and the vengeance which awaited them in case of discovery, each man stood with his sword drawn. Amid the various designs proposed for the downfall of the tyrant, each was anx-

ious to arrogate to himself the glory of a deed which would end the sufferings and degradation of his country.

"Why should we not," exclaimed Subrius Flavius, "strike the tyrant and avenge the honor of our country at the very moment he insults it? Even while in the garb of a comedian he courts the applause of his people—a blow struck at such a period will disclose its own motive."

"Were it not better," said another, "that he should fall in his midnight frolics; to fire the palace, and in the confusion dispatch him?"

The acquiescence in the last design was unanimous. There was only one objection to it: the *safety to themselves*, which must accompany its completion. As men sworn to the arduous enterprise of rescuing their country, they were willing to hazard their lives, and deemed the cause consecrated by the very dangers to which it exposed them.

"No!" exclaimed Piso, "let the blow be struck before the assembled people. Let them see, though they may patiently wear the chains a *player* has laid on them, that Rome has not forgotten her Brutus, and that his spirit has not ended with his age. Flavius hath spoken rightly—the moment of his fall should be while he insults his country and degrades the purple; let us also regard the majesty of the throne, insulted by the abandoned appetites of its prince, and stained with the blood of matricide. We have regarded his cruelties with too much indifference, and his vices with too much pardon; but it is time the sword should be unsheathed against himself, and those very vices be made the instruments of his death. Let us not wanton with the time in meditation, which should be devoted to action. A purpose like ours may cool by delay, and needs to be kindled by promptitude and decision. Each new day discloses a murder perpetrated in the moment of whim, or midnight revelry. Poetry and philosophy wither in the poisonous atmosphere of his throne, and the deaths of a Seneca and Lucan may yet be necessary to propitiate the monster, and appease his thirst for blood. But when he is insensible to the ties of nature, why should he feel the influence of those more distant? Perhaps even now while we deliberate, the fate of some one of us may hang in the scale, and his name may already stand on the roll of proscription."

As Piso concluded, every hand more closely clasped its hilt, while the frown and the compressed lip, denoted the sternness of resolve. A general murmur of approbation ran through the conspirators, which subsided in the sentiments which it originated. Like men intent upon the same end, each proposed a different means for its accomplishment. Some, in whom the sense of personal safety predominated, advocated private assassination; while others, by the publicity of the act, exhibited their utter recklessness of life in the vengeance which was sure to follow. The more pusillanimous proposed not only that the blow should be dealt by Piso's hand; but even during the hour of hospitality. But the heart of the conspirator was not so blunted to honorable principle as to accede to that proposal.

"What!" he exclaimed, "stain my household gods and dishonor my table with the blood of my princes! No; those who strike for their country, should do it in the full gaze of her children. If we fall in the attempt, we fall not like cowards, afraid to proclaim their act, but before the gaze of thousands who shall fire their children with the tale."

Immediately opposite to Piso, stood a man who had hitherto remained in silence; his arms were crossed on his breast, and one hand was concealed within the fold of his robe. From the tenor of his life, hitherto dissolute and effeminate, but little valor or stability of purpose was anticipated by his confederates. His features delicately moulded, and habitually mild in their expression, gave but slight indication of the resolution or hostility of a conspirator. What was their astonishment when the soft and voluptuous Scævius plucked from his bosom a dagger, claiming the honor and danger of the blow.

"Romans!" he exclaimed, "look on this dagger!—'tis sworn to liberty! I wear it for a tyrant. I have taken it from the Temple of Fortune, and invoked the blessing of that goddess on our enterprise. For liberty I wear it, and none shall forestall me in the blow. For me, I care not if I fall, but let the eyes of Rome be on me. Let the place then be the Circus, while he celebrates the games of Ceres. Let the hour of festivity be that of death, and the groans of the dying be echoed by the exulting shouts of his people. I have carried this weapon on my person consecrated to freedom, and have sworn not to part with it, till the task be accomplished."

There was a dead silence throughout the assembly, as they gazed, not more in admiration than wonder, at the change which circumstance had wrought in the disposition of the voluptuary. Scævius advanced to the centre of the apartment, and motioned the conspirators to his side. They surrounded him. He pressed the dagger to his lips, each following his example; and as he consecrated it to "*Jupiter Vindex*," each touched the hilt, and bound himself to "*Death or Freedom!*"

CHAPTER II.—THE CHRISTIANS.

"And is it true, my Claudius, as thou hast told me, that there is but one God?"

"Even so, Tita—a God who regards thee with the love of a father. A God, who, in his own being, embraces the power which thy faith hath divided among many. One, perfect as he is powerful, who looks on human sin only to forgive; whose altars stream not with the blood of beasts, but whose only sacrifice is the incense of a pure and contrite heart."

"Yet," continued the maiden, fearful to abandon her early faith, and almost persuaded to be a Christian, "hath not that faith a loftier beauty, which shows us a presiding power in all things, and diffuses the glory of Divinity through every object, whether it be the soft and sunshine stream, or the flower that grows upon its band?"

"Even so, my Tita, every object hath a God to thee. Thy faith, like the halo which circles the brow of thy

Olympian, would scatter its rays of worship on many; while ours concentrates its light on One. Thinkest thou, maiden, this teeming earth, and yon glorious sky, are the works of a Being fashioned and material as ourselves, the slave of passions, He affects to control in others, with whom the Disobedient hath no hope save vengeance, and the Virtuous no enjoyment save the passing hour of life?"

"Nay," rejoined Tita, "our faith limits not enjoyment to life. Elysium opens her gates to the happy, where wander the poets and sages, whose verses and precepts have been the land-marks of their age."

"And what," said the Christian, "can even the poet create in that Elysium to compare with the Eternity our God hath revealed to us? The poet will still rehearse his song, and the warrior repeat the story of his fight. Though the outward form of nature shall be changed, the low and perishable objects they have left on earth, shall yet be the theme of every tongue, and the desire of every heart. The Gods thou trustest in, whom thou hast worshipped as eternal, desert thee on the brink of the future, and leave thee to wander amid the darkness of the Stygian shore. Canst thou worship beings who doom thee to expiate the crimes themselves have committed; who have never enjoined a single law for the guidance of thy life, and yet punish thee for violation? Now look, my Tita, to the eternity of the Christian: the heaven I have told thee of is the dwelling-place of our God; and joys, such as the ear hath not heard, nor the eye seen, are the reward of those who in the steadfastness of faith forsake all for the love they bear Him. Emancipated from the body, our souls are purified from the lusts which bound us to life, and our senses cleansed for the enjoyments of a more perfect state. The saints who have worshipped here in faith, and the martyrs whose deaths have attested the truth of that faith, will form that glorious company of angels, whose harps shall hymn the praises of their God, and whose crowns of immortality beam as brightly as the stars of their own heaven."

"And is this change to all?" inquired Tita.

"To those who believe," rejoined the Christian, "even as I have told thee, in the words of our God,—'All things are possible to those who believe.' What can give us patience amid the scoffs, and courage amid the dangers which beset us—but that faith, which, like a ray can penetrate the cloud, and reveal the bright heaven which awaits us? An Enemy to our faith is on the throne, and while he persecutes, derides the tortures he inflicts. But the Christian can smile on the pains inflicted by an earthly hand, when he remembers they touch but the body, but cannot approach the soul. They are like the thorns which bound the brow of his Saviour, but could not quench the halo whose light was immortal. Such is the hope of the Christian; amid trials and sorrows he is supported by the sense that they endure but for a season, and that the hand that persecutes is as mortal as the victim."

"I tremble for the wrath of Jupiter," said the maiden, timidly, "should I abandon his altar."

"And wilt thou," replied Claudius, "continue in the

worship of him whom his very votarists have styled 'The Thunderer!' whose only attribute—power, is seen in the desolation of the lightning; whose sceptre falls in vengeance, but never paused in mercy. Bind not thyself to that faith, Tita," he continued, the earnestness of his manner deepening with the solemnity of the cause he advocated, "which poets and false priests have framed for the superstitious. A faith which Fancy hath written on her page, and bards have twined with the garland of their fiction. A faith which invites not to virtue, as it promises no reward, and leaves us to the guidance of a blind, corrupted nature. Life passes in the pleasures of a low and sordid sense, and the hour of death is unsupported by the assurance of happiness, or the promises of a revealed God. Choose, then, between the God of the Christian, whose laws are appointed, who hath declared his reward and punishment, or the Idol of thy creed, whose very altars are even now trembling before the weak and despised followers of the Cross."

Tita was silent, her hands were locked and her eyes were turned to that heaven where rest the Hope and Reward of the Christian. Claudius wept with gratitude, as his ardent hope construed the motion of her lip into prayer.

"Speak, Tita," he said, after a pause, "and let me hear thee say, thou art a Christian."

"I will worship thy God," replied the maiden, "but who will teach me to pray?"

"Thou shalt this night," he replied, "become one of his children. Thou shalt pray among his servants, and be baptized. The rites of our faith are poor and humble, even as He who preached it; nor altars have we, nor costly sacrifice. Its priests are the persecuted Christians, but the faith we follow is rich in the promises of eternity. Come with me, then, maiden, and the hymn of praise we sing shall be echoed by angels who joy in the repentance of a sinner."

CHAPTER III.—THE ASSEMBLY.

The Christians of whom Claudius spoke, were that night assembled within the walls of a prison. Paul, the Apostle, had been seized by order of the Emperor, and was appointed to die. Day and night his cell was filled with those who had been trained by his teaching and example, and the patience and fortitude which supported his last moments, illustrated the faith he taught.

The apartment in which they met, was a small cell connected with the prison. Rude, bare, and desolate, it was the last house of the Apostle of Him "who had not where to lay his head." At the head of the apartment stood a rudely-carved cross, which the fearless zeal of the Christians had conveyed within the walls of a Roman prison. His followers knew not the moment the Emperor might order his execution, and each night was spent in the prison of their pastor, hearing his instructions in the articles of their faith.

Claudius and Tita, as they approached the cell, heard the low and solemn murmur of prayer. "Thine must be a blessed faith," said the maiden, as she paused and listened, "which lends to the persecuted spirit repose

even amid the horrors of a prison." The sign being answered from within, the door was opened, and the Christians stood in the presence of the Apostle.

Claudius was in a moment at the feet of Paul, and the tear which fell upon the hand of his teacher, evinced the sorrow and affection of the disciple. "Rise, rise, my child," said Paul. "If we part, 'tis but for a season, and in the body; while our Spirits, free from the weapon of the enemy, rise to the God who gave them. Weep not then for me, but rather rejoice that the persecutor of God's church hath been called to support it, and testify to the truth of a faith he disbelieved."

"Rejoice with me, Father," said Claudius, rising and approaching Tita. He removed the mantle in which she had been disguised. I have led one more from the errors of a false creed to the fold of Christ. Bless and baptize her."

The apostle approached, and laid his hand on her head, while the assembly kneeling, fervently repeated the blessing he asked upon her conversion. "Welcome, welcome, my daughter, to our blessed faith," said Paul, rising from prayer; "thou art now one of those whom the arm of the flesh is raised to smite to the earth; but be of good hope and fear not, for ours is a creed in which life, its joys and tears are even as the mists of the morning, while the Future, for which they prepare us, shines with the strength and brightness of the sun. Then fear not, maiden, the hand of the strong may triumph over the body, and the very trials we endure below but make us fitter for the perfect company of Heaven." The Apostle paused, and as he steadfastly gazed on a young and beautiful girl devoting herself to a creed whose adherents were then the victims of unparalleled cruelty, the tears fell quickly, and his voice faltered with emotion. "My daughter thou art now surrounded by enemies, who may doom thee to the cross, or the horrors of the arena, but fear not." His voice became more indistinct as his mind reverted to the death which awaited him. "The moments I have yet to number are but few; a Tyrant is my judge, and his will is my punishment; yet I would see thee many times in this humble place of worship, and endeavor to seal thy faith by the words of a dying man." His head sank upon her bosom, and as she felt his tears, her first prayer to the God of the Christian was breathed for the deliverance of His apostle.

The last echo of their hymn had scarcely died through the prison, when distant shouts mingled with cries of horror and supplication to the Gods, were heard approaching, and gleams of fire flashed through the grating of the cell. "It is the hand of God," exclaimed the Christians. "He hath come to the rescue of his servant."

"It is a fearful flame," said the Apostle, "but whatever it bodeeth, as servants to the faith, we must bow to the will of God."

Still brighter grew the flames, and more tumultuous the clamors without. The assembly prostrated themselves before the cross; Tita clung to Claudius, and firmly repeated the prayer he offered up for protection, while the Apostle, as one whose heart was unaffected by

the dangers or accidents of life, stood in an attitude of composure, his arms folded on his breast, while at intervals he responded to the accents of prayer which breathed around him.

Footsteps were heard rapidly approaching, and the cry, "Seize the Nazarenes," echoed through the prison. The words smote on the hearts of the assembly, and confirmed to their excited fancies the horrors of their doom and the persecution of the tyrant. "Be of good courage," said the Apostle, with calmness, "the hand of God is over us." The words were no sooner uttered, than a band of the Prætorian Guards, headed by Fenius Rufus rushed into the cell.

In the consternation of the moment, the Christians forgot the admonitions of Paul, and turning to the soldiers, cried with one voice, "Mercy, mercy."

"Dogs!" retorted the guards, as seizing, they bound Tita and Claudius, scoffs and reproaches embittering the roughness of their manner. "Call on thy God," said one, "if He can, He ought to save thee."

"They have forsaken Jupiter," exclaimed another; "May His lightnings wither them."

A soldier approaching Paul with bonds, the Apostle extended his hands. "I am ready, yet unworthy," he said, "to bear chains and persecution for the name of the Lord Jesus."

"Who is thy God?" asked the soldier sneeringly.

"Even He," replied Paul, "who can change thy reviling into worship."

While these things were passing, Tita and Claudius being bound, had been separated. Rufus, the conspirator, friendly to the Christians, and performing an unwilling duty in their seizure, approached Claudius, and whispering quickly, "Have a good heart. On the Kalends the Tyrant dies, and thou shalt be free."

"God forbid," replied Claudius, "that blood should purchase my freedom. Why should I fear the death a God hath died?" Claudius was seized and placed in an adjoining cell.

CHAPTER IV.—THE BANQUET.

Torn from a faith she had but lately embraced, and from the presence of her young instructor, Tita was conducted by the guards to the presence of the Emperor. The conflagration which some have imputed to Nere—upon the ground that he wished to build a new city, and assign it his own name—and the odium of which, he in turn affixed to the Christians, was raging around them with violence, and they with difficulty threaded the narrow streets. The air was rent with the lamentations of those who were compelled to look, without a single hope, on the destruction of property and home. So rapid had been the advance of the flames, that wealth or household possessions were disregarded amid the general peril of life, and the endeavor to save it by flight. The young conducted the aged, and the impotent and diseased trusted to the support of the healthy. As each gazed upon the smouldering ruins of their homes, with the instinctive feeling of nature in the hour of sorrow and desolation, he implored the protection of a Super-

rior Power, and betook himself to the temple of his God.

Though Tita had not remained long in the assembly, the humility of the Christians, their fervor in prayer, and above all, the calm and sublime deportment of the Apostle, had already given growth to the seeds of faith which his words had sown in her heart. As she hurried through the streets, she endeavored to abstract her mind from the horrors of the scene, and close her ears against the bitter wailings which seemed to echo the triumph of the flames. She called to mind the prayer which Claudius had taught her, and as far as memory aided her, invoked the God of her new faith. At the very moment the prayer was on her lips, they passed the temple of Jupiter Stator. The flames had made fearful ravages on the edifice, eddying like the waves of a fiery sea through the broken arches, and around the solitary columns, that stood like Gods of a false religion gazing on the havoc they could not prevent nor avert. Priest and worshipper knelt in solemn prayer before the crumbling shrine, the embroidered robes of the former giving a ghastly reflection to the flames, which derided the power of their God, and sported with their religion.

As they passed the temple, a strong glare of light disclosed the altar and a golden statue of Jupiter. At the same moment, as by a lightning-stroke the statue fell from its pedestal. The crash gave a fearful echo through the surrounding space, and a surge of fire and sparks rose as from the tomb of the dethroned god.

Recently emancipated from the errors of a superstitious faith, her heart was still prone to omen. The Christian assembly, the resignation of Paul's manner when he alluded to his approaching death, and the calmness which seemed to mark him alone amid the consternation which surrounded him, all rushed to her mind, confirming the truth of her faith; and as she saw the downfall of the statue to which she had once knelt, the last tie of her ancient creed seemed to be broken, and "The God of the Christians be my God," burst from her lips.

That night the Tyrant banqueted amid the sufferings of his people, and the desolation of their homes.

In an apartment, to whose luxury, fancy, as well as wealth contributed, sat the guests. The ceiling was painted a dark azure to represent the firmament at night, while the thousand stars that glittered on its surface were of solid gold. The walls were hung in gold and silver cloth, in which jewels were so dexterously wrought as to represent mythological devices. Seats of solid silver frames surrounded the apartment, and at regular intervals were placed lamps, whose scented oil emitted a rich and intoxicating odor. The spaces were filled with marble statues of poets and orators.

Around the board loaded with the dishes of epicurean fancy, livers and brains of pheasants, tongues of peacocks and nightingales, sat the guests, crowned with garlands, while the soft and voluptuous music was dimly contrasted by the groans and shouting without. At the head of the table stood the Emperor's chair of solid ivory, inwrought with gold. It was vacant. By

its side stood a similar one, in which sat his mistress. Actè, an enfranchised Asiatic slave, to whose noble birth several men of consular rank had been suborned by Nero to swear.

Notwithstanding the cruelty of a disposition which knew no remorse, and sensuality which never felt satiety, a taste for music and dramatic exhibitions formed a prominent trait in Nero's character. He was so ambitious of applause, that when he appeared upon the stage he disposed an armed force throughout the theatre for the purpose of extorting approbation which better judgment withheld; and on one occasion the future Emperor Vespasian had well nigh lost his life for daring to sleep during the performances of the royal actor.

On the present night, while his city was crumbling to ashes around him, and his people left houseless and shelterless, the tyrant exhibited a fearful levity in his conduct. He had arrayed himself in the fanciful costume of Orestes—one of his favorite parts—and before he left the apartment, had been rehearsing a scene with Paris, a Parasite and an actor, to the delight of his guests, whose silence or censure would have marked them for his hatred.

He rushed into the apartment followed by Paris; in his hand he carried a small lyre. His face was flushed with wine, heightened by the exciting scene on which he had been gazing, and as he raised a full goblet to his lips, he exclaimed in a tone of savage mirth, "By the Gods, it is a glorious sight! burn, burn, Rome, aye, to thy very last stone. The flames of Troy flashed not more brightly to the avenging Greek. Pluto and his minions are abroad to-night. Drink, drink, sirs, to the havoc of the flames."

It was well understood that Nero had been the cause of the conflagration, for during its progress, incendiaries with torches and combustibles were stationed throughout the city, declaring they acted by authority.

The guests, one and all, rose, fearing to dispute his will, and pledged the ghastly toast in wine, which they wished were poison to the Tyrant. A dread silence prevailed through the apartment as they laid down their goblets, but the pale, compressed lips, and the stern brow which but ill repressed its frown, attested the feelings which lurked beneath a gay convivial demeanor. "And thou, my fair Helen," he said, turning to Actè, and pressing her hand to his lips, "by Jupiter, thy beauty might destroy a second Troy. The bride of Menelaus was not fairer. Psha," he continued, bursting into a loud laugh, why do I mention the dotard's name? Thou wilt not be false to me my Actè?"

At that moment Rufus entered the apartment, and approaching Nero, whispered, "She is here."

"Bravely done, by Jupiter," returned the monarch. "'Tis a night of triumph to me. Rome in ashes, and a mistress won! But the Nazarene?"

"Is in prison," replied Rufus.

"There let him rot," returned Nero, "cursed dog! Is it not sufficient he hath won her love? must he also corrupt her faith? Drink, drink, my Rufus, thou hast been faithful to me." The soldier raised the goblet, and in silence drank the death of the Tyrant. "Bring her

before me, good Rufus; I would see *her* in my power I have so long worshipped. *Meherc'le!* but her presence will give zest to our banquet. Bring her before me, and mark me, guard her well." He approached the soldier nearer, and whispered, "Let not Actè have access to her." The soldier bowed and withdrew.

Tita immediately entered accompanied by Rufus and a few of the Prætorians. Her face was declined on her breast, and completely shaded by the luxuriant hair whose curls clustered round it. Nero flung aside his lyre, and clasping his hands gazed on her in rapture, a sensual smile beaming in his eye, and playing in the curve of his lips. He rushed forward and fell at her feet. He seized her hand, and looking on her, passionately exclaimed, "Tita, I have loved thee long; smile on me, maiden; my throne shall be thine." The maiden moved not, nor answered.

A cry of surprise bursting from the guests as they rose from their seats, rung through the banquet-hall. "The Empress! the Empress!" was echoed by all. Nero turned, and beheld them pointing to her chair. It was empty. Actè had left the chamber. In a moment of intoxication he had been betrayed into inconsistency, and had ordered Tita before him while Actè was present.

CHAPTER V.—THE CELL

We left Claudius in the cell adjoining that of the Apostle. The suddenness of his seizure sufficiently disclosed to him the certainty of his doom, and the implacable will on which his life depended. He, however, enjoyed the privilege of daily intercourse with Paul, and from the contemplation of his example, and the inspired beauty of his instructions which contrasted the utter futility of life with the glorious prospect of the Future, derived a holy strength which fortified him against every pain to which he should be exposed.

"Master," he said, "it is my will to die with thee."

"Say not so, my son," returned Paul. "Not *thine*, but the will of God be done. It matters not how or when we die. Let but our last moments be full of assurance to God, and faith to His Son, and the sufferings we endure below shall be exchanged for that happiness the world cannot give. We part here but for a moment, my son; our meeting shall be eternal, and our joy shall no man take away."

Such were the exhortations of the apostle to confirm his faith, and diminish attachment to life, whose tenure at best was precarious.

His desire was at length granted; the execution of Paul and Claudius was appointed for the night before the Kalends. The period at once revived to the memory of the Christian the words of Rufus, "that the Kalends should see the Tyrant dead." He shuddered at the death even of his enemy, and actuated by the tenets of a religion which forbids retaliation for injury, or the entertainment of vindictive feeling, he not only freely forgave the Emperor, but desired, if possible, to save his life. The Kalends were approaching, and he himself was to die the night before. If he could absolve his conscience from privy to bloodshed, he was content to

die. There was one other reflection which embittered his approaching fate, and taxed all the powers of submission. He had not seen Tita since their violent separation, and she had been torn from him at the moment when her conversion to the true faith had consecrated their love. Nor was their separation more painful than the uncertainty of their next meeting. In this, however, he derived consolation from that beautiful portion of his faith, which taught him that the Future re-united the broken ties of life, and purified affection from the senses which controlled it here; that the tear with which we parted would be exchanged for the smile, and the suffering and broken-hearted forget the pain which dimmed the eye and bowed the head.

The night preceding the Kalends had at length arrived. He was appointed to die after the Apostle, and yet no opportunity had offered of divulging the conspiracy, and so acquitting his conscience from the secret which weighed on his last moments. He heard the tumult of the soldiers without as they prepared for the execution; and he stood momentarily expecting their entrance to conduct him to the place. As he thus stood, his last moments occupied in prayer, in which he implored a blessing upon Tita, the door of his cell opened, and the object of his thoughts and prayers was before him.

"Welcome, welcome, my Tita," he exclaimed, "even though it be in the hour of death. But why weepst thou, girl?" he continued, as clasping her to his breast he felt her convulsive sobs.

"Ask me not," she replied. "Thou art to die; the faith thou hast bound me to must be sealed with blood. Oh! my Claudius, was it for this I abandoned a creed which withholds not its protecting power from the humblest object on the earth? Yet, for thy sake, will I love it still, seeing it has not left thee comfortless or without support."

"Comfortless?" retorted Claudius, his eye beaming with that light which hope and truth had borrowed from a purer world. "Comfortless! I tell thee, Tita, the dungeon of my pain has for me neither darkness nor chains. Its solitude gives me the holier companionship of those thoughts which dwell within the Christian's breast; its fetters press lightly on my hands when I think on the glorious liberation of the spirit from all that is unholy and corrupt. Remember, maiden, that I told thee of, that we must pass through fear and tribulation ere the tainted soul can appear before God. The saint is content to pass through suffering here for the promise which awaits him beyond Jordan. Thou said'st rightly, Tita, I am not comfortless, for the last words of our Divine Master were, 'I will not leave ye wholly comfortless.' Canst thou doubt, my Tita, the care of our God, while Rome itself is in ashes, not one flame hath touched the prison of his servants?"

"And I," replied the maiden, "have seen Jupiter Station hurled to the earth. But," she continued with increased agitation of manner, "our converse must be brief, for the hour approaches. Guarded by Fenius Rufus, it is by his permission I am here. His last words were, 'The palace hath dangers for thee; return not.'

I flew to thee, for I heard this night thou wert to die, and if I could not perish, at least to receive thy blessing, and pray with thee."

On a sudden, the lateness of the hour and the conspiracy rushed to the mind of Claudius. His conscience shrank from the possession of its guilty secret, and on its disclosure hung the life of his enemy.

"Bear with me, Tita," he exclaimed hastily, "I must see the Emperor before I die. I have a secret which concerns his life and the safety of his throne. That disclosed, I die happy. The Christian forgives where he is persecuted, returning good for evil. The entrance to the prison is guarded; I could not pass in my own garment. Lend me thy mantle. I will return ere the hour of death arrives." Their raiment was immediately exchanged.

"Remember," said Tita, "I came to die with thee."

"Ere that hour I shall be here," replied Claudius.

"The God of our faith preserve thee," ejaculated the maiden, as the door of the cell shut Claudius from her view.

CHAPTER VI.—THE TYRANT'S MIDNIGHT.

Having passed the guards in safety, he flung the disguise from him as he approached the palace. Entering its gardens, he desired to see Epaphroditus, the Emperor's Freedman. With the narrow bigotry of an hostile faith, he distrusted the Christian, and doubted the truth of any intelligence he might convey. At length, after some importunity, his request was granted. "The Emperor is sleeping," said the Freedman. "When he awakes you shall be admitted to him."

It was midnight ere Claudius entered the palace; but the sleep Epaphroditus spoke of, was a broken and fearful dream. The tyrant tossed upon his couch, in vain seeking for that repose whose dreams were mingled with the images of guilt. By his side stood the spirit of his mother, which haunted the matricide in the hour of conviviality not less than in the solitude of his chamber. But the darkness of midnight, whose silence was eloquent with the horrors of his guilt, lent to his dreams the tortures of a coward and excited fancy. 'Twas then Agrippina rose to his mind, and as he shuddered at the imprecations of his murdered mother, the air resounded with the whips, and the gloom of his chamber blazed with the torches of the Furies who followed her. He writhed upon his couch, his teeth gnashed, the fevered drops stood on his aching brow as the imaginary presence of the furies typified the retribution which awaited him after death. The mimic part of Orestes he so frequently played, rose before him, stained with maternal blood, bound with serpents, goaded by lashes, and trembling beneath the curses of the wandering shade. "Conscience," says Tacitus, "may make a truce with the guilty, but never a lasting peace." By day or night, waking or sleeping, the shade of Agrippina with other victims of his cruelty stood before him. His dreams were those of "the crook-backed tyrant," aggravated by matricide.

"Back, back to thy Hades, accursed shade," exclaimed the tyrant, seizing his sword, and convulsively

starting from his couch, "back, back, I say. Comest thou for blood or vengeance, my time is not yet." His eyes glared, and the fingers of one hand distended with terror, as with the other he thrust at the imaginary spectre. "Ha! ha!" he exclaimed with a forced laugh, whose echo made him start as it rolled through the vacant chamber. "What is it I fear? Darkness—solitude—myself? It is, it is, myself. My thoughts which burn night and day. Ha! who's there?"

"The slave of Cæsar," said Epaphroditus, entering, "of Him who rules the mistress of the world," he continued, bending the knee with the servility of an Eastern slave. "A Nazarene without craves an audience with thee. His request, he says, must not be slighted."

"A Nazarene!" reiterated the tyrant, "what doth he here? and at midnight? Perhaps," he continued, musing, "he comes to beg the life of his Brother Paul. But no; blood, blood, I will have," he said, convulsively grasping his sword. "Why should I, who have slain a Mother, fear the death of a Nazarene?" His face grew ghastly, the sword fell on the ground, and as its echo smote on his ear, he flew to his Freedman, and buried his face in his bosom. "Shield me from them; they haunt, they lash me. Oh! my Epaphroditus, would that my pile were lit." His athletic frame trembled in the embrace of his servant, till weak and stupefied with the horrors of his guilt, he sank at his feet.

"Speak, speak, Cæsar," said the Freedman kneeling, and parting from his swollen temples the hair clotted with perspiration. "Speak; shall I admit him?"

"Not till they are gone," said Nero, endeavoring to rise.

"Who?" said Epaphroditus, looking round the apartment dimly lit by a single silver lamp.

"My mother!" exclaimed the matricide, in a tone of agony, which appalled his attendant. The tears flowed freely, but they were the offspring of a coward mind which trembled at the images it evoked from the sepulchre of its guilt. They flowed on the cheek, but melted not the heart, either to pity or repentance. He dashed them aside, and looking hastily round, sprung from the ground as in disdain of the abject position he occupied at the foot of his slave. "Admit the Nazarene," he said; and, after a pause, feeling the cowardice of guilt, and approaching Epaphroditus, and eyeing him sternly, "have guard upon thy life; if there be treachery here, thou diest; keep thyself within call, and leave thy sword with me." The Freedman obeyed and withdrew. The eyes of Nero followed him, as though he would scan his purpose. His sword was in his hand.

Claudius and the Freedman entered after a few moments; on a sign from the Emperor, the latter withdrew.

"What wouldst thou, Nazarene?" said Nero, hastily.

Claudius stood at the remote end of the apartment, his face and figure in perfect obscurity. "My task is one of mercy," said Claudius. "Thy life and throne are even now in the power of a despised Nazarene."

"My life!" reiterated Nero, as the word sounded with the voice of retribution. "My life! and in thy hand! Fool! on thy life sport not."

"Death is not a theme for sport," returned Claudius; "the lamb gambols not before the wolf."

"Ha! dost bait me to my face?"

"Not I," replied the Christian, "but thy conscience." The tyrant started, and his sword fell. "Thou art even now in my power," continued the Christian, "yet would I not strike thee though the sword were in my grasp. The Christian blesses even the enemy that curses." Nero trembled as well before the sublime doctrine of a faith he persecuted, as the dignity of its disciple. "Thou tremblest," said Claudius.

"Tis with rage," replied the Tyrant.

"The Christian," continued the Nazarene, "trembles before God alone."

"Out on thee, fool," shouted Nero, rage and terror heightening his voice to a shriek. "By Jupiter, thou and thy faith shall be swept from Rome."

"Man dare not do what God forbids," retorted Claudius, his eye glowing, and his lip curling with disdain at the impotence of a monarch who mistake defiance for power. The sublime sternness of the Christian awed the tyrant, and subdued his menacing tone.

"Christian," he said, after a pause, "what of my life?"

"It is in danger," retorted Claudius. "The dagger is unsheathed for thy destruction, even while I speak." A visible tremor ran through the tyrant, and tottering to his couch, he sank upon it. "Cæsar," said Claudius, withdrawing, "my task is done. My last words, if they have not blessed, have saved thee. We meet no more till we stand before God."

The Emperor saw not the sublime action of the Christian, as his uplifted hands seemed to attest the truth of his dying words, but the hollow voice in which they were uttered, pierced the very heart of the guilty king. "Man or shade, be thou what thou wilt," he exclaimed, rising from his couch, and extending both hands to him in the agony of fear, "beest thou to warn or haunt me, I adjure thee by our Gods, tell me all thou knowest."

"To-morrow shall be celebrated the games of Ceres," replied Claudius; "then and there meet the Conspirators for thy life."

"Yet one word more," exclaimed Nero, rushing forward, and in the coward weakness of the moment, falling on his knees. The chamber echoed his words. The Christian was gone.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CROSS.

Midway between the palace and prison, stood the place appointed for the execution of Paul and Claudius. It was past midnight as he cleared the palace-gates. As he proceeded with haste, a dark and shadowy body approached. A low and stifled lamentation swept on the night-blast, and the light of a few straggling torches shed a melancholy and sickly glare. It moved at a slow and measured pace, and it was not till the moment of their meeting, that he recognized it as the funeral procession of the Apostle.

Stupified with horror as he looked his last on all that was God-like in nature, he forgot alike the errand he

had been engaged in, or the maiden he had left in his own prison. His mind was abstracted from every thing earthly, and its powers were suspended between love for his master, and prayer for his last moments. As he gazed on the Apostle sublime and erect, his hands bound as a malefactor, and folded on his breast, his eyes turned in prayer to that God for whose name persecution had no terror, and punishment no pain; as he heard him repeat with vigor and distinctness that model of all prayers, his Divine Master had taught his disciples; as he gazed on, and heard him, the beautiful conformity of example and precept rushed to his mind, and the teachings of *Paul* never so strongly influenced his mind, as the faith, the courage and sublimity of the *Martyr*.

As Claudius turned to join the procession, the eye of the Apostle fell upon him. "My son," he said, "have I not well told thee that life is but a shadow. Even as now the word of man can erase it. Remember, then, the words of the dying, which speak as from the oracle of the grave, and with the frown of an Omniscient Judge before them. Fear not, I say, even as our Master hath taught us, those who hurt the body, but cannot touch the soul; but rather fear *Him* who can destroy both soul and body together." He raised his fettered hands to Heaven, and bowed his head as he mentioned the name of God, and the tear which dimmed the eye of Paul, fell like dew on the heart of that young disciple, quickening the growth of that faith his words had planted there.

Through that long night Claudius stirred not from the foot of the Cross where hung the lifeless body of his master. The hours rolled on, the sentries were relieved from their posts, but the external world and its objects were closed from him, as he knelt absorbed in prayer. The torches had already sunk in darkness, and the drowsy sentinel reclined upon his spear. No sound was heard on that desolate spot, save the prayer of the Christian, and the groan of anguish which escaped him as his eye occasionally glanced upon the Cross. But round that martyred Apostle hovered the halo of Divinity, brightening the hopes of the disciple with the light it borrowed from Eternity.

The night was on the wane, and the stars were gradually fading before the misty light of morning, and Claudius still remained praying by the Cross. So deep and abstracted had been that prayer, that he heard neither the word passed by the sentinels, nor the dull and heavy tramp of armed men approaching. The first words which broke his reverie, were rudely addressed him by a soldier. "Rise, Nazarene; seek a fitter place for prayer."

Claudius started from the ground. The whole had been as a dream. He looked upwards. The pale form of the Apostle met his gaze. He clasped his hands convulsively to his eyes. He looked round him; the night had already passed, and the dim light of morning faintly streaked the East. Tita, and the danger in which he had left her, rushed through his mind with the speed of lightning. "Had the maiden braved death for the love she bore him? Had he shrunk from the

death whose triumph and glory he painted to her?" were questions which passed through his confused and wildered mind. As he mused upon her danger, he was about to rush from the spot, when one of the soldiers held a torch to his face, and recognizing, seized him.

"Ha! Nazarene, is this thy faith," he exclaimed, tauntingly, "to leave a *girl* to die in thy place?"

"Unhand me," cried Claudius, vainly endeavoring to extricate himself from the grasp of the soldier. "I fly to her rescue, and to death."

"*She is here,*" cried a female voice from the centre of the troop, and flinging from her a mantle she had found in Claudius' cell, the speaker disclosed the form of Tita. In a moment he burst from the hold of the soldier, and clasped the maiden to his heart.

"Was it thy will, my Tita," he exclaimed, "to die for me? So young, so beautiful; was life as nought to thee?"

"I have been wedded to thy faith," answered the maiden, "in sorrow and suffering. Thou hast told me that life is a dream to the Christian, and Heaven his reward. Thou saidst in that Heaven we forget the smile which sense corrupted, and the enjoyments which fade beneath the hand which touches them. The martyrs of our faith, who regard life as an offering to God, thou hast said, will be our company;" and as she spoke she extended her hand to the lifeless form which hung upon the Cross. "Claudius, I am a christian, and for that faith would I die. Thine hour had come; they entered thy cell; I disguised myself with thy mantle, and was content to seek in *thy* Heaven the happiness the Christian could not find on Earth."

"Seize him, seize him, a Christian hath deceived the Emperor," echoed the soldiers. "To the palace," they shouted; "the wild beast shall devour what the Cross has spared."

They were rushing forward to seize Claudius, when Tita releasing herself from his embrace, flew to the foot of the Cross, and on her knees, clasping it with one arm, while the other was extended to the guards, "Hold," she exclaimed; "the God of the Christian will protect his servant."

A few sultry drops of rain which had hitherto fallen, portended an approaching storm. The clouds rolled on in an heavy and sable mass, while anon their broken edges glowed with the lurid rays of Summer-lightning. A peal rung through the heavens, whose hollow reverberation quivered the Cross to which Tita clung. The phenomenon of appeal and answer, addressed itself to the superstition of the Heathens, and for a moment they were as those who hear in the thunder the voice of God. Motionless and silent they stood fixed to the spot till the clouds dispersed, and the echoing thunder had died in distance. But with the storm passed its terrors, and seizing the Christians they conducted them to the palace.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE TYRANT A JUDGE.

It was the noon of the following day, ere the Christians appeared before Nero. The games in honor of Ceres had been celebrated, and Claudius had defeated

the conspiracy, and spared the life of his persecutor. The conspirators had been seized, and their punishment already awarded. As Claudius and Tita were entering the chamber of the Emperor, several of them were departing, strongly guarded and in chains. The eye of Rufus fell on Claudius. "Christian," he said, "I pardon the faith which errs on the side of mercy. Thou hast spared a Tyrant's life; 'tis well if it sting not thine own." The conspirators passed on, and the Christians stood before the Emperor.

Epaphroditus, who stood by his throne, in brief, detailed the complaints of the soldiers, viz: "That Claudius had endeavored to escape death by passing his prison-door in female disguise, and that the imposition had not been discovered till they arrived at the place of execution."

Claudius answered not a word; he was unwilling to desecrate the benevolence of his faith, by making it the purchase of his pardon. He *had* left his prison, but it was to save his enemy. Death to him was more welcome than life; and he stood before the Tyrant resolved to keep the secret of the last night's interview. The darkness of the chamber, and the agitation of Nero, had so far concealed the Christian as to prevent his recognition now.

"Ha! Nazarene," he cried with rage, his eyes full and flashing, "by the Gods thou hast broken thy cage once, but I will bind thee where Freedom shall only give thee to beasts." Nero was not more exasperated at his alleged escape, than that of Tita from the palace, and the love of the Christians which presented an obstacle to his own lust. Turning to Tita, and with difficulty moderating the passion he could not conceal; "and thou, too, maiden, hast sported with our power within our very palace. Have a care; the lion is strongest in his own den. This was the act of Rufus, but he and his confederates are in chains. Thy guard shall be trustier." He whispered Epaphroditus. The maiden looked not up; if she had, the malignant smile on the Tyrant's lip would have quenched the last ray of hope.

CHAPTER IX.—THE MISTRESS AND THE CHRISTIAN.

The Christians were separated, but their destinations were as opposite in place as character. Claudius had but exchanged one dungeon for another, while Tita was conducted to an apartment costly and luxurious. But what is splendor to the heart-sick and unhappy prisoner? It resembles the golden bars of the cage to the bird; they catch the rays of that sun whose heaven was freedom, and whose broad expanse gave no limit to its flight; and now its wing flutters only to remind it of bondage, and the melancholy of its note pines for the mountain and the breeze.

None were permitted to approach her save the Freedman, whose life was to answer the violation of his charge. She foresaw the Tyrant's design, and anxiously prayed for the hand of Death to avert it. She flung herself on the couch in despair, but the form of Claudius stood by her side, and whispered words of comfort and support. He seemed to exhort the earnestness of

prayer, and confidence in the protection of his God. She rose from her couch, and endeavored to abstract her mind in prayer. She was strengthened; her feelings were tranquilized, and she sank to sleep.

It was midnight; the lamps but faintly lit the chamber, whose deep silence was broken only by the respiration of the sleeping maid. Slowly and cautiously a secret panel connected with the silver cloth of the apartment, was opened and speedily closed. A delicate female figure approached, whose dark countenance and flowing hair announced an Eastern clime. It was Acté. The Emperor had left his apartment that night, and free from suspicion, she had passed to the chamber of her rival. She had not forgotten the passion he had exhibited to Tita in the hour of a drunken revel, and jealousy, deeper for the protraction of revenge, still rankled within her breast. She loved Nero, Tyrant and Monster as he was, the more so, perhaps, as he had continued the connection in spite of the remonstrance and dissuasion of his mother; and the warm passions of her climate, while they lent ardor to her love, gave depth also to revenge.

She cautiously surveyed the chamber, and stood in silence as to ascertain that none approached. In her hand she held a small golden cup. She approached the couch. She bent over the unconscious form of her victim, but the calmness of sleep was on her brow, and with it, it brought forgetfulness of danger. She touched her. Tita started from her couch. "Claudius, is it thou?" broke from her lips, as she looked round her wildly, unconscious of time or place.

Acté extended the cup to her. Guilt and fear for its success worked within her; her hand trembled, her lips quivered in the attempt to speak, and as she faltered, "Drink, maiden, 'tis a draught for care," she sank exhausted by the couch of Tita. Suspicion darted through the mind of the maiden as she recognized guilt in the nervous hesitation of Acté's manner; she dashed from her the goblet, and as her scream of terror rung through the apartment, the door opened, and the Freedman rushed in; he disappeared for a moment, but immediately returned, followed by Nero and Claudius.

To explain their sudden appearance, it is necessary to retrace a few steps.

The enmity which Nero felt to the Christians, had been embittered in the case of Claudius by the love which bound him to Tita. As long as he lived the Tyrant could not hope for the possession of her person; he therefore resolved upon his immediate death under pretext of his creed.

That night he had entered his cell, and had announced to Claudius his fate. To the Christian, Death had no terror, and amid the cruelties which Nero's ingenuity in sport devised for his victims, Claudius' fortitude remained unshaken. "Grant me but one request," said the Christian.

"Speak," rejoined the Tyrant.

"I bow in silence to thy will," answered Claudius, "if I but see Tita ere I die."

"Follow me," replied Nero. They were already in the passage conducting to her chamber, when Epaph-

roditus, who watched at the door, hearing the scream, rushed in, followed by Nero and Claudius.

A dead silence prevailed, as Nero and the Christian gazed on the figures, unable to explain their agitation or its cause. Acté still clung to the couch for support; the goblet lay by her side, while Tita stood in the centre of the apartment, her hair falling in disorder on her shoulders, her eyes fixed in vacant unconsciousness, while her averted hand trembled as it pointed to Acté. To one whose palace witnessed as frequently scenes of death, as those of conviviality, the present one, as his eye fell on the goblet, needed no interpretation for Nero.

"Poison, treachery," he cried, in a voice of passion.

Acté, mistress of every art which could assuage his fiercest moments, dreaded not his anger so much as discovery. She felt concealment vain, and with the subtlety of a mistress who knows the weakness of her lover will forgive a fault which originates from the depth of love, falling at Nero's feet, implored pardon. "Forgive me," she cried, "I share thy throne, but cannot share thine heart with another. My Lord knows the depth of that love which hath made me aim at the life of this maiden. Pardon, Cæsar, for thy servant."

Though guilty, the intense emotion of her utterance evinced her truth: and as the Emperor gazed on his kneeling mistress, the sincerity of her words, the strength of her passion, the tears which dimmed her lustrous eyes, and the grace of her attitude, all flung around the Asiatic a spell which even the bonds of love had never known, and the sweetness of that voice reclaimed the sway which momentary rage had discarded. The heart of the Tyrant was too callous to the sense of crime, to reprehend it in others, and the cunning of his mistress had touched the right chord in the heart of the Sensualist when she palliated crime by passion.

From that moment Nero relinquished his designs upon Tita, but resolved at least that the pleasure of bloodshed should expiate their frustration. "Christians," he said, turning to Claudius, "ye have met for the last time. Epaphroditus, my guard." The Freedman withdrew, and entered in a few moments accompanied by some soldiers. Claudius was remanded to his cell, but as he gazed on Tita, the faint smile that beamed through his sad expression, was borrowed from the hope that their meeting above would never know separation.

CHAPTER X.—THE CHRISTIANS' TRIAL.

The threat of the Tyrant was soon to be realized; and the faith of the Christians to be tested by resignation to their death. Nero, ever anxious to convert the tortures of his victims to his own entertainment, resolved that the hour of their execution should be during the night, and the manner of it by fire. He appointed—as was his custom when a Christian was to die—his gardens to be fitted for the occasion, and a throne to be erected for himself and Acté.

At the appointed hour the gardens of the palace were illuminated, the pile surrounded by faggots was prepared for the martyrs, and before it, at a short distance, stood the throne of him, who regarded the agonies of

death as lightly as the mimic sports of the stage. A slow and solemn flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the procession. The monarch and his mistress were already on their throne.

Preceded and followed by a numerous guard, the Christians drew nigh. Claudius bore in his hand a small crucifix, which, in the intervals of prayer, he fervently pressed to his lips, while the strength and submission he implored in the name of Him who had died for all, were audibly responded to by Tita.

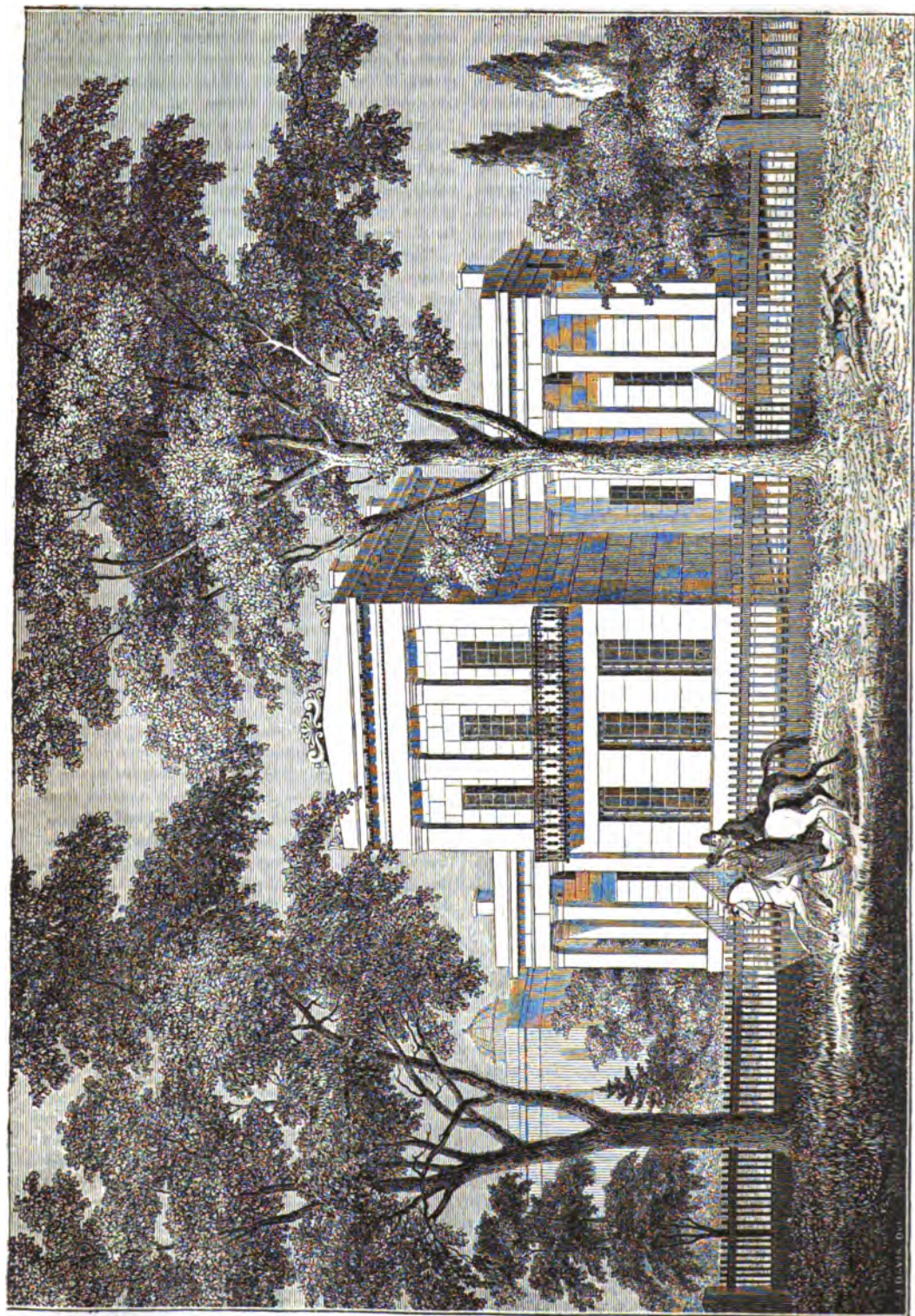
They were already at the stake; two of the guards advancing, had bound them to the pile, and were on the point of firing it, when the exclamation "Hold," from Nero, suspended their further progress. The eyes of all were turned to the throne. The Emperor held a scroll; his hands trembled while he read it, till rage and disappointment struggling within him, he tore and trampled it. It had been handed to one of the guards surrounding the throne, and the bearer had disappeared ere Nero received it. It ran as follows:

"The Christian about to die hath saved thy life, but wills not to make that service the price of his freedom. It is true that by so doing, he hath divulged and defeated our design. We forgive an act which sprung from the gentleness of his faith. Think not, that though some of us are in chains, that there are not others ready to avenge the Manes of thy victims, and redress their wronged and violated country. The dagger yet remains unsheathed, and the sons of Rome curse the life of the Tyrant. If Claudius and Tita perish, *Nero dies.* A CONSPIRATOR."

The Tyrant looked on the crumbled fragments at his feet, as though ashamed that threats should change his purpose, or cheat him of his feast of blood. He vainly endeavored to laugh away his fears; but it was vain as his mind reverted to the dangers from which he had been rescued. The Tyrant is constitutionally a coward, and suspicion generates those cruelties from others, which have been inflicted by himself. Terror prevailed, but Cunning forgot not to enhance the pardon as the gift of generosity. "Release the Christian," he exclaimed, "he hath saved my life." He descended the throne with the Asiatic, unwilling, as it were, to remain on the spot where Mercy had supplanted Vengeance.

The Christians had tasted "the bitterness of death" in its anticipation. The reprieve called them back to a world whose hopes and interests they had forgotten in the change which awaited them, and while they wept with gratitude for their pardon, Faith still turned their hearts to the Future as an Home "not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

THE only way to make a happy progress through this world, is to go on a dogged, persevering pursuit of one good object, neither turning to the right nor to the left, making our business, as much as possible, our pleasure, and not permitting ourselves to awake from our dream of activity—not permitting ourselves to think that we have been active—until we suddenly find ourselves at the goal of our wishes, with fortune almost unconsciously within our grasp.



Original.

RESIDENCE OF ITHIEL TOWN, ESQ.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

ONE of the Engravings which adorn the present number, is of the mansion of a gentleman, long celebrated for his architectural designs, which both in public and private edifices, have beautified so many parts of our widely-extended country. It is pleasantly situated in New-Haven, Connecticut, one of the most delightful and picturesque cities in New-England. It is a fair object to the eye, but its most striking feature is the noble library which it contains, and the accommodation afforded for its tasteful arrangement. In the second story, is a spacious apartment, forty-five feet in length, twenty-three in breadth, and twenty-two in height, with two sky-lights, six feet square,—three windows at one end, and three sash-doors, opening upon the balcony. There, and in the lobbies, and study, are arranged, in Egyptian, Grecian and Gothic cases, of fine symmetry, between nine and ten thousand volumes. Many of these are rare, expensive, and valuable. More than three fourths are folios and quartos. A great proportion are adorned with engravings. It is not easy to compute the number of these embellishments—though the proprietor supposes them to exceed two hundred thousand. There are also some twenty or twenty-five thousand separate engravings—some of them the splendid executions of the best masters, both ancient and modern. In these particulars, this library surpasses all others in our country. There are also one hundred and seventy oil paintings, besides mosaics, and other works of art, and objects of curiosity.

Mr. Town has been nearly thirty years in making this collection, and having had many facilities, while in Europe, both for selection and for economical purchase, believes the whole cost not to exceed thirty thousand dollars—though, at the usual cost of books and engravings, the amount must have been far greater. He has been assiduous, not only to give his treasures a fitting temple, but to guard them from casualties by fire. Every partition in his building, even to those in the closets, are of brick; all the inside plastering is upon bricks, without laths, except the ceiling, and all the floors are of mortar, two inches in thickness, with a coat of water-cement, and the rooms without wood-cases.

That the design of forming so large and rare a library, should have been cherished by one, who had neither enjoyed the benefits of classic education, or inherited the facilities of a child of fortune, is truly remarkable. The philosopher, searching into the hidden springs of action and motive, might be desirous to know what had early operated to produce so strong a predilection for works of art, and elegant literature. It is pleasant thus to have the solution from his own pen.

"I have had a great attachment for curious and uncommon books, ever since the age of eight years. At that time, in consequence of the death of my father, I commenced living with my uncle, and the girls of his

family were in the habit of sending me to borrow a book, which contained an alphabet of letters, suitable for marking linen. In this book, which was entitled 'The Young Man's Best Companion,' were various copy-slips—mathematical diagrams—dials for different latitudes—mariner's compass, etc., neatly engraved on copper-plates. These diagrams I examined frequently, while on the way, and can yet recollect the strong and vivid impressions they made on my young and astonished mind, from the great ingenuity which I conceived it required to make and understand such very curious figures. Ever since, I have had a great propensity and love for mathematics, drawings, paintings, engravings, etc., and if this *book-affair* did not lead to it, I know not what did. I was often reproved by the girls, whom I have mentioned, for drawing figures with chalk on a large stone-hearth in my uncle's house. Ten or twelve years ago, I obtained, with some difficulty, this same book, and could scarcely now be persuaded to part with my 'Young Man's Best Companion,' on any terms."

Too much praise can scarcely be accorded to a man, who, dependent on his own exertions, has thus taken pleasure in devoting so large a proportion of his time and means to the accumulation of intellectual treasures. It is an example peculiarly conspicuous and beautiful in a country where the acquisition of money, for less liberal purposes, and sometimes for no purpose at all, except for the name of having amassed it, or of dying in possession of it, is both the business and the passion of multitudes,

"Till in the long-drawn struggle, life escapes."

The traveller, who in visiting the semi-capital of Connecticut, admires its fine scenery, its varied architecture, its ancient college, its classic domes, and tasteful cottages, shaded by lofty elms, or embosomed in shrubbery—its noble gallery of pictures, and their venerable artist, whose time-defying pencil still adds to the creations of genius—will not fail also to visit and admire the Library, which has been here so imperfectly described.

Among the writings of Mr. Town, is a pamphlet, entitled "Outlines of a Plan for an Academy and Institution of the Fine Arts," of which the following is a transcript. It clearly sets forth an excellent design of patronising what he so well understands:

"The general plan should consist of two branches, distinct in all respects as to the entire control, government, and ownership of property—each to be mutually accommodated by the other in such manner that the benefits of all the talents and property of both institutions may, for all important purposes, be as fully and as advantageously enjoyed by artists, connoisseurs, amateurs, and the public, as could possibly be done, were it practicable—which I believe may well be doubted—to unite in one well-governed institution, every department of such a national school and repository for the fine arts, in the most perfect and satisfactory manner, without the possibility of any obstruction or difficulty in the management and control of it. All past experience seems to show most conclusively,—Philadelphia and New York in their history of the fine arts, might be re-

ferred to as a proof of the position—that a body of artists, pursuing their profession with the requisite ambition and pride of the art, and the other part of a community, still much more numerous, comprising connoisseurs, amateurs, merchants and all other professions and trades—who would, from their numbers and wealth, be able to raise a large amount of stock for the purchase of all the requisite works of art, for an institution, etc. *cannot* agree harmoniously, for any great length of time together, either in the choice of officers, mode of government, or the manner of estimating their talents as artists, against the property or stock of the shareholders. It may be safely *repeated*, that this kind of harmony cannot subsist long enough, and free enough from difficulties, to ensure any valuable purpose whatever, for much length of time. This position being admitted, as I think it *must be*, what next presents itself? It is the most obvious and imperative *fact*, that, in a new country like ours, neither can the arts flourish, or artists be educated, without going abroad for instruction, to be much above mediocrity;—and what is still worse, perhaps—nor can that knowledge and taste be diffused into the minds of a community, which is necessary either to encourage the arts, or give employment to artists, by a demand for their works, without an extensive library relating to the fine arts with their various kindred branches, extensive collections of engravings of the best masters, a collection of ancient and modern sculpture and bass-reliefs, of paintings, ancient and modern, also, of coins, medals, and various specimens and relics of antiquity, armor, etc. etc. But it may well be said that any near approach to a respectable and adequate collection of such valuable works of art, as here enumerated, would cost, at least, from three hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars; *if so*, can any body of artists themselves make such a collection, and establish an institution, *which*, together with their own well-regulated schools, lectures, etc., shall present to our new country the means of educating *artists*, as well as the diffusing of taste and knowledge of this kind, into the minds of the community at large, to enable them to appreciate the arts? *Most certainly not!* no one will pretend it. How then is such an object to be accomplished in our country, at some proper point, the most accessible to the artists of the whole country, so as thereby to spread its influence and important use to all our manufacturing and mechanic arts? It requires a large *capital*: the artists have it not *themselves*, nor can they agree to join in the same institution with those who have it—they will not brook for a moment, the idea of money and its consequent influence and power in the government of such an institution.

“One way certainly remains which is practicable and easily accomplished, if it were commenced and pursued in the right manner, either in Philadelphia, New-York, Boston, or Baltimore—viz: to obtain a charter for such an institution as described, with a capital in *transferable* stock, of three hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars, in shares of twenty-five dollars each, to be *paid in*, in five annual instalments,

with certain privileges in the use of the institution in proportion to the amount paid, instead of a dividend, which should in no case ever be made, nor the stock be divided. Persons *more able* would take *more* shares, to obtain the necessary or enlarged privilege for their families, or their less able friends and relations; a large sum might be raised in this manner, much of which in small sums, that might be paid by almost any artist or citizen, to *whom*, in return, the use of the institution would be of great importance, and, in many instances, much greater to the public, by this means, than the effects of such influence upon more wealthy men might be.

“Such an institution being established, with suitable buildings, not only for containing the works of art of all kinds, but having suitable halls, exhibition-rooms, school-rooms, etc., suited to the wants of the artists, both in their public capacity, and in their private wants for their regular business, for which *public rooms* they may either pay reasonable rents, or give in exchange such rights and privileges in their exhibitions, etc., as would be an equivalent. By such mutual arrangements of accommodation as might be made between the two bodies, *each* institution would have all the advantages of the other, and yet no connection whatever in their government or ownership of property. The artists might regulate all their own schools, exhibitions, and election of members, and would have such an amount of property, or works of art, as they might find convenient, or immediately useful, which would be under their own entire control; the other institution would in like manner have their *real estate*, extensive library, and other works of art to any extent, under their own charter, organization and control; many other minor appendages and facilities to these two main institutions may be added, to promote the general object; but I will now state my ideas more at length of each one, and of their connection with each other.

“Having before adopted the title of “The United States Academy and Institution of the Fine Arts,” for the two institutions when harmoniously joined together, lending their aid, talents and influence to each other, by mutual agreement for their joint accommodation, without the possibility of rivalry, *envy*, or any other interference on the part of passion or interest.

“I would particularly state, that the *Academy* should be, as its name imports, a *school*, composed of academicians, honorary members, and students in the arts of design and imitation—the academicians to have the entire control and management of all its affairs in relation to government and property—to elect their *own* and the honorary members; appoint a president to preside over them, a foreign corresponding secretary, a home corresponding secretary, and a secretary to the meetings, etc., of the academy; a vice president, a treasurer; also professors and lecturers for all necessary branches, and to regulate the admission of students to the schools, and the public to the lectures; also to establish and regulate one or two annual exhibitions of living artists, and any and every other particular relating to the members, the academy, its schools and its exhibitions.

"The other great *branch*, here stated, "*The Institution*," should be chartered with a transferable stock as stated, of three hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars, in shares of twenty-five dollars each, payable in five annual instalments, each share to be entitled to a vote, when paid in, and, in all cases, every twenty-five dollars paid in on shares of stock to be entitled to a vote. All share-holders, who may reside any where in the United States, should have privileges in attending exhibitions, etc., in proportion to the amount actually paid in, to be determined equitably by the president and board of control, but in no case should any dividend of income or stock be made, but be expended in the enlargement and promotion of the institution and its objects. The charter should allow of holding a lot or lots in the city, equal in *all* to four hundred feet square, with all necessary halls, exhibition-rooms, lecture and school rooms, artists' club-rooms, rooms for sculptures, bass-reliefs, paintings, engravings, draftsmen, etc. etc., either to rent to the artists for private rooms for business, or used by them, as stated, for all their public purposes; any room in such buildings not needed, as above stated, might be rented for any other purpose for which they might be best suited.

"The share-holders should elect sixty trustees by ticket, viz: twenty to serve three years, twenty to serve two years, and twenty to serve one year, after which, they should annually elect twenty to serve three years, and fill all vacancies by death or otherwise. The sixty trustees, so elected, should meet once a year, and oftener if necessary; they should elect a chairman and secretary at each meeting, to preside and keep all necessary records; also a treasurer, to be elected once in two years, and oftener if necessary; they should also elect annually, five managers of the real estate, income, and all other matters relating to the buildings, repairing, renting and receiving rents, and all other kinds of dues, interest, payment of stock, and every kind of income belonging to the institution, and to see that it is paid immediately into the treasury; they are to have power to draw orders upon the treasury for such sums as they may deem necessary for building and repairing, but for nothing else, and all such expenditures over five thousand dollars, or for all new buildings, the planning, arranging and amount of cost to be regulated by these managers, jointly with the *board* of control and arrangement, which shall consist of twelve persons, to be also elected by the *trustees* for two years, half of whom to retire from office annually; they should be elected from any of the share-holders, whether *trustees* or not, but they are in all cases to be elected for their knowledge, taste and experience in relation to selecting, purchasing, or any way procuring and arranging in rooms, etc. all kinds of property, which the halls, library and all other parts of the building, are intended to contain, as the property of the institution. This board, besides a joint voice in relation to buildings, as above provided, and large expenditures, shall also elect a president, two vice presidents, a foreign and a home corresponding secretary, and a secretary to their own board; also a librarian and his assistants, with such keepers, etc., as shall be by them deemed necessary and proper, all of whom to be ap-

pointed from any of the share-holders, whether in other offices or not; and *further*, all the necessary professors, lecturers or teachers for such schools or lectures as they shall from time to time see fit to establish, institute and continue for a limited or regular term of time, and to do and cause to be done under their organized form of president and board of control—the twelve only voting who were chosen by the trustees, and the president when *not* of that number, in case of a tie—all other necessary business relating to the institution, not otherwise herein provided for, and to draw orders on the treasurer to pay all such necessary expenses, purchases, etc. etc., which they may see fit to incur, in accordance with their duties herein specified or authorized, to the extent of the means.

"The president and board of control should also have all the necessary halls, exhibition-rooms, school-rooms, and other apartments, suitably erected, fitted up, and every way prepared for the accommodation of the academy, which should be provided for on such terms and upon such principles of mutual accommodation, as would best promote the prosperity and dignity of the arts, and do justice to each institution, by the accommodation of the members of each in every respect—which halls and the lecture-rooms are to be occupied by the lecturers of each institution, in such manner as to accommodate the members of *each*, and the public, in a suitable and convenient manner; to be regulated by the mutual consultation of the president and board of the institution, and the president and academicians of the academy. The exhibition and public rooms of each institution should also in like manner be open for use, under suitable regulations, of the members of both institutions, in the best and most convenient manner, and upon the most equitable and liberal principles.

"The property or collection of the institution to consist of sculptures, bass-reliefs, and paintings, ancient and modern; an extensive library of books relating to the fine arts, books of engravings, and engravings of history and mythology, portraits, etc.; coins and medals, ancient and modern; models of architecture, ancient and modern; drawings of all kinds; specimens and relics of antiquity of all kinds, such as vases, candelabra, ancient armor, etc.; specimens and objects of natural history; also, curious specimens of the mechanic's and manufacturer's arts; models of curious and useful inventions and improvements, especially such articles of improvements as relate to the fine arts, either directly or more remotely;—all of which is to be obtained from time to time by the president and board of control, and arranged by them in the several buildings constructed and fitted up for the purpose: they should also regulate the times and terms of admission, and every other necessary preparation and duty relating to all parts of this kind of property: premiums should also be awarded annually, by both institutions, for designs, sculpture, models, paintings, engravings, etc.

"A branch of the academy should also consist of instructions *for*, and encouragement in, *water-color drawings*, and an exhibition-room should be appropriated to this branch exclusively. The annual exhibition in London of water-colors is truly a splendid one, and

is beginning to attract that notice and attention, by purchasers and otherwise, which this important subject is entitled to; and it is a branch of the fine arts in which females can easily and most successfully enter into competition with the males, and the advantages to the *arts and trades* of our country, as well as in the diffusion of a general taste for the arts of design and imitation, would be *immense*, as the cheapness of this mode will enable many more persons to possess good paintings executed in this beautiful manner. Another great advantage of one or two such extensive institutions in our country at proper points would be, that the members or artists might live any where in the country, and yet have great advantages from them, by going there *once, or occasionally*, to study and attend the lectures, as medical and other students now do in the other professions; thus the advantages would reach the extremes of the United States.

"Branch institutions might be connected and established in other cities and villages, the president of which, at least, might attend the principal institution, and carry home much knowledge and experience in regard to the good management, etc., of the arts in his own section of country.

"Regular annual *conventions* should most certainly be held, and persons of knowledge, taste, and experience, in matters relating to the fine arts, should be sent to the large institution, either by other similar institutions, or such clubs or little associations of connoisseurs, amateurs, and artists, as might exist, or hereafter be formed in consequence of the inducements and advantages held out by such a system.

"The advantages of such conventions, annually, would be very great, and the effect to raise the standard of our knowledge and standing in these arts, truly important. The principal mode to be used in accomplishing all the above objects, is simple and easy: it is merely this:—The subject must be talked over by persons of influence, pamphlets and newspaper essays must be written, public meetings, clubs and conversations must be held, and after the subject is fully known and understood, and a sufficient number of persons and artists of influence have embarked in the cause, and a plan similar in substance to the above is well matured, on the broad basis of liberality and general accommodation; when this course should have been pursued, I have no doubt, indeed I *know*, that in Philadelphia or New-York, an institution might be formed in the course of five or ten years, that would be worth millions to our country in its influence; that would astonish the world; it might be one that would do honor to London or Paris! There is no scarcity of materials for such collections, and many parts of Europe can supply thousands of such articles of *virtu*, many of which are among the best of the kind in the world.

"One more appendage I will add to complete the whole scheme, and it is one which peculiarly suits the genius of our country, and stimulates all its citizens to action, as well as to give their attention promptly to a subject. I would ask of the State the charter for a bank, to be denominated the *Artists' and Mechanics' Bank*; all the

stockholders of which to be members of the academy or institution; no person to subscribe to the stock more than two thousand dollars, until the books had been kept open to artists, mechanics, etc., for sixty days; no person to hold any stock without being an academician or a shareholder in the institution; the bank to have a capital of \$1,000,000, with liberty to increase it to \$3,000,000; its stock to pay no tax to the State, but to be required annually to pay one per cent on its capital into the treasury of the institution for the increase of their works of art, and to enable them to offer premiums for the best performances annually of living artists of all kinds; otherwise the bank to be every way a distinct corporation from both the others, only having its stock owned, and at all times *held*, exclusively by *members and shareholders* in the *institutions* before stated.—Thus these institutions might be raised from the extreme depths of poverty and beggary, and thus they would become objects respectable in themselves, and claiming and even demanding, that respect, that attention, and that admiration, which one of the most important, useful and splendid application of the human mind and its faculties is capable of achieving."

Original.

SAINT MARY'S CITY.

BY S. F. GLENN.

THIS city which has existence in name now, was situated near the mouth of the Saint Mary's river, in Saint Mary's county, Maryland: and was not only the spot whereon the first settlers of Maryland landed, but was also the *first place on this continent, (perhaps in the world,) where freedom of Religion was tolerated*: where the Protestant and the Roman Catholic, enjoying their separate modes of worship, lived in harmony together. A few old grave stones are all that remain of this ancient city, which, at one time sent delegates to the General Assembly of Maryland. The following thoughts were suggested by a visit to that interesting spot.

O, quiet, solemn ground! more slow my feet,
Nor break the silence of this calm retreat.
'Twas here the pilgrim breath'd his freedom pray'r,
And sang to *Him* his pious choral air.
No sect, with madden'd zeal strove here to bind,
In fetter'd forms, the christian freeman's mind.
Bright angels guard, and ever hover near,
This place, where Worship felt, no more, a fear.
Shadows of the past, methinks now meet my eyes,
As wing'd they come from the eternal skies:
And softly whisper in my list'ning ear,
How liv'd, how died they while sojourners here:
How bow'd they at primeval altars rear'd:
How God they lov'd, and as they lov'd, how fear'd.
Saint Mary's! city of the dead alone!
Thy altars moulder'd and thy children gone!
Why tenantless thy peaceful, holy ground,
Unmark'd, unknown, but by the gloomy mound!
Doth with'ring desolation speed so fast,
Her fierce destroying breath,—her whirlwind blast?
Can Purity no refuge get? no shield?
Or, must she too, share man's dread lot, and yield?
Yet peace! O, lonely spot! thy tranquil rest,
But tells thee sacred, and thy people blest!

Original.

A DAY OUT OF THE CITY.*

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

AY, but a day! For thou wilt find that, even in that little period the gentle finger of fancy will rub off the gathered rust from thy mind, and thou wilt return to thy duties a happier and a better man. But, business, avaunt: shake off its fetters from thy mind as thou wouldst a garment from thy shoulders. Eject it forcibly as thou wouldst an unruly tenant from thy dwelling—and when thou returnest and assumest again its shackles, they will not pinch thee as before. Go but for a day.

The country is not kith nor kin to the city. It owneth no resemblance, it scorneth comparison. It hath other voices,—heaven born harmonies—other pleasures, other joys. Seek it, thou who hast dwelt through weary years in the smoke, and bustle, and artifice of the city—that straight-jacket of the panting soul! Seek it thou who lovest to be alone—who wouldst revel in the glory of untrammelled thought. It will yield thy spirit repose, and thou wilt find a heartiness in thy reflections, that escapeth thee in the harrassing excitement of the crowd. Seek it thou who hatest to be alone. There is no solitude like that which cometh over thee in the midst of the thousands—there is no loneliness like that which withereth thy soul, when thou minglest with the throng, and feelest that none of all around thee careth aught for thee—will pause for thee, or smile upon thee, when shouldst thou pass away from earth, the tread of many feet will yet echo on the time-worn pavement, and thou wilt be borne through the midst to thy narrow bed, and none will miss thee in thy accustomed places, and no voice will question whither thou art gone. Nature will speak to thee in sweet tones of sympathy—will blend and accord with thy spirit. If thou art blithe, and care sits lightly upon thee, thou shalt find merry voices answering to thine, and thou shalt mark how gladness is all around thee; and, if thou art sad, thou shalt not want for comfort. Oh, thou who curlest thy lip in scorn and sneerest as thou readest, thou art as a little child, that knows not of its own good. Thou art as one asleep—thou dost not LIVE, thou dost not abide on earth.

Go into the country—in the budding Spring. Thou shalt catch inspiration and energy from the renovation of nature. The spreading leaves and bursting flowers, shall teach thee of His goodness, who giveth to unworthy man, both seed-time and harvest, rain and shine; and thou shalt learn to reflect, until the reflection shall become a rudder to thine existence, that the god of nature is the God of man—that now is the seed-time of thy soul—and as surely as the labor of the husbandman shall be blessed—and in good time, the yellow corn and waving grain shall gladden his eyes, so surely as thou sowest so shalt thou reap. If thy soul is as an unploughed and untilled field, bitter will be thy harvesting. It is a good thing to commence with nature in the budding spring—though it be but for a day.

Go, in the deep of Summer; when thou art panting

for something to cool the fever in thy veins, as the hart panteth for the water brooks—when thou art most weary of streets and houses, and the works of man—when the bright sun seems thine enemy, and thou canst almost curse his merry beams, revelling in their own brightness. Seek the depth of some tangled wood, lay thyself down beneath the shade of a thick leaved tree; let a brook be near thee, that its tinkle may come up to thine ear as a soothing melody; and if thou art wise thou shalt be happy. The song of birds shall waft thee on the wings of harmony to heaven—the rustle of leaves shall whisper peace to thy soul—and the chirp of the bounding squirrel shall make thee dream of freedom—freedom from the shackles of artificial life—freedom from the selfish attention of the crowd—freedom from the narrowness and callousness that have folded thy spirit in their chilling garment while thou hast been in contact with thy kind. Go in the deep of summer!

Go, in ruddy Autumn; when the white robed frost has stole along in the concealment of the night, and danced in glee over the green grass, and kissed the verdant foliage; and hath painted the wide searching forest with hues caught and mingled from heaven's bow! Go then—and thy heart shall leap within thee with delight at the gorgeoussness of nature's robe. Thy pride shall bow itself down at the contemplation of nature's superiority in all things bright and beautiful and good, to the utmost efforts of arrogant man; and thou shalt humble thyself in adoration before the majesty of the beneficent Creator of these bright and good and beautiful things, and hast given to thee senses to enjoy and a heart to appreciate. Go, I pray thee, in ruddy autumn!

Go too, in hoary Winter. In vain dost thou leap in joy when thou contempest the gifts of goodness, if thy spirit be not more and more attuned to the purity and loveliness of that goodness—and winter shall be sweet to thee, if thou spurnest it not. Winter was created for thee, as were the budding spring and blooming summer and fruit-laden autumn. Look around thee! The flower that sprang up and put forth its prettiness to thy gaze and scattered its perfume on the breeze, is no more; the wild wood hath shed its verdant glories, and standeth in naked desolation—the husbandman hath gathered his fruits into his garner—a glassy coat envelopeth the stream, and all nature sleepeth under a covering of snow. Youth was thy spring-time; didst thou plant the seed of virtue? Thou hast had thy summer heat of manhood to invigorate and expand, and mature the gems within thee; has it found thee a slothful husbandman? The autumn of age will be there; wilt thou gather the harvest of thy virtues in peace? Look around thee! As the flower hath departed, as the fruits are garnered, so shall the frosts of decay summon thee to render an account of thy stewardship; and as the icy coat enrobbeth the stream, and the mantle of snow envelopeth the earth, so shalt thou lie down, and the grave shall cover thee. That spring shall come again, and the pleasant flowers, regenerate and renewed; and thou too shalt bloom on a fairer earth, shalt rejoice hereafter in brighter sky! Go in hoary winter time.

But take thou excellent care whom thou goest with.

* The localities described in the essay are in the vicinity of Boston. The incident is a memory of the past.

Avoid the grumbler as thou wouldst a pest house. He will cramp thy yearnings for brighter and better things. His unattuned spirit will infuse its discordance into thine! have naught with him. And shun too the laughter—the scoffer at holy influences and holy things; he, who for a joke's sake, will profane the inner temple—the shrine of thy heart of hearts. Bid him avaunt! He may, perchance, break in upon thy musings, and chase away from thee the sober calmness that should be in thee and over thee and around thee. Have naught with him. But above all, keep thee from that one of either sex, whose soul, like a shallow pool, only reflects the moonlight upon its surface, and has no jewels in its far depths; to whom all things great and glorious are as common things—who thinks not, sees not, feels not—is but a moving clod; ay, worse than the dull earth, for that may vegetate; but one like this hath no fruitful germ within. Have naught, I pray thee, with one like this. But take with thee choice spirits—those whom thou lovest—who have breasts kindred with thine—in whom the electric spark, caught from thine own bosom, will spread and glow and illumine! with such go thou out into the country, though it be but for a day!

How do I love thee, Rocky Nook, thou pleasantest part of the pleasant village of Hingham. I will not forget the lesson thou hast taught. I may never see thee again; but I will carry the remembrance of thee into the bustle of business, and it shall temper the cares of existence. I love thee, Rocky Nook, for thyself and thy sweet memories!

This spot, eloquent in its tale of the beautiful, I sought not many years ago, with companions dear, and kindred, as I have told thee that companions in such a scene should be. The only one of the sterner sex was one whom the world had aforetime treated harshly, but had not embittered his spirit. He had seen the broad Atlantic in its fiercest wrath, when the thunder broke over its mountain waves, and the lightning perched on the masts of the gallant bark that bore him, and wrapt it in sheets of flame. He had ridden in a frail and tiny boat, on those mighty waves in that watery waste, and had watched the fiery element as it feasted on the noble ship, that but now had been his home, while shrieks and death were around him. He had trod the shores of another hemisphere, where are the hoary and crumbling relics of other days and other men; yet he loved better the graceful proportions of the wild-wood tree, and the gurgling of the rivulet, than the marble column of an emperor, and the high arched aqueduct. His pencil has wondrous power to portray the beautiful in nature, and trace the lineaments of the human face divine. He was a man of a firm will, little brooking authority, yet kind and loving withal.

Memory pictureth next, a fairer being, linked by the magic spell of love to him I have just described. She had an eye to see with him to whom she had vowed herself, the bright pictures all glowing around her, and to paint them too—not to the sensible eye on the magic canvass; but with the heaven-caught inspiration of poesy. And now in other lands she mingled with the great and good of earth; to whom her tuneful lays have

been her heralds, and to whose souls her own is knit in the bonds that genius weaves around her children.

Next cometh a gentle creature, with a blue eye and auburn hair—with calmness seated on her face, and reposing in her chastened smile. Gentle she was, as I have said—as thou wouldst picture an angel—and within her was all that thou dost connect in thy heart with the images of those better beings, to whom the denizens of earth look up in reverence.

And the fourth! How shall I infuse into my soul the enthusiasm, meet to the elevation of her own spirit, that shall enable me to describe her. A maid with a dark hazel eye, with a magic in its piercing glance that made every nerve thrill of him that met it; all fervency—all purity—all melody—worshipping the bright and the beautiful—herself the type of what she so loved.

These, were my company; and on a sunny morning, we departed from the smoky city, in that moving wonder, a steam boat. Episodically, let me entreat thee, when thou wouldst take nature by the hand, look with horror on that four wheeled vehicle, yclept a stage. There is that in its creak that tells of the poor offspring of art; and toil rises in a mist from the hides of the panting horses. Take thou the boat that skimmeth like a bird. Music is in the dash of its wheels, the bubble of the waters about its prow. And there is food for contemplation too, in the restless deep and the circling shore, and the sprinkled islands, and the skimming sails!

We are at Rocky Nook; and in front of the venerable farm house where is our abiding place for the nonce, rises a lofty elm that hath reared itself for centuries. Already I have learned a lesson. The memory of man runneth not back to the day when that tree was a little thing, bending in every blast. It is not aged now; and the child yet unborn may shade its hoary head and sustain its limbs, tottering with decay, where I now stand; and when I shall be of the things that were. I may look on those who will tell me when the frame of this dwelling, unshaped by art, graced the depths of the forest; yet, even now, time hath dealt hardly with it, and a few revolving seasons will level it with the earth. Thus frail the handiwork of man. He lifteth himself up; and forgetting that he is but dust, he laugheth in his pride and heweth and pileth up, and saith in his heart, "How mighty am I!" Alas! To-morrow heareth the wail for him, and as he perisheth, so perish the costliest labors of his hands.

Episodically, let me again remind thee, when thou goest into the country, seek not the fashionable watering place, nor abide at a hotel; though thou goest but for a day. Thou wilt but have leaped from Scylla into Charybdis. A hotel smacketh of labor and anxiety. Inharmonious method signalizeth all its arrangements. The bell that calleth the waiter, knelleth thine aspirations for freedom; thou treadest on carpets that the rattling loom has woven; thou hast come to seek the verdant carpet that nature hath spread for thee—the idle ceremonies that are the rivets of artificial society, will fetter thee, and steal thee away from the simplicity thou wouldst enjoy. How perverse is man, that in summer's sweetest hours, when wood and stream and hill

and valley are most dear, he hasteneth to some sandy plain, that fashion hath consecrated, and there dreameth that he is happy; in the midst of the flaunting and the gay, the careless and the vain—of frivolity and heartlessness, dissipation and nothingness. Strange, strange! Do not thou so!

We are out for a morning ride, with a clear sky and a cooling breeze, for Nantasket beach and the rolling ocean. Sixteen of us, male and female, packed in a hay cart—ay, a hay-cart; wherefore not? Of all things when thou seekest the country, and visitest nature in her unfettered domain, abjure all gilded and smooth rolling vehicles, whether yclept carriage, chaise, gig, or barouche. They harmonize not with the scene. They are familiar to thine eye, and thou seest them every day, in thy brick dwelling in the city. Let naught of these be near thee, to jog the elbow of memory, and remind thee when thou wouldst most forget. Seek locomotion in some humble invention, though it be perchance, a hay-cart.

How gayly rings our laugh! How does nature breathe her calm placidity into our souls! The ocean is before us, and its roar is in our ears. Oh, mighty ocean! The overflowing heart findeth no new terms in which to apostrophise thee, but thou art not the less an emblem, in thy vastness, of the majesty, the power that created thee; in thy restlessness, of man's wavering heart; and of eternity, in thy ceaseless roll!

We are back at the farm-house, and a farmer's meal is before us. A beef steak, fried potatoes, and home-brewed ale are on the table. Excellent! Luxuries because almost unknown. A marvellous appetite have I; let me indulge. Ah! here cometh a smoking whortleberry pudding. Blessings on its parti-colored visage! I fear not to partake of thee, for that thou wilt tinge the enamel of my teeth of thine own dusky hue; for I am away from the carping world.

We are back again. Houses, goods, carriages, streets, horses, men, women, children and noise usurp the place of trees, fields, hills and silence. But memory is tracing the departed day on her imperishable tablets. I am better for my pleasure of a day.

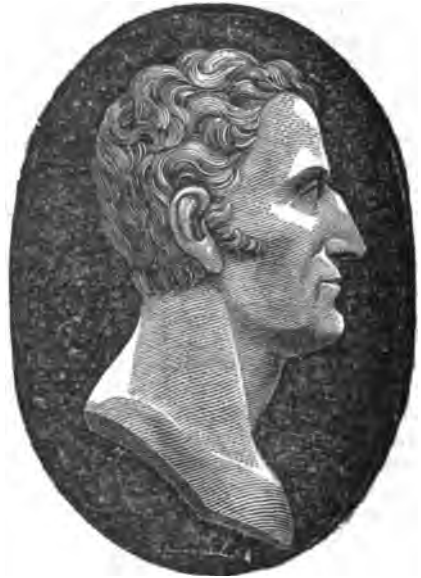
Original.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

FORWARD, still forward Learning's billows sweep
Flooding the nations; while on every side
Error's strong-holds before its potent tide
Crumble and disappear; and still the deep,
Impetuous tides onward and onward keep
Their ceaseless flow; and soon the mountain chain
Of Ignorance shall sink; and nought remain
To tell the world where Vice and Folly sleep,
Save the loose wrecks which float upon the waves—
Idols and charms and many a nameless thing
Once prized, but valueless. O! who would stay
Those glorious billows? Who from out the graves
Of ages, would the forms of darkness bring
Which once o'er Earth usurped unbounded sway?

Profile Likeness of his Grace The Duke of Wellington.



Original.

SONG OF THE VOYAGING GIRL.

BY JOHN J. ADAMS.

ALONE, now alone, on the billow,
How sadly my thoughts do return;
To droop like some low moaning willow,
That weeps o'er a worth cherished urn.

Bright crested the waves now are voicing,
A welcome of joy to their home;
Unheeded by me 's their rejoicing,
As far, far from thee I do roam.

But soon shall our fond bark, returning,
In sympathy wreath the bright foam,
While each element gallantly spurning,
That checks the embrace of my home.

On our favorite seat when you listen
The wind in tempestuous roar,
Think my eyes then, with pleasure do glisten,
For I'm nearing our dear native shore.

And when, with a hushing commotion,
The waves sing a fond lullaby;
Think, that over that beautiful ocean,
They bear thee my heart's dearest sigh.

Original.

THE RADISH-GIRL.*

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"A maiden never bold
Of spirit, so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at itself. Her smoothness—
Her silence and her patience
Speak to the people and they pity her."

"RADISHES—tea radishes?" An overstrained but sweet voice uttered this familiar cry in one of the upper streets of our city, and a little girl, who was toiling beneath the weight of an overflowing basket, drew back to the railing of a lofty mansion, that its mistress, a superb young woman, might pass from her carriage to the street door. The pavement was damp, and the lady hesitated for a moment before she left the carriage. The small satin-clad foot lingered on the first step as she was about to descend, when the glad voice of a child broke from the drawing-room window above.

"Bobby, Bobby, I say, come, open the door this minute. Mamma is here, all in the rain!"

Mrs. Staples looked up. A beautiful young head, covered all over with short brown curls was thrust out into the rain, and a hand, scarcely larger than a good-sized rose-leaf, was busy as a young humming-bird wafting kisses from one of the sweetest little mouths that ever answered the kiss of a mother.

"Come, mamma, I'm in such a hurry!"—cried the dear little rogue, leaning eagerly over the cill and lavishing her kisses more profusely on the damp air—"Oh! I do wish you—there, Bobby's opened the door—run up quick—papa is here!"

A fine boy had opened the door, and stood in the passage waiting his mother's approach. Mrs. Staples descended from her carriage with a careless but very graceful movement, and hurried across the wet stones, holding up the folds of her dress, but with her eyes raised to the cherub-face bending in its beauty above her. In the hurry of her movements a superb cashmere shawl had fallen loosely from her shoulders and swept along the muddy pavement as she passed.

"Lady, your shawl will be spoiled," said the soft, humble voice that had so feebly cried radishes a moment before.

The little girl had set down her basket, and stood half shrinking at her own boldness, holding up the rich and soiled drapery. There was something in the voice that appealed forcibly to the generous heart of the lady. She flung the shawl over her arm, and bent her eyes with a feeling of benevolent interest on the little maiden. She was very young, gentle and timid in her appearance, and altogether more delicate and lovely than those poor children usually are who follow her wearisome calling. Her dress might be described by the emphatic word poverty-stricken, yet it was tidy, and a natural grace dwelt about her person, which the frock of striped worsted and coarse woolen shawl rendered but the more

remarkable. Two braids of rich black hair fell on either shoulder from beneath a little quilted hood which scarcely shadowed a face of such gentle and touching loveliness, that the heart ached while looking on it. There was privation and suffering in every sweet lineament. Mrs. Staples dwelt on the large sad eyes that sunk beneath her gaze, on the moist lashes and the tremulous spirit that lived around the small mouth, till her heart warmed toward the humble child.

"Poor thing," she said, drawing forth her purse, "take this, and go down into the basement; you seem half perished."

The girl looked wistfully on the piece of silver extended to her, but she did not take it.

"I—I would rather not take the money, lady, but if you will buy some radishes with it, I shall be so glad!"

She ran to her basket and held it eagerly up with both hands as she spoke. The radishes were uncommonly fine, and their slender scarlet spikes lay among the tufted leaves with a most tempting freshness, yet it was almost dark, and her basket teemed to the brim. Not one bunch had the poor child sold through that wet and dreary day.

Mrs. Staples smiled at the earnest way in which the little trafficker lifted her merchandize up the steps, but there was compassion in the smile.

"Go down to the basement," she said, kindly, "and the cook will take some of you. William," she added, turning to the footman, "conduct her down, and see that she is quite warm and comfortable before she goes away."

The man cast a supercilious glance toward the coachman, and turned with a shrug to obey his lady's orders.

"Mother, let me take her down," cried the boy who had opened the door, his fine eyes kindling at the suppressed insolence of the menial, "I am not ashamed to lift her radishes."

He bounded down the steps as he spoke, and taking the basket from the girl he swung it round with a flourish to his own arm. There was manliness and grace in the action which might have befitted a much older person, and his air of protection was most amusing as he opened the gate and held it, that the humble radish-girl might pass down the area.

"Mamma, why don't you come?" cried the impatient little Sarah, letting herself down the stairs with both hands and feet, that she might hasten her mother's progress.

Mrs. Staples stood thoughtfully in the hall, for her heart yearned strangely toward the forlorn child whom she had just sent from her presence, but when the voice of her own darling aroused her, a beautiful smile lighted up her face, and she hastened toward the stairs with an impatient fondness, which nothing but a warm-hearted mother can appreciate. The lovely child scrambled up from her knees, and with the bound of a young fawn, leaped half way down the stairs into her mother's arms. Her musical laughter rang through the hall while she performed the exploit, broken into a richer sound by the kisses which she lavished over her mother's face, as she bore her to the drawing-room.

* A picture now exhibited at the Apollo, of a little girl with a basket of radishes on her arm, was taken as a subject for this sketch. It is the work of Mr. C. Ver Bryck, a young artist of much promise.

In the back basement of a gloomy wooden building, in the lower end of Cherry Street, sat an aged couple at night-fall, on the day when our humble heroine is presented to the reader. The room was damp, low and dark, with no other furniture than a couple of rude chairs, and a deal-table, on which were arranged a half dozen unmatched cups and saucers, a broken plate or two, and a tea-pot with the spout broken off in the middle, all scrupulously washed and piled together beneath a clean crash towel, as if they had not been called in use for many a day. A brown platter which stood upon a shelf which ran above the table, contained the only appearance of food to be seen in the wretched dwelling, a bone of bacon thrice picked, and retained, probably, from the wretched desire to possess something in the shape of food, though that something were but a mockery. A straw bed was made up on one corner of the floor, and partook of the general neatness of the room. The sheets were of linen, and the covering, a patch-work quilt, formed of rich, old-fashioned chintz, was nicely turned under the edges. One might have known how precious that quilt was in the eyes of the possessor, by the care taken to preserve it.

The old couple drew their chairs closer together on the hearth-stone, and looked wistfully into each other's faces as the darkness gathered around about them, while the rain beat upon the walks without with increasing violence.

"Come, cheer up," said the woman, with a vain effort at cheerfulness, pressing her withered fingers on the hand of her partner, which had fallen with listless apathy on his knee. "Poor Lucy would have been home long before this if she had done any thing; she will be cold and wet; don't let us look so—so hungry when she comes in."

"Yes, poor child, she will be wet and wretched enough," muttered the old man in a broken voice; and he passed his hand over his eyes and flung a handful of shavings and chips on the smouldering fire, from a pile which lay in the chimney corner. The blaze flashed up and revealed the pale, haggard faces which bent over it, with painful distinctness. They were sharp, wrinkled and meager with lack of sustenance. The lips of both were thin and blue, and there was a fixed expression about them, which told how firmly they had born with suffering. The man looked anxiously into the face of his wife, and turned his head away again with a groan. There was a look of intense keenness about her sunken eye—of suffering and hunger that bowed the old man's fortitude to the earth. It was a picture of terrible famine, and yet patience and affection flung a thrilling beauty over it.

The man gave one more agonized glance at his wife, and rose to his feet.

"God of Heaven!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands and looking wildly about the room, "you are starving to death, and I have nothing to give you!"

The poor woman lifted her head and tried to smile, but the effort was heart-rending.

"No, no, I am not very hungry; you remember the

bread, yesterday. Let us try the bone again; if we could but get the least morsel, we might stand it till morning.

The husband went to the table and scraped the bone till it was white as ivory beneath his knife. With all his effort, but a few dried particles of meat were obtained; but he bore them to her with something of cheerfulness; there was more than he had expected.

"There is scarcely a mouthful, but it will keep you alive," he said.

She kept her eyes resolutely turned from the plate. "Take a part yourself, and give me what is left; I can wait."

The old man's bony fingers quivered for a moment over the scant morsel, and then he dashed his hand away and thrust the plate into his wife's lap.

"I don't need it. I am not hungry; eat, if you would not die."

The famished woman turned her eyes on the fragments and clutched them like a bird of prey. In one instant they were devoured; then, as if frightened at her voracity, she lifted her glowing eyes to her husband's face with a look of touching appeal.

"I could not help it. I meant to have left some, but there was so little!—If we had but one mouthful more!"

She looked eagerly about the room, for the taste of food had made her almost ravenous. Suddenly she sunk back to her chair and laughed hysterically.

"The radishes, John; if she don't sell any we can eat them; there will be enough for all. I wish she would come."

"You forget that the kind woman in the next room lent us the money to buy them with; how can we pay her?" replied the man, looking sorrowfully upon the eager face of his wife. The poor woman buried her thin face in her hands, and tears stole silently through her fingers.

"You may sell the quilt to-morrow," she said, again lifting her face piteously to his, "I will not say a word against it again. It was my mother's, but we cannot starve to death—that poor child and all."

As she spoke, footsteps were heard in the passage. She started up with the eagerness of a famished hound and flung open the door. A tall man, marked by that most unfit badge of servitude for an American, a hat-band of woven silver, pushed by her, and setting a basket down on the floor, stood gazing with a look of mingled arrogance and pity about the comfortless room. The little radish-girl, whose light footsteps had been lost in his heavier tread, stood just within the door, with the rain dripping from her hood down the heavy braids of her hair; her little hands were clasped, and her large, glad eyes wandered alternately from her grandparents to the basket, while her lips trembled with eagerness to speak the joy which she was yet too shy to express before a stranger. The man gave another look at the old couple, who stood with their keen eyes riveted on the basket, then turning carelessly on his heel he left the room, whistling an air and brushing the rain from the sleeve of his livery-coat. We inveigh against the arrogance of the rich leveled against the

poor; but the insolence of the poor to the poorer is far more common and a thousand times less excusable; it is like quarrels in the same household, which even a community of interest cannot always prevent.

The moment Mrs. Staples' servant left the room, all the delight which had kindled up the little radish-girl's features broke from her tongue. She sprang forward and flung back the covering from the basket. Her eager little hands shook, her eyes grew beautifully bright, and no fairy telling down gold and rubies to a favorite, ever looked half so lovely as that happy child when she revealed the contents of her basket before her famished grandparents, who had fallen on their knees beside it. Her voice broke through the room like the melody of birds rejoicing together when the trees are in blossom.

"See, grandpapa, see!—a beef steak—a great large thick beef steak!—and pickles and bread. Oh, dear! that nice little gentleman has put back a bunch of radishes, the very best. Do look, grandma, here is some tea in this paper—real good green tea—and sugar and—why, grandpa, is that you crying so? Dear, dear grandma, don't sob in that dreadful way. How can you?—I'm so happy. Why, as true as I live, if I an't crying myself all the time! Now an't it strange that we should all cry because we've got something to eat. I can't help it tho'—indeed I can't; can you, grandpa? I—I believe I shall die, I'm so happy!"

The excited little creature dropped the paper of tea from her trembling hands as she uttered the last words, and flinging herself on the old woman's bosom, lay bathed in tears and shaking like an aspen leaf, literally overcome with happiness. While her clinging arms were about the grandame's neck, the poor woman contrived to break a piece of bread from one of the loaves, and greedily devoured it, amid her caresses. Joy is as restless as grief; Lucy soon started to her feet again.

"But I have not shown you all. I have got money to pay Mrs. Miles, and a dollar besides. Don't eat much, because we will have *such* a supper in a few minutes. I'll get three cent's worth of charcoal, and borrow a gridiron, and—and—don't eat half enough before I come back, because of the supper."

The little girl ran out of the room as she uttered this last injunction, and her step was heard like the leap of a deer as she bounded through the passage. When she returned, a loaf of the bread had disappeared; the old couple were in each other's arms, weeping and uttering fragments of prayer and blessings and thanksgiving. It was a beautiful picture for the best feelings of the human heart—gratitude to God and to his creatures, shed a holiness over it.

Lucy bustled about, and a delicious meal was soon spread. The table was drawn toward the fire, and a tallow candle which she had purchased, together with the charcoal, shed a comparatively cheerful light over the humble group, as they partook of the first regular meal after many weeks of privation. Lucy was by far too happy for thoughts of her own hunger. Though she tried to eat quietly, at every second mouthful she would lay down her fork, and lift her face with a

sweet look of affection to her grandparents, who were partaking eagerly of the food before them. Her little hand was ready as a humming-bird among a clump of flowers, in heaping the empty plate, and in filling the exhausted cup as fast as the old woman could drain it.

"Does it taste good, grandpa—oh, grandma, is it not nice to have tea once more?" she was continually inquiring, with the eager happiness of a child as she was, till the old people began to eat leisurely, and to select their food as those whose appetites are fully satisfied.

"Now, Lucy, my child, let us hear how you came by all these good things," said the old man, at last, pushing back his plate and supporting his elbow on the table, while his chin rested in the palm of one hand, and his eye dwelt fondly on the sweet young face of his grand-daughter, "come, your grandmother will listen now."

The little girl tried to school her face to the dignified seriousness of a story-teller, but spite of herself, the little mouth would dimple, and tears and smiles struggled in her large black eyes, like clouds and sunshine on an April sky.

"Well," she said, shaking back the braids of her hair, and folding her hands resolutely in her lap, "don't ask me any questions till I have done, and I will tell you all about it just as it happened. I did not like to tell you how much afraid I was to go out this morning, for I thought may be you might want to go instead of me, and I thought perhaps that walking in the damp and calling out so loud might set you to coughing again. So I made believe as bold as a lion, till I got out of sight of the house, and then I could hardly keep from crying, I felt so strangely. I believe it just the sort of feeling that the 'Babes in the Woods' had, only I had no brother with me, and it is a great deal more lonesome to wander round among lots of men and women that you never saw before, than to be lost among the green trees where the sunshine comes laughing through the leaves, and flowers peep up from the soft moss, where birds are hopping about, singing and chirping in the bushes—dear little birds—such as covered the poor babes over with leaves, and—and—finally, grandpa, as I was saying, I think that I felt a great deal worse off than they did, for when they grew hungry, there were plenty of blackberries that they had as much right to pick as any body; but I was dreadful hungry—I was, indeed, though I would not own it to you, and every step I took there were nice cakes and tarts and candies in the windows, just as if the people had put them there to see how bad they could make me feel. Well, I tried to call out radishes, but the tears almost choked me, and I could hardly make the least noise at first, and when I did it was such a strange hoarse scream, just like a frightened bird. But I began low, and called out louder and louder, till I am certain somebody must have heard me, besides, I went close to the basement windows sometimes, and screamed radishes, radishes, till I could not call any longer; but no one took the least notice. I was very faint and tired with carrying the basket, and may be my voice sounded louder to myself than to any body else. Once

a lady knocked on the window. My heart sprang into my mouth, for I thought she wanted me to stop, but a great stout woman, with *such* a voice, turned a corner just that minute, and she pushed by me as I was going down the area, and the lady bought four bunches of her. I felt the tears come up from my heart, but I would not let the radish-woman see me cry, she looked after me in such a hateful manner, and laughed so when I dragged along with my heavy basket.

"It was long after noon, and I had gone down Madison Street and across clear to the North River side, without selling one single bunch of radishes. My heart grew heavier and heavier, till it lay like a stone in my bosom, for I thought of you, so hungry and in such trouble, and of the money which you had borrowed of Mrs. Miles. I was getting more faint and hungry every minute, and I thought my heart would break at last, for I was so tired that I had to hold to the iron railings to keep from falling on the pavement. I don't know exactly where I was, but somewhere near Broadway a young gentleman went by me very fast, for it was beginning to rain. He looked hard at me, but a great many had done so before, and I should not have minded it, but he turned back in a slow, thinking way, and after looking at me a minute, very kindly told me to go with him a little while, and he would take me out of the rain.

"I thought, perhaps, that the gentleman kept house, and wanted some radishes for tea; so I was very glad to follow him; besides, he had such a kind, pretty way of speaking, that I could not have helped it if I had wanted to; it seemed natural to do as he bade me. Well, he walked on till we came to a block of new buildings in a street near Broadway. All around the lower windows and the doors was solid stone. A little black plate was by the side of the door which he took me through, and on it was written in beautiful yellow letters the name of C. Ver Bryck, Portrait Painter. I did not know what it meant at first, but afterward I found out it was the name of the young gentleman who took me there, Mr. Ver Bryck—a queer name, is'n't it? I should not have known how to pronounce it, but that I heard it so many times after I got in. We went up a great high row of stairs, and along a passage, till we came to a door which had another piece of black like that on the outside, with the same name on it, and a little slate hung by it covered over with writing.

"Mr. Ver Bryck opened the door. Oh, what a grand room it was! There was a fine carpet on it, and nice tables covered over with brushes and little boxes and dear beautiful images, white as snow, and flinging their arms up, as if they wanted to play with one; and all around the walls were places where it seemed as if you were looking out of doors. You could see mountains that looked as if they melted away into the blue sky, and trees with large heavy limbs, that seemed as if they would break down with heaps of leaves, with soft grassy places about the roots, besides rivers that wound toward you, so deep and clear, and cows lying—the lazy things—on the banks. I can't give you the least idea how beautiful it all was. I should have thought

myself in the woods, but for the ladies and gentlemen that stood round the edges of the floor so handsome and dressed so beautifully with square things that looked like gold all round them. They every one, seemed staring at me as I went in. This frightened me so that I ran into the passage to come away, but Mr. Ver Bryck followed me, and wanted to know what I was afraid of; I began to cry, and told him I did not like to go among so many grand people. He looked at a young gentleman who came to the door to see what the matter was, and they both smiled, and told me not to be afraid, for the gentlemen and ladies I had seen were only pictures. I did not know how that could be, for the pictures in books don't look like breathing people as they did, but I was afraid they would think me babyish to be frightened when they were so good natured, so I followed them into the room.

He took me up to an old gentleman with a bald-head, who sat reading a great book through his spectacles. A nice old gentleman he was, and so still, he did not once lift his eyes from the book, though I stood between him and the light. I was not in the least afraid of him, for he looked kind and pleasant; but when I was told to touch his hand, I held back, for it did not seem right for a little girl like me to take such a liberty. They both laughed when I told them so; but they would make me touch the hand which lay on the book, and as true as I live, grandpa, it was like touching a board! That was what they called a picture too, but it looked as much like a living man as you do this minute. I did not think so much of the others being pictures when I come to look at them very close. But that old gentleman with the book and spectacles, I don't really know what to think of it. Yet—But if I stop to tell you all I saw, it will be twelve o'clock before I get through. Mr. Ver Bryck came to me while I was looking about, and made me stand just where the light came in from the upper part of a window. He sat down by a couple of shining sticks that stood up from the floor like a great A, and put something that looked like a wide lace-frame with a cloth nailed over it, on the little pegs that were fastened to the sticks, then he looked in my face so long that I grew almost ashamed and wanted to turn my head away; but he began to draw marks on the cloth, and after the first I did not mind it, for he only looked up quick once in a while, and then marked away like any thing. I had forgotten all about being tired or hungry till then; but standing still so long put me in mind of it, and I began to grow faint and dizzy, till the room went round and round. I did not remember any more till Mr. Ver Bryck was lifting me from the carpet.—When I told him that I was tired and very hungry, he looked serious, as if he pitied me, and the other gentleman said, 'Poor thing! poor thing!' and went out of the room as fast as he could. In a little while he came back with a handful of cake and a cranberry-tart. He was almost out of breath, and his hand trembled like any thing, when he put them in my lap. I cried so that I could not thank him. He did not seem to mind it, though; but smiled and looked happy when he saw

how fast I eat. I wanted to have saved some for you, but they were looking at me and I was ashamed.

"In a little while I stood up again, as strong as could be. You can't think how fast Mr. Ver Bryck worked with a little brush, which he took from the table. His eyes grew brighter and brighter every time he looked up. I am sure it must make people very happy to paint pictures—don't you think so, grandpa?"

"At last he gave me this half dollar, and told me to come again sometime when you could spare me. My heart jumped into my mouth when I saw the money, but I did not know as it was right to take it for doing nothing, but stand still in a beautiful room. He would not hear what I had to say, but put the money into my hand, and told me to be a good girl and to come again.

"When I went out, my basket did not seem half so heavy as it had; and though I had money enough to pay Mrs. Miles, I was determined to sell some radishes. You can't think how much courage that cranberry tart and the cake gave me. I called loud enough, I am sure, but nobody seemed to want radishes for tea; and I was getting down-hearted again, when a carriage stopped at the pavement just when I was passing; and one of the most beautiful ladies that ever you set eyes on, came down the steps and was going into a house; but a dear little girl put her head out of the window, and while looking up, the lady forgot her shawl, and it dragged in the mud. I can't think how I ever come to be so bold; but before I thought what I was doing, the shawl was in my hand, and I was saying something, but I can't remember what. The lady spoke very, very kindly to me and sent me down stairs, where I found four or five women at work. One of them was buying some of my radishes, when the lady sent for me to come up to her room. I never saw so many beautiful things in my life as I saw in that room. The carpet looked as if bushels and bushels of daisies and tulips and roses had been matted into it, and my feet sunk down softly, as I walked. It was like treading on Spring moss, when the May blossoms are just beginning to peep through it. I saw things to sit down on, covered over with silk and green leaves, and bunches of grapes seemed growing all over them. There were stools and cushions and chairs, all of silk and beautiful wood, and a bunch of fruit lay on each one of them. You know I had been cheated with pictures once, or I should certainly have thought the grapes and the peaches and the apricots, were good to eat, they looked so natural. Four of those things which the gentleman called landscapes, hung on the walls, and it seemed like sundown in the room, for it appeared to me that more than a hundred yards of the thickest and heaviest silk hung about the windows. Oh, grandma, I do wish you could see that room, I am certain you would stare as much as I did.

"After all, the most beautiful thing in the room was the lady herself, and the sweet little girl, who lay with her curly head on one of the cushions I have told you of, at her mother's feet. I remember it very well, for her cheek lay against the picture of a rose, and it was so

red you could hardly tell the difference. A gentleman was sitting in a great easy chair, but I did not like to look at him, he was so tall and had such a proud way when he moved. And there was a nice boy, almost a young gentleman, so handsome and so polite; but I had seen him before—he carried my radishes into the basement for me. There they all sat, looking as happy and contented as if they had n't frightened me to death by sending for me to go up there. Oh, how I trembled, when I first went in! But the lady called me to her so softly, and smiled in a sweet way, which made her look a thousand times more beautiful while she talked to me; and in a few minutes I was not in the least afraid to speak. She made me tell her all about you and about my father and mother's dying, and—and—I don't like to talk it all over again, but I told her every thing. She almost cried once or twice, and the young gentleman *did* cry in real earnest. When I had done, he went to his mother, and put his arm round her neck, I heard him say—'Do take her, mamma, she is so pretty, and there is so much feeling in her story.'

"The mother looked at the gentleman, who sat in the easy chair, and then he asked me a few questions. At the first sound of his voice, I began to tremble all over, like a leaf; but somehow, he did not seem so proud when he was speaking, and I made out to answer him very well. He turned to the lady and made a motion with his hand, which seemed to say, 'she is a nice, honest little girl, and you may take her.' The lady then told me to bring you and grandma to see her, to-morrow; and if you liked, I should stay with her, to 'help about house;' and she would give me good wages, and be kind to me, if I deserved it. She said, that if you and grandma proved the kind of people that I had told her of, you should have a room in one of her husband's houses, all for nothing, and that she would help me support you. A great many kind things she said, but I was so full of happiness, that I scarcely heard them. I am sure I don't know how I got down stairs, but the woman had taken all my radishes. The money was ready for me, done up in a paper; and there the basket stood, filled just as you see it—so heavy I could not have carried it home for the life of me. I suppose the lady had ordered the footman—I believe they called him that—to come home with me, but he seemed awful surly about it; and I begin to think, from what I have seen to-day, that a *real* gentleman is a thousand times better natured and more free, than one who don't know whether he is one or not. Why, grandpa, have you gone to sleep while I was talking?"

The old man's face was buried in his hands, and he was lost in deep emotion, such as the grateful Christian alone can feel. At length, he lifted his face and clasping his hands on the table, spoke his gratitude in the solemn and beautiful words of scripture. "I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." There was a depth and fervency in the old Christian's voice, solemn even as the words he uttered. The little radish-girl bowed her head on her bosom, and the grandmother uttered a sweet and gentle amen.

Original.

THE FATE OF THE BLANCHE NAVIRE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," &c.

The barque that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on,
And what was England's glorious crown
To him who wept a son!—HEMARA.

THE earliest dawning of a December's morning had not yet tinged the eastern sky, when in the port of Barfleur the stirring bustle which precedes an embarkation broke loudly on the ear of all who were on foot at that unseemly hour; nor were these few in number, for all the population of that town—far more considerable than it appears at present, when mightier cities, some rendered so by the gigantic march of commerce, some by the puissant and creative hands of military despotism, have sprung on every side into existence, and overshadowed its antique renown—were hastening through the narrow streets towards the water's edge. The many-paned stone-latticed casements gleamed with a thousand lights, casting a cheerful glare over the motley multitude, which swarmed before them, with all the frolic merriment of an unwonted holiday. All classes and all ranks might there be seen, of every age and sex—Barons and Lords of high degree, clad in the rich attires of a half-barbarous yet gorgeous age, mounted on splendid horses, and attended by long retinues of armed and liveried vassals—ladies and demoiselles of birth and beauty curbing their Spanish jennets, and casting sidelong looks of love toward the favored knights, curvetting in the conscious state of proud humility beside their bridle-reins—as clearly visible, as at high noon, in the broad radiance of the torches, that accompanied their progress; while all around them, and behind, crowded the humbler throng of mariners, and artisans, with here a solemn burgher, proud in his velvet pourpoint and his golden chain!—and there a barefoot monk, far prouder in his frock of sackcloth and his knotted girdle!—and ever and anon a group of merry maidens with their high Norman caps, and short-jupons of particolored serge crowding around the *jongleur*† with his ape and gittern; or pressing on to hear the loftier professor‡ of the *gai-science*, girded with sword and dagger in token of his gentle blood, and followed by his boy bearing the harp, which then had power to win, not with the low-born and vulgar throng, but with the noble and the fair, high favor for its wandering master:—

* The title given by the chroniclers to this ill-fated vessel is the *Blanche Meï*, the latter word being the old French for the modern term, which we have substituted. Singularly enough the ancient word survives as the name of a piece of antique gold plate modelled like a ship, in which the napkins of the royal table are served in the high ceremonials of the court of France.

† The juggler of the middle ages, who like the street musicians of the present time were mostly Savoyards by birth, generally carried with them the ape or marmoset, even to this day their companion, and added to their feats of strength and sleight of hand both minstrelsy and music.

‡ The *gai-science*, so early as the commencement of the century of which we write, had its degrees, its colleges, and its professors, who though itinerant and dependant for their subsistence on their instrument and voice, considered war no less their trade than song, esteeming themselves, and moreover admitted by others to be the fullest sense, gentlemen.

The courts and thoroughfares of the old town—for it was old even then—by slow degrees grew silent and deserted; and, ere the sun was well above the wave, the multitudes which thronged them had rolled downward to the port, and stood in dense ranks gazing on its calm and sheltered basin. Glorious, indeed, and lovely was the sight when the first yellow rays streamed over the still waters—they waked the distant summits of the hills behind the town into a sudden life; they kissed the crest of every curling ripple that dimpled with its "innumerable laughter" the azure face of ocean; but more than all they seemed to dwell upon two noble barques, which lay, each riding at a single anchor, at a short arrow-shot from the white sands that girt as with a silver frame the liquid mirror of the harbor. Fashioned by the best skill of that early day, and ornamented with the most lavish splendor, though widely different from the floating castles of modern times, those vessels, the picked cruisers of the British navy were in their structure no less picturesque, than in their decoration royally magnificent. Long, low and buoyant they floated lightly as birds upon the surface—their open waists already bristling with the long oars by which, after the fashion of the Roman galley, they were propelled in serene weather—their masts clothed with the wings which seemed in vain to woo the breeze—their elevated sterns and forecastles blazing with tapestries of gold and silver—reflected in long lines of light, scarce broken by the dancing ripples. The larger of the two bore on her foresail blazoned in gorgeous heraldry the arms of England—the second, somewhat smaller, but if anything more elegant in her proportions, and fitted with a nicer taste although less sumptuous, was painted white from stem to stern, her oars, fifty in number, of the same spotless hue were barred upon the blades with silver, and on her foresail of white canvass overlaid with figured damask were wrought among a glittering profusion of devices in characters of silver, the words "La Blanche Navire." Beyond them in the outer bay a dozen ships or more were dimly seen, through the mist wreaths which the wintry sun was gradually scattering, their canvases hanging in festoons from their long yardarms, and their decks crowded not with mariners alone but with the steel-clad forms of men at arms and archers, the gallant train of the third Norman who had swayed the destinies of England. The youngest son of the sagacious conqueror, after the death of the Red King, by rare union of audacity and cunning, Henry, had seized the sceptre of the fair island—the hereditary right of his romantic, generous and gallant brother, who with the feudatories of his Norman duchy was waging war upon the Saracen, neglectful of his own and of his subjects' interest alike, beneath the burning sun of Syria. Already firmly seated in his usurped dominion ere Robert returned homeward, nor yet contented with his ill-gained supremacy, he had wrung from the bold crusader, partly by force but more by fraud, his continental realms; and adding cruelty, which scarce can be conceived, to violence and fraud deprived him of heaven's choicest blessing, sight, and cast him—of late the most renowned and glorious knight in Christendom—a miserable

eyeless captive into the towers of Cardiff, his dungeons while he lived, and after death his tomb. No retributive justice had discharged its thunders upon the guilty one—no gloom sat on his smooth and lordly brow, no thorns had lurked beneath the circle of Henry's blood-bought diadem. Fortune had smiled on every effort, had granted every wish, however wild, had sanctioned every enterprise, however dubious or desperate—he never had known sorrow—and from his restless energetic soul remorse and penitence were banished by the incessant turmoil of ambition, and the perpetual excitement of success. And now his dearest wish had been accomplished—the most especial aim and object of his life perfected with such absolute security that his insatiate soul was satisfied. Absolute lord of England, and undisputed ruler of the fair Cotentin, he had of late disarmed the league which, for a time had threatened his security, detaching from the cause of France the powerful Count of Anjou, whose daughter, the most lovely lady, and the most splendid heiress of the time, he had seen wedded to his first-born, and his favorite, William. The previous day he had beheld the haughty barons tender the kiss of homage and swear eternal loyalty to the young heir of England, Normandy, and Anjou—the previous night he had sat glad and glorious at the festive board, encompassed by all that was fair, and noble, and high-born in the great realms he governed, and among all that proud and graceful circle his eye had looked on none so brave and beautiful as that young guiltless pair for whom he had imbrued not his hands only, but his very soul in blood. He sat on the high dais, beneath the gilded canopy, and as he quaffed the health of those who had alone a kindly tenure of his cold and callous heart, a noble knight approached with bended knee, and placing in his hand a marc of gold—“Fair Sir—” he said—“I, a good knight and loyal, Thomas Fitz Stephen, claim of your grace a boon. My Father, Stephen Fitz Evrard, served faithfully and well, so long as he did live your Father, William—served him by sea, and steered the ship with his own hand which bore him to that glorious crown which he right nobly won at Hastings. I pray you then, Fair King, that you do sell to me, for this gold marc, the fief I crave of you, that, as Fitz Evrard served the first King William, so may Fitz Stephen serve the first King Henry—I have right nobly fitted, eye! on mine honor, as becometh a mighty monarch, here in the bay of Barfleur, ‘the Blanche Navire—’ receive it at my hands, Great Sir, and suffer me to steer you homeward, and so may the blest virgin and her son send us the winds which we would have.”

“Good knight and loyal,” answered the prince, as he received the proffered coin—“Grieved am I, of a truth, and sorrowful that altogether I may not confer on you the fief, which of good right you claim—for lo, the barque is chosen, far more appraised for my service, which must to-morrow, by heaven’s mercy, bear me to that land whither your sire so fortunately guided mine. But since it may not be that I may sail myself, as would I could do so, in your good barque, to your true care will I entrust what I hold dearer than my very soul—my sons—my daughters—mine and my country’s hope—and as

your father steered the *FIRST*, so shall you steer the *THIRD* King William, that shall be, to the white cliffs of England.”

“Well said, my liege,” cried Foulke, the count of Anjou, a noble looking baron of tall and stately presence, although far past the noon of manhood, the father of the lovely bride—“to better mariner or braver ship, than stout Fitz Stephen and La Blanche Navire, was never freight entrusted! Quaff we a full carouse to their blythe voyage. How sayest thou, daughter, mine,” he added turning toward the blushing girl, who sat attired in all the pomp of newly wedded royalty beside her youthful lover, “How sayest thou? Would’st desire a trustier pilot, or a fleetier galley?”

“Why,” she replied, with a smile, half sweet half sorrowful, while a bright tear-drop glittered in her eye—“why should I seek for fleetness, when that same speed will but the sooner bear me from the sight of our fair France, and of thee too, my Father?”

“Dost thou then rue thy choice,” whispered the ardent voice of William in her ear, “and wouldst thou tarry here, when fate and duty summons me hence for England?”

Her full blue eye met his, radiant with true affection, and her slight fingers trembled in the clasp of her young husband with a quick thrill of agitation, and her lips parted, but the words were heard by none save him to whom they were addressed, for with the clang of beakers, and the loud swell of joyous music, and the glad merriment of all the courtly revellers, the toast of the bride’s father passed round the gleaming board—“A blythe and prosperous voyage—speed to the Blanche Navire, and joy to all who sail in her.”

Thus closed the festive evening, and thus the seal of destiny was set upon an hundred youthful brows, foredoomed alas! to an untimely grave beneath the ruthless billows.

The wintry day wore onward; and, wintry though it was, save for a touch of keenness in the frosty air, and for the leafless aspect of the country, it might have passed for a more lightsome season—the sky was pure and cloudless, as were the prospects and the hopes of the gay throng who now embarked secure and confident beneath its favorable omens. The sun shone gaily as in the height of summer, and the blue waves lay sleeping in its lustre, as quietly as though they ne’er had howled despair into the ears of drowning wretches. There was no thought of peril or of fear—how should there? The ships were trustworthy—the seamen skilful, numerous, and hardy—the breezes fair though faint—the voyage brief—the time propitious. The day wore onward; and it was high noon before the happy King, his every wish accomplished, secure as he conceived himself, and firm in the fruition of his bloodbought majesty, rowed with his glittering train on board the royal galley. Loud pealed the cheering clamors of his Norman subjects bidding their sovereign Hail—but louder yet they pealed when with its freight of ladies, the second barge shot forth—William and his fair sister, and yet fairer bride, and all the loveliest of the dames that graced the broad Cotentin. Not yet, however, were the anchors

weighed—not yet were the sails sheeted home; for on the deck of the King's vessel—beneath an awning of pure cloth of gold—a gorgeous board was spread. Not in the regal hall of Westminster could more of luxury have been brought together than was displayed upon that galley's poop—spread with the softest ermine, meet carpet for the gentle feet that trod it, cushioned with seats of velvet, steaming with perfumes the most costly, it was a scene resembling more some fairy palace, than the wave-beaten fabric that had braved many a gale, and borne the flag of England through many a storm in triumph. And there they sat and feasted—and the red wine-cup circled freely—and the song went round—their hearts were high and happy, and they forgot the lapse of hours—and still the reveller's shout was frequent on the breeze, and still the melody of female tones, blent with the clang of instrumental music, rang in the ears of those who loitered on the shore, after the sun had bathed his lower limb in the serene and peaceful waters. Then, as it were, awaking from their trance of luxury the banqueters broke off—skiff after skiff turned shoreward, till none remained on board the Royal ship except the monarch and his train, and that loved son with his bright consort, whom, parting from them there, he never was to look upon again. The courses were unfurled—topsails were spread, and pennants floated seaward, and as the good ship gathered way—the father bade adieu—adieu, as he believed it, but for one little night to all he loved on earth—and their barge manned by a score of powerful and active rowers wafted the bridal party to the *Blanche Navire*, which, as her precious freight drew nigh, luffed gracefully and swiftly up to meet them, as though she were a thing of life, conscious and proud of the high honor she enjoyed in carrying the united hopes of Normandy and England.

Delay!—there was yet more delay—the night had settled down upon the deep, before the harbor of Barfleur was fairly left behind—and yet so lovely was the night, with the moon, near her full, soaring superbly through the cloudless sky, myriads on myriads of clear stars weaving their mystic dance around her, that the young voyagers walked to and fro the deck rejoicing in the happy chance that had secured to them so fair a time for their excursion—and William sat aloof with his sweet wife beside him indulging in those bright anticipations, those golden dreams of happiness, which indeed make futurity a paradise to those, who have not learned, by the sad schoolings of experience, that human life is but another name for human sorrow. Fairer—the breeze blew fairer—and every sail was set and drawing—and the light ripples burst with a gurgling sound like laughter about the snow-white stem, and, still to waft them the more swiftly to their home—fifty long oars, pulled well and strongly by as many nervous arms, glanced in the liquid swell—the bubbles on the surface were scarcely seen as they flashed by, so rapid was their course, and a long wake of boiling foam glanced in the moonshine till it was lost to sight in the far distance—the port was far behind them, and the king's ship, seen faintly on the glimmering horizon, loomed like a pile of vapor far on their starboard bow. And still the music

rang upon the favorable wind, and still the rowers sang amid their toil, and still the captain sent the deep bowl round—the helmsman dozed upon the tiller, the watch upon the forecastle had long since stretched themselves upon the deck, in the deep slumbers of exhaustion and satiety.

"Give way! my merry men—give way!"—such was the jovial captain's cry—"pull for the pride of Normandy—pull for your country's fame, men of the Fair Cotentin. What will ye let yon island lubbers outstrip ye in the race? More way! more way!"

And with unrivalled speed the *Blanche Navire* sped on—a long black line stretches before her bow—dotted the silvery surface with ragged and fantastic shades—but not one eye has marked it. On she goes—swifter yet and swifter—and still the fatal shout is ringing from her decks. "Give way! men of Cotentin—give more way!"—Now they are close upon it—and now the dashing of the surf about the broken ledges—for that black line is the dread *Raz de Gatteville*, the most tremendous reef of all that bar the iron coast of Normandy—the hoarse and hollow roar must reach the ears even of those who sleep. But no! the clangor of the exulting trumpets, and the deep booming of the Norman nakir, and that ill omened shout "give way—yet more—more way!" has drowned even the all-pervading roar of the wild breakers. On! on! she goes fleet as the gazehound darting upon its antlered prey—and now her bows are bathed by the upflashing spray—and now—hark to that hollow shock—that long and grinding crash—hark to that wild and agonizing yell sent upward by two hundred youthful voices, up to the glorious stars that smile as if in mockery of their ruin. There rang the voice of the strong fearless man—the knight who had spurred off his destrier amid the shivering of lances and the rending clash of blades, without a thought unless of high excitement and fierce joy—the mariner who undismayed had reefed his sail, and steered his barque aright, amid the wildest storm that ever lashed the sea to fury—now utterly unnerved and paralyzed by the appalling change from mirth and revelry to imminent and instant death. So furious was the rate at which the galley was propelled, that when she struck upon the sharp and jagged rocks, her prow was utterly stove inward, and the strong tide rushed in foaming and roaring like a mill-stream.—Ten second's space she hung upon the perilous ledge, while the waves made a clear breach over her, sweeping, not only every living being, but every fixture—spars, bulwarks, shrouds, and the tall masts themselves—from her devoted decks. At the first shock, with the instinctive readiness that characterises in whatever peril, the true mariner, Fitz Stephen rallying to his aid a dozen of the bravest of his men had cleared away and launched a boat—and, even as the fated barque went down, boldly sucked into the whirling surf, had seized the prince and dragged him with a stalwart arm into the little skiff, which had put off at once to shun the drowning hundreds, who must have crowded in and sunk her on the instant.

"Pull back—God's death—pull back," cried the impatient youth as he looked round and saw that he alone

of all his race was there—"pull back, ye dastard slaves, or by the Lord and Maker of us all, though ye escape the waves, ye 'scape not my revenge"—and, as he spoke, he whirled his weapon from the scabbard and pressed the point so closely to Fitz Stephen's throat that its keen temper razed the skin—and, terrified by his fierce menaces and yet more by the resolute expression that glanced forth from his whole countenance, they turned her head once more toward the reef, and shot into the vortex agitated yet and boiling, wherein the hapless galley had been swallowed. A female head, with long fair hair, rose close beside the shallop's stern above the turbulent foam. William bent forward, he had already clutched those golden tresses—a moment and she would have been enfolded in his arms—another head rose suddenly—another—and another—and another—twenty strong hands grappled the gunwale of the skiff with the tenacity of desperation—there was a struggle—a loud shout—a heavy plunge, and the last remnant of the *Blanche Navire* went down, actually dragged from beneath the few survivors by the despairing hands of those, whom she could not have saved or succored had she been of ten times her burthen.

All! all went down—there was a long and awful pause, and then a slight splash broke the silence, a faint and gurgling sigh, and a strong swimmer rose and shook the brine from his dark locks and lo he was alone upon the deep—something he saw at a brief distance, distinct and dark, floating upon the surface, and with a vigorous stroke he neared it—a fragment of a broken spar—hope quickened at his heart, and love of life, almost forgotten in the immediate agony and terror, returned in all its natural strength—he seized a rope and by its aid reared himself out of the abyss, and now he sat, securely as he deemed it, upon a floating fragment on which, one little hour before, he would not have embarked for all the wealth of India. Scarce had he reached his temporary place of safety, before another of the sufferers swam feebly up and joined him—and then a third—the last of the survivors. The first who reached the spar—it was no other than Fitz Stephen, had perused with an anxiety the most sickening and painful the faces of the newcomers—he knew them—but they were not the features he would have given his own life to see in safety. Bernault, a butcher of Rouen—and Godfrey, a renowned and gallant youth, the son of Gilbert, count de L'Aigle. "The Prince—where is the prince?" Fitz Stephen cried to each, as he arrived. "Hast thou not seen the Prince?"—and each in turn replied, "He never rose again. He—nor his brothers—nor his sister—nor his bride—nor one of all their company!"

"Wo! be to me!" Fitz Stephen cried, and letting go his hold, deliberately sank into the whirling waters, and, though a strong man and an active swimmer, chose to die with the victims whom his rashness had destroyed, rather than meet the indignation of their bereaved father, and bear the agonies of his own lifelong remorse.

Three days elapsed, before the tidings reached King Henry, who in the fearful misery of hope deferred had lingered on the beach, trusting to hear that, from some unknown cause, the galley of his son might have put

back to Barfleur. On the third day Bernault, the sole survivor of that night of misery, was brought in by a Fishing-boat which had preserved him—and, when he had concluded his narration, Robert of Normandy had been revenged, although his wrongs had been a hundred fold more flagrant than they were. Henry, though he lived years, NEVER SMILED AGAIN!

Original.

HONOR.

A soliloquy from "The Christian Senator,"—a tragedy.

AND what's Honor, born of earth?

Great Alexander strode o'er hecatombs:
Great Cæsar shook a world! And these are heroes,
And mighty conquerors. What's conqueror
But flatt'ry's other name for murderer?
Ay, wholesale murderer! Your citizen
To grasp revenge, or rob his neighbor's chest,
Destroys his fellow. 'Twas a cursed deed,
And he's accursed that did compass it.
But he, who sweepeth states and kingdoms o'er,
When fell Ambition hath his heart possessed,
Or lust of conquest, shedding bravest blood,—
With laurelled brows is earthly demigod!
Cæsar is in his grave; his mortal part
Resolved to dust; where's the immortal essence?
Doth Honor pass the grave? There do we stick!
When conqueror and citizen shall hear
The last loud trumpet, pealing through the sky,
Pray thee, both unrepentant, which would'st be,
Of these two murderers? Let Honor go.
She hath a glittering robe, but it doth hide
A fleshless frame, a lifeless skeleton!

H. F. H.

THE man who writes the history of woman's love, will find himself employed in drawing out a tangled skein. It is a history of secret emotions and vivid contrasts which may well go nigh to baffle his penetration, and to puzzle his philosophy. There is in it a surface of timid, gentle bashfulness, concealing an underflow of strong and heavy passions, a seeming caprice that a breath may shake, or a word alarm, yet all the while, an earnest devotion of soul, which, in its exalted action, holds all danger cheap that crosses the path of its career. The sportive, changeful, and coward nature that dallies with affection as a jest, and wins admiration by its affrighted coyness; that flies and would be followed—that revolts and would be soothed, entreated, and on bonded knees implored, before it is won; that same nature will undergo the ordeal of the burning plough-share, take all the extremes of misery and distress, brave the fury of the elements and the wrath of man—in every peril be a patient comforter, when the cause that moves is the vindication of her love. Affection is to her what glory is to a man, an impulse that inspires the most adventurous heroism.

Original.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

These lines were suggested on viewing a beautiful landscape, called the "Indian Summer," painted by Doughty, an American artist.

Am! yes! in the mist, whose soft splendor
Is shed like a smile o'er the scene,
So rich—yet so meltingly tender,
So radiant, yet so serene,—

In the azure air veiling the mountain,
Far off, with its own robe of light,
In the gleam and the foam of the fountain,
In the foliage so gorgeously bright—

I see a wild beauty, belonging
To one sunny region alone,
New England! beloved New England!
The soul-waking scene is thine own!

And gazing entranced on the picture,
Mine eyes are with tears running o'er;
For my heart has flown home to those mountains,
And I—am an exile no more!

Again thro' the woodlands I wander,
Where Autumn trees, lofty and bold,
Are stealing, from bright clouds above them,
Their wealth of deep crimson and gold.

Where Nature is sceptred and crowned,
As a queen in her worshipping land,
While her rock-pillared palaces round,
All matchless in majesty stand.

Where the star of her forest dominions,
The humming-bird darts to its food,
Like a gem or a blossom on pinions,
Whose glory illumines the wood!

Where her loftiest, loveliest flower*
Pours forth its impassioned perfume,
And her torrents, all regal in power,
Are wreathed with the sun-circle's bloom.

Where on cloud-pillows soft but resplendent,
Our day-god is borne to his rest,
And the morn, like a pure jewelled-pendant,
Is hung on night's love-wreathing breast.

New England! beloved New England!
I breathe thy rich air as of yore,
For my heart is at home in those mountains,
And I—am an exile no more!

Yet not for thy beauty or glory,
Thou' lofty and lovely thou art,
And not for thy proud haunts of story,
These tears of deep tenderness start;

There's a home in the heart of New England,
Where once I was fondly caressed!
Where strangers ne'er looked on me coldly,
And Care never came to my breast!

Thou' warm hearts have cherished the exile,
In moments of sorrow and pain,
There's a home in the breast of New England!
Oh! when shall I see it again!

Original.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

The following beautiful lines are said to have been written by a young girl, eight years of age. They, most undoubtedly, display much talent.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing,
Which told the Angel near, who gave
His virtues to that heaven-sent spring,
Was seen a hapless multitude,
Trembling with pale solicitude.

One was there, whose haggard eye,
Had often seen the water stirred,
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferred,
Another year to suffer on,
Bethesda's stunted mercy gone.

No power had he—no friendly aid
To him its timely succor brought,
For while his coming he essayed,
Another won the boon he sought;
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by his word alone.

Had they who watched and waited there,
Known only who was passing by,
With what unceasing anxious care,
Would they have watched his pitying eye,
And prayed with fervency of soul,
Their blessed Lord to make them whole.

But habit and ambition swayed
Their minds to trust but sense alone.
They only sought the Angel's aid,
While in their presence stood unknown,
A greater, mightier far than he,
With power from every ill to free.

Bethesda's pool! thy rigid calm,
No Angel stirs of bless'd descent,
Dispensing now that heavenly balm,
With which thy healing waters went;
But HE, whose word surpassed thy wave,
Is yet Omnipotent to save.

VIRGINIA.

Washington City, Nov., 1838.

* The Magnolia.

(Original.)

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.*

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

CHAPTER IV.

At no very late hour on the morning after the ball, Lady Fordyce hurried to her mother's mansion, and was for a time cloistered with her in consultation upon appearances and probabilities touching the success of their yet immature plans for the settlement of Estelle. That the unsuspecting and artless girl had made a considerable impression, and justified their policy in permitting her to join in the gaieties of the preceding evening, was a gratifying consideration. As a matter of course, the prospects, characters, and relative *feasibility* or *tangibility*—if I may employ such an expression in this connection—of the gallants who had exhibited the most interest in her, were amply discussed.

"We must take into consideration, my dear," said Lady Flemming, in the course of the conversation, "the dispositions of these candidates for our favor; whether they are of a steady nature, and will not suddenly thwart all our enterprise by some sudden aberration. It would be painful to be deceived; besides, my love, the matter must be managed with caution, for as you know, I cannot support the necessary establishment to secure Estelle's marriage, through any considerable period of doubt or disappointment. When my daughters are all happy in fortunate settlements, their mother will, she hopes, be no burden to them if she seeks their hospitality, since they cannot but indulge feelings of deep gratitude for the long years of toil and thought she has expended in their behalf."

Lady Fordyce sighed; she hardly knew wherefore; it was not that she would confess herself unhappy with her condition, to an estimate of which, her mother's language had led her, for she had sought it, a willing victim; but it was the involuntary expression of the unsatisfied longings of her mental nature—longings never to be gratified, and which she herself was constantly striving to thwart and overcome. She replied as was most satisfactory to her mother, in expressions of gratitude for the past, and satisfaction in the prospect of a closer union with her parent in the future; and the conversation was directed again more immediately to Estelle. It was decided that the impression upon Estelle's mind should first be consulted, and then a system of operation should be devised. Estelle was accordingly called.

"Come, my dear sister," cried Lady Fordyce, as she entered the boudoir, somewhat paler than usual after the excitement of the ball; "come and sit by me, and tell me all about the great affair. Why, my pretty sister was so gay and so happy, and so sought for, that I scarce set eyes on her through the evening. Now tell us all about it."

"What shall I tell, Katy? You were both there, mother and you, and how can I say anything that you are

not acquainted with already? Ha, I know! You want to get me into grand extacies, because it's all new to me, and then laugh at me! I shant say a word. I'll disappoint you—I'm determined. But wasn't it glorious," continued she, after a little pause, forgetting her fancied revenge in the brilliant remembrances of the evening. "What splendor, and what beauty! And then that music! Oh, I could scarcely support it! I thought as I was dancing with all those smiling faces, and fitting forms around me, that I was in a heaven on earth! Ah, you are laughing at me!" and she hid her face in her hands.

"If we are," answered Lady Fordyce, "you give us reason. But we are not laughing, love. It was indeed, beautiful. And what thought my sweet sister of the men, who thronged around her with such eager homage? Apropos, how did you like Colonel Elthorpe?"

"Oh, much, very much!" answered Estelle, slightly blushing. "So graceful, so handsome, too! And he seems so full of truth and openness! He speaks to one as though he felt what he was saying, and was glad to hear what you had to say in return, and his manner is so kind! I really loved him half an hour after he began to talk with me!"

Lady Fordyce caught her mother's eye, and both smiled slightly; but it was noticed by Estelle, and recalling the expression which had excited the smile, she first blushed, covering her face with her hands, then flung back the curls that had fallen over her face, and, in her innocence, burst into an unfettered laugh, continuing,—

"No—no; I don't mean loved—not such love as—you know what I mean; so stop laughing at me! I mean—admiration—no, friendship."

"It matters not, dear," interrupted her mother. "We shall never challenge you for admiration or friendship, or even love of so fine a man as Colonel Elthorpe. But there was another, who betrayed some considerable interest in my Estelle. What eulogium shall we have on Captain Howard?"

"Oh, yes, Captain Howard! How different from the colonel, and yet how pleasant, too! It's absolutely witching to meet the gaze of his piercing eyes. But isn't he delightful? Not so easy as the colonel, but more deep, more composed; more studious to please you. Positively, I shouldn't know which to choose."

Again, the mother and daughter exchanged glances. It was evident from Estelle's unrestrained eulogium on both our acquaintances, that she indulged no preference, and when Lady Flemming and Lady Fordyce were again alone, it was decided, under the aspect of things, to pause awhile, until circumstances should direct to a determined course. Those circumstances were not long in occurring. Colonel Elthorpe, enthusiastic and impetuous, had been deeply struck with the appearance and manners of Isabelle de Ribiera, and successive interviews with her, expanded the favorable impressions into the fervor of love. The more her feelings became interested, the more ardently he sought their gratification; and, neglecting his friendship for Frederic, in the pursuit of this fresh and engrossing object, he passed hours of delicious intoxication in the companionship of

* Continued from page 85.

a being, pure and elevated above mortal vanities, as would be an angel upon the earth. Isabelle was, however, too calm and reflecting, with all her gushing confidence of love, to be betrayed into any sudden impulse of passion; and she now sedulously guarded herself from forming any connection, to dissolve which, would have been painful to her, while her father, on whom she so fully depended, and whom she so dearly loved, was absent from her confidence, in distant Spain. Insensibly, however, the colonel's pertinacity, his evident devotion, and his general merit, won more and more upon her favor.

But to all this, Frederic had open eyes; and upon his dark-brooding soul, its effects were hateful and abhorrent. It was for such a one as he to execute a purpose, the true offspring of his fiendish nature. Deliberately and resolutely he set himself at work, to turn off the current of Isabelle's affections from the channel into which it was slowly but surely tending, and to fasten them upon himself. To him, the colonel finally opened his heart; and solicited his assistance. "I must consummate my hopes," said he, as they paced arm in arm across the floor of Frederic's parlor at his fashionable lodgings, "or meet with a decided and final repulse, before our furlough expires. Help me, Frederic, help me. I love devotedly—love!—Ob, Frederic, have you ever loved? If you have, you can estimate my feelings; if not, you cannot sympathize with me. But help me, help me. Isabelle—what a heart, a soul, a mind is there! She has not in her character one grovelling thought. No spark of vanity ever found a home in her nature. Every day new virtues burst upon me! My dear fellow, help me, help me, if you can!"

Colonel Elthorpe could not have summoned a more unfavorable advocate to aid his cause, than his remark in reference to Frederic's having felt the fire of love. It recalled with full and startling power, for the first time, for many weeks, the memories of the past that he would have rejoiced to sear with a hot iron from his mind, could he so have erased them and consigned them to the oblivion he desired. He was visibly but slightly affected, however, for the truth was seldom written in the lying story of that cheek. His lip did now somewhat tremble, and his dark skin change its hue in momentary paleness, but had it been perceptible to an observer's eye, the colonel was too wrapt in his own burning thoughts to be attracted by the emotions of another.

"I'll visit her, my boy," answered Frederic. "I'll visit her oftener than I have. Come, be my companion thither. We'll seek the Syren now. But consider, my boy. Go-between sometimes reap the fruit. You had better be afraid of employing me on your sentimental errands."

"I'll trust you—I'll trust you."

Frederic looked upon his friend while as he gazed from the window, with his back towards him, he made his reply to what seemed a harmless jest, and the demoniac workings of his mind were for a moment all painted in his countenance. There was pity as for a victim, and the mad joy of mingled and hateful passions, exulting in anticipated triumph. Never would forgiveness be

extended by that heart for the unwitting pain of hated recollections, though recalled by a dearest friend.

Shall we trace the cunning yet wary and unsuspected devices by which Frederic accomplished his purpose? Suffice it that he did accomplish it. It was easy with Isabelle—for though she might be said to love Colonel Elthorpe, it was not with the full energy of passion—it was but in the bud. And Frederic so carefully assailed her; so fathomed the courses of her thoughts and accorded with them in seeming sympathy—sought out the objects of her love, and appeared to love them too—guided himself with so much of gentle deference in her company, and yet at the same time, poured out the riches of his own mind and perceptions and imagination. It was skilfully done; as the practised marksman measures his distance and brings down his feathered prey with unerring shot—Isabelle was surrounded by an irresistible spell. She loved ere long, with a love that could know no bounds, no ceasing; but as yet she had not explored the workings of her heart.

One important effect, however was experienced, which had not been anticipated. Frederic became entangled in his own net. He, even he, could not resist, with all his firmness of purpose, the enchantment of beauty and devotion like that of the sweet Isabelle; and when she had become his for life and in death—his in every thought, every hope every impulse of her soul—his through all joy, all sorrow that might brighten or shade her existence; he was enchained in meshes that had insensibly woven themselves around him, and bound him as with fetters of iron. He loved, loved with a might beyond the power of common love. His imagination and fiery passions infused his attachment with an intensity that at times was agony.

At once, and suddenly, was their love revealed to each other; it was not in words—no! for what have words to do with love? It is a spell that all the fire of language, could even when most glowing, breaks while it strives to foster it. No—let not a word be spoken—let eye and feature alone strive and conquer, and the less real the triumph of victory!

So was it with our lovers. Frederic was for once betrayed from his cautious selfishness. Reflection fled from his mind. He had been drawn while pursuing his demon plans, into a whirlpool that he had not deserted. Could he have estimated how strong a held the new passion in his bosom was to exert upon him, and into what labyrinths and abysses it was to conduct him, he would have shrunk as from threatening death. But he yielded to the delicious intoxication, careless of consequences to himself or others. He would not analyse his feelings that he might know himself ere it became too late; and in one enrapturing interview, when their souls were mingling—and it was but a pressure of the hand, a look, a sigh, and Isabelle was clasped in Frederic's arms.

But she awoke from this trance to indulge in the pangs of grief. Her father would soon return, and she well knew, that with all his nobleness and generosity, abided in him a proud and haughty nature, that scorned too familiar contact with real or fancied degradation.

She knew that with all his devotion to her, he would see her wrapped in cerements and laid in the silent grave, before he would consent that she should wed one of ignoble birth. The thought of this flashed upon her, as, almost bewildered with her emotion, she disengaged herself from her lover's arms; and clasping his hand in hers, she poured out her heart to him. Alas! she already knew that he could not boast of noble, or even respectable parentage, in the fashionable definition of the adjective—and what was to be done? With specious arguments, Frederic extorted a promise that their love should be concealed from her father for a time, and he left her. Her parent returned in a few days after this interview, fraught with teeming consequences; and heavy, heavy was the weight upon the soul of the pure minded Isabelle, of this first—she almost felt guilty secret, from her kind father; and she grew pale when she felt his kiss upon her brow, for now she could not look into his eye with a smile of confidence and truth.

Original.

THE QUEEN OF A WEEK.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

In a circular chamber, high in one of the turrets of *Sieehouse*, the youthful bride of Lord Dudley was seated. Foreign and domestic luxuries had been brought into requisition by her ambitious father-in-law, to embellish and beautify that bower, and make it worthy of its lovely inmate. Well had the proud Northumberland succeeded in his attempt; for in England there was not a more magnificent apartment than that. Bright trees and mouldering ruins were correctly pictured on the rich brown tapestry hanging in full drapery along the walls, and the heavy wood-work about the deep casements was wrought by expert workmen into a just semblance of oak leaves and acorns. The rough beams found in almost every apartment of the realm, were here converted into massy vines of leaves and fruit, polished into rich harmony with the magnificent furniture of the room. Heavy chairs, cushioned with purple velvet, were ranged about the edges of the floor, left bare by a carpet of mingled colors, so soft in its texture that it yielded like spring moss to the light footsteps of its beautiful owner. There was a virginal and an ancient lyre in the apartment, and golden or gem-clasped books loaded several tables with the accumulated knowledge of different nations. Retiring from the mellowing influence of the stained windows, that cast a gleam even on her pure beauty, the girl-bride had thrown open a casement and placed herself beside it, and was intensely occupied by the contents of a richly bound book before her. Incommoded by the warmth of her ermine-lined robe, she had thrown it back from her neck, and the fresh morning light poured full over her polished shoulders and classic head, rendering her pearly complexion almost dazzlingly pure. Her black hair was parted smoothly from her forehead, somewhat in the fashion of the present day, and ornamented only by a double string of orient pearls. A diamond or a ruby

would have been out of place on a being whose beauty lay in the almost transcendent purity of look, speech and motion. One tiny foot, from which the slipper had fallen, pressed, with its rose-colored stocking, an embroidered foot-stool. Her forehead rested on one little hand, and the other with its marriage-ring hung over the arm of her chair. So deeply was she immersed in study, that unobserved, a door on her right opened, and a gaily dressed youth stood gazing with looks of gratified admiration upon her.

For several moments the boy stood unheeded by the door; then gliding softly over the yielding carpet he stole to the seat of his bride, and with a mischievous smile touched her neck with his jewelled finger; then he burst into a gay laugh as his beautiful wife started up, drew the robe hastily over her shoulders and stood before him blushing and half weeping with mortification. Compassionating her painful confusion he checked his mirth, and strove to conceal the struggling smile on his lips by bending gallantly to replace the stray slipper on her foot, saying as he bowed his knee, "So my lady-bird has flown to her cage again to feed on crumbs scattered by churchman or leeches, and left her poor mate to his solitary pastimes. I shall go with a complaint to your fellow student, the king," he continued, grasping the little foot and turning his glowing face to the soft hazel eyes bent affectionately upon him.

"And he," answered his smiling bride, "would perchance counsel the restive eagle to cage himself awhile with the mate he so rates, and partake of her book-love, in lieu of shooting arrows at a useless target—think ye he would not?"—and with a half blush she playfully touched his upturned forehead with the tip of her taper finger. The happy boy grasped her hand and pressed it eagerly to his lips,—then springing up he dashed together the volume she had been reading, and throwing his arm about her waist, drew her to the open window, exclaiming, "Look forth, fair book-worm, and say if you can, that this beautiful cage, gilded by my gracious father, doubtless for some of his own wise purposes, is more inviting than this glorious expanse of country, with the broad sky bending over it, so blue and bright, where forests, vallies and hills are rejoicing in their, as yet, unshaken dew, where the cattle are just rousing themselves from their night's rest, and the light air is vocal with bird-songs. See how the rising sun is lighting up the mist-capped mountains, turning them to giants, crested with brilliants and clothed in purple and gold; and the river in the valley, how it sparkles along, flinging off light like a living thing. There, at our feet, is the hunting forest—see! how the steady wind is lifting up the green leaves in a mass like an immense robe. I have seen fine sport among those old oaks; but now the deer stand still and stare at me with their great eyes, as if they knew I had linked myself to a pretty dame, who forswears both horse and hound." Look yonder—by my faith, that gallant buck has bounded from the covert of the trees three times while I have been speaking—such boldness stirs my spirit. We will run him down, sweet wife, and your own white hands shall let the blood from his throat—what, say you nay? then

perforce, you shall go with me to the river's brink, where the hazel bushes are tangled together, and flowers cluster under them so sweetly. See, I have brought some to woo you forth, they will look so beautiful on that neck of thine;" and with a roguish smile he took a bunch of small crimson flowers from his bosom and gave them to her. She examined them a moment, and then gravely smiling, dropped them from the casement.

The smile passed from Dudley's face, and in a tone of deep mortification he said, "If neither wish nor token will win your companionship, I must e'en seek my sport alone; and with an awkward attempt at dignified displeasure he turned towards the door.

Lady Jane placed her hand gently on his arm, and taking one of the flowers that had fallen on the casement, said, "Nay, my lord, you must acknowledge that there is some good in the sciences, for the pursuit of which you condemn me, when I assure you that to one of them I owe the knowledge, that this little flower contains poison enough to deprive us both of life."

"And is it indeed true?" said Dudley, attentively examining it; "one would almost think of finding poison in you, as in the cup of a thing so beautiful."

"From me? Nay, nay, not from me," replied the lady in a quick voice, and turning suddenly pale.

Dudley looked at her in smiling astonishment, "One would think my jest a dagger," he at length said, "to cause red lips to pale so suddenly."

"I know I am very foolish, very weak, Dudley; but your words were so like presentiment, a prophecy—nay, do not laugh—that old man was a terrible creature, with an eye like a spirit of evil."

"Of whom do you speak?" said Dudley now perfectly serious.

"Of an old soothsayer who visited the palace while I lived with our young king. The lady Mary was present. I shall never forget the expression of the old man's face when she gave him her hand. He dropped it as if it had been a coiled serpent, muttering, 'Blood, blood.' The princess frowned, and the mild king shrank from the dark expression of the man's smile, and his hand trembled as he placed it in that of the prophet. Tears softened those terrible eyes as he pored over his slender palm; then he relinquished it, muttering, 'As the spring-bud thou shalt perish.' He next took my hand, and looked on that and in my face pityingly for a moment; then he bent his dark eyes on the Lady Mary with an expression of startling anger. 'And is it even so,' he said, 'the lamb to be worried by the she wolf?' The princess arose and left the apartment in haughty anger. I grew bold and questioned the meaning of the soothsayer's words. 'Inquire not,' he said; 'like a bright flower shalt thou blossom; but vengeance shall come like a whirlwind upon thee; pure and beautiful thyself, yet shalt thou like a poisonous flower, bring death to all that cling to thee—ay, even to him who shall gather thee to his bosom; death, death, a dark violent and terrible death is in thy path,' and with a stately step the prophet left the palace, leaving a shadow on my heart that clings to it like a pestilence;

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a strange and appalling feeling of mystery is upon me like the brooding of a dark spirit. I join in merriment, but a sad remembrance checks me; music has no spell, to win away the presentiment; the voice of that old man is in my ear above all sounds of melody, crying, 'Death, death, an early and terrible death.' I have tried to reason myself into unbelief; have wrapped my heart in human lore as in a garment; but all will not do. A presentiment still clings to me; I cannot help it. A word, such as you but now spoke, makes a coward of me." The poor bride ceased speaking, folded her arms on the table, and buried her face upon them as if ashamed, yet relieved by the confession she had made to her young husband.

The words of a prophecy so terrible might be easily supposed to oppress the mind of a being so retiring and contemplative as the Lady Jane Gray. Her occupations and deep researches into the abstruse writings of the age perhaps strengthened the unhappy feeling; but to one like Dudley, whose thoughts seldom settled long on any subject, and never on an unpleasant one, these feelings in his wife was a matter of merriment, scarce worthy of a moment's serious consideration. He, however, suppressed his desire to smile in his compassion for the diseased state of his young wife's mind; and with such arguments as a youth of sixteen might be supposed to use, exerted himself to do away with the presentiment, so strongly dwelling in her overworked brain. The Lady Jane was soothed by the assiduous tenderness, rather than convinced by the arguments of her husband. The very confusion of her hidden feelings carried its good effect on her spirits. With a sudden reaction of feeling her face brightened; and when Dudley again entreated her to ride forth, she readily assented, and left the room to summons her tirewoman to make an alteration in her dress. The impatient husband meantime tossed over the heavy books, and touched the virginal with fingers so rude, that he clapped his hands to his ears to shut out the discordant sounds, and thrust his head out at the open window for relief. Several grooms were in the court below, two leading about their master's horse and the Lady's palfrey, and the others holding the hounds in their leashes, ready for the hunt. Dudley called to the keepers to kennel the dogs, which, indignant at losing their sport, struggled and barked furiously. The young lord leaned his slight form half out of the open window, in his eagerness to witness the battle between the refractory hounds and the angry grooms. The wind was tossing his long curls about his shoulders, his large eyes were streaming with tears of boyish delight, and his half-shouting laughter was ringing in the air, when the Lady Jane returned equipped for riding. Her silvery laugh mingled with his boisterous merriment, when one of the victorious hounds threw down his keeper, and stood barking furiously with his forepaws on his breast. After a little more struggling the dogs were confined. Dudley drew in his head, wiped the tears from his flushed cheek, and then the married children went to their happy pastime. With an easy carelessness of state Dudley dispensed with his usual retinue, and assisted the Lady Jane to her saddle. It was a

beautiful sight—that young couple riding forth in the overflow of their happiness to enjoy the pleasant beauty of the early morning—the graceful and timid horsemanship of the lady, contrasting with the gallant bearing of the young lord, who galloped by her side, his handsome horse caracoling in the abundance of his animal spirit, as his rider now dashed his spurs into his side, then with a sudden check, causing him to rear and plunge, for the mere pleasure of conquering in the presence of his lady-love. When content with this display, he struck into a short canter, and together they dashed into the forest. The antlered deer sprang through the thickets at the sound of the horse's hoofs, and the singing birds fluttered in the branches over-head as their glad voices disturbed their melody. Onward and onward they went, with hearts leaping at each bound of their steeds, their cheeks flushed and their glowing hands tight upon the reins. Swifter grew the speed of the hunter, nimbly flew the legs of the palfrey. The forest was cleared, and they reached the river's brink, weary with excess of the most pleasant excitement in the universe. They loitered away an hour on the banks of the stream gathering flowers, talking merrily, and looking as only such young creatures can look when the first flush of happiness is upon them. Again they mounted and rode gaily towards the castle, he with his doublet crowded full of the flowers he had gathered for his lady's bower, and she with a cheek faintly flushed like the first opening of a young rose, and a brilliancy lighting her sweet eyes that spoke of a heart revelling in the excess of its own enjoyment.

Who, to have seen that married boy and girl on their return to their stately mansion, after throwing off the shackles of station, and riding, smiling or walking together, two of the happiest children in existence, would have supposed that he in a few months would meet a violent death, with the bravery of a hero and the fortitude of a martyr, shaming the very strength of manhood with his firmness, and bowing his young head to the block with the resignation of a saint? Truly the waters of affliction are bitter, but their troubled waves convert into heroes, martyrs and saints those who bathe in them and faint not. And the Lady Jane Gray, the young, the wise and the beautiful; who to have watched her playful smile and graceful motion, as she rode slowly by the side of the brave youth, could have supposed that she, so very gentle in her loveliness, was doomed, by the strength of soul slumbering within her, to be held up to after generations as a most perfect pattern of female fortitude and christian virtue?—that she was to go down to posterity, a creature enshrined in her own virtues, a redeeming page in the history of a great nation? Woman, woman!—truly she is a miracle. Place her amid flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes of folly—annoyed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle. The zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then. How her heart

strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a bird, anything she loves or pities, to protect, and see her as in a related instance, raising her white arms as a shield, and as her own blood crimsones her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her into the dark places of the earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing; she disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and the brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, or goes forward to the scaffold with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of imprisoned odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery; and greatest of all is she of whom I write.

As the young couple drew near the castle, Dudley recognized a numerous band of retainers in the court; and he knew by their livery that they belonged to his father, the Duke of Northumberland, whose large black war-steed was being led about the court by a groom. Dudley drew close to his wife's palfrey, and with a mimicing attempt at dignity, rode onward to the portal, saying, "Now, my fair lady, let us prepare ourselves for a homily on etiquette, for most grievously shall we have offended in my father's opinion by riding without a retinue." Jane answered by a faint smile only, and dismounted in the court. The strange domestics drew respectfully back to give them a passage into the great hall, where stood the Duke of Northumberland with several lords of the court in deep mourning. The Lady Jane on observing the sable vestments of the group, turned deadly pale, and leaned heavily on the arm of her lord as he advanced to welcome his guests. Northumberland, on seeing them enter, stepped forward with courtly grace to receive their greeting, and to Jane's astonishment, bent his knee reverently before her as to a sovereign. Jane drew back almost in consternation, and stood breathlessly staring at the bending duke. At length she exclaimed, "Why this undue homage, my lord, and oh, why these sables?"

"The sables," replied Northumberland, "are badges of mourning for Edward, our late king. The homage is offered in humble duty to his successor."

"But that successor am not I, and wherefore is this homage done at the feet of one who should in duty kneel at thine?"

"These lords," said the duke, rising and pointing to the group of courtiers, "will inform you that our late king, in his care for the true religion and the welfare of his kingdom, has appointed the Lady Jane Grey as his successor."

"My lord, my lord, you will not consent to this usurpation in your wife," cried the agitated lady grasping the arm of her husband, who stood bewildered by her side.

"In good truth I will not while the princess of the blood live," answered the generous youth, drawing her trembling hand gently from his arm.

The duke knitted his dark brows, and beat his piercing eyes angrily on his son, who answered it with a look of defiance struggling with habitual reverence.

"It is somewhat strange," said the duke, turning with a bland smile to the other lords, "that the crown of England must go begging for temples to rest upon. I pray your lordships pardon me, if I seek a private conference with my fair daughter, and leave you to the hospitality of my crown-bating son here;" then drawing one of the lords aside, he whispered in his ear, and led the Lady Jane from the hall. She cast back an anxious look on her husband. The courtiers were crowding around him, and as he bent his head to the whispers of the duke's friend, the first budding of ambition was seen in the crimson glow burning in his cheek. With a fainting heart his wife followed her father-in-law. Entreaties, promises and tears prevailed over deep-rooted principle and natural prudence. With royal honors, but aching hearts, the young victims were that day conducted to London.

The morning sun was struggling through the dense atmosphere of London, and piercing his yellow beams through the deep windows of a prison-room in which Dudley and his young wife were confined, after the friends of Mary had hurled them from their precarious seat on the throne—a seat which had yielded them only anxiety and regret. Several days had they passed, since that event, in strict confinement, and the spirits of the youth had sunk into despondency. With his face buried in his hands he was seated by a low wooden table, the points of his gay dress untied, and his bright hair falling uncombed over his shoulders. His white forehead, formerly so open and smooth, was now shrunken and collapsed with internal agony. His breath came choakingly, while now and then a laboring groan struggled through his shut lips.

Opposite, sat his victim wife, her large soft eyes fixed in deep sorrow upon his working features, and her pale lips quivering slightly with suppressed agony at witnessing his utter prostration. Every thing bespoke that it was for him, rather than for herself, she grieved. There was no neglect in her dress. The lustrous hair was as smooth, and the dark robe as neatly put on, as in her days of happiness; and though she was very pale, it was rather from sympathy than from selfish sorrow. She arose, passed round the table, and for a moment stood behind the suffering youth, pressing her white hand to her eyes; when she dropped it on his shoulder, the fingers were wet with tears. Softly she placed her arm about his neck, and drawing his head to her bosom pressed a kiss upon his forehead, and murmured of comfort. Dudley dropped his hands and turned his face to her shoulder with a less painful groan. Just then the tower-bell sent forth a sudden sound like the bellowing of a moody spirit, and the noise of coming feet arose from the pavement below the window. With a fierce cry, Dudley sprang from the arms of his wife and rushed to the window. His whole body trembled as in an ague fit, and clinging to the frame as if a gulf was beneath him, he watched the

guards file solemnly along, and listened to the low rumbling of coming wheels. They passed in sight, and there, in an open cart, Northumberland was going to execution. With his pale hands folded over his black robe, and his dark hair threaded with silver lying back from his high temples, the old nobleman stood uncovered in the humble vehicle. Not a muscle of his pale features stirred; his lips were compressed, and the concentrated force of a strong spirit burned in his eyes. When he came opposite the window he raised his head, and seeing his children, stretched his hands towards them as in blessing. With a choking cry, Dudley threw his arms wildly upward, and fell like a dead thing upon the floor. Their prison afforded no restorative, and the hapless Lady Jane could only sit down beside him, lift his head again to her bosom and deluge it with her tears, as she watched for some sign of returning life. When Dudley opened his eyes it was feebly like an infant, and his pale hand hung helplessly over her shoulder. Though very weak, he felt soothed and comforted; her heart was heaving faintly under his aching temples, and her sweet voice was whispering of resignation and religion. Still and silently he lay, exhausted with the fierce storm of agony that had swept its hurricane over him. As a gentle nurse she quieted him with the sweetness of her voice and the soft pressure of her lips; then she drew a bible from her pocket and read the word of God to him—its promises and its comfortings. All day was she thus employed, and at night-fall they were together on their knees, with clasped hands and upturned faces, pouring out their troubled souls before Jehovah. It was not in vain; God visited them.

Months had passed, their death-warrants had gone forth, and with a refinement of cruelty, the young husband and wife were separated before the day of execution. Dudley's summons was conveyed to him first; but his weakness had passed away: there was a strong power within that had converted the youth into that best of all heroes, a Christian. His lips were red, his eye clear, and his voice unbroken, when he made it an only request that he might see his wife before he died. The request was conveyed to her. A gleam of joy shot across her mild features at the thought of seeing that loved one again on earth; but it passed away, and in a calm voice she said, "Tell my lord that my heart is nerved for death, and that an interview might shake the firmness of both; tell him to be of good cheer, and in another hour we shall meet in heaven for ever;" and again she returned to prayer and meditation.

The message was conveyed to Dudley. "It is well," he said, "it is but a moment and we part no more!" and the brave youth, strong in religious faith, went to the execution. Again that hoarse bell was swinging heavily in the air, and the dismal roll of wheels passed by. Jane sprang to her feet and rushed a few steps forward, then checked herself, and with her hands pressed hard against her heart, listened to the receding tread of the multitude. For half an hour she stood like a thing of breathing marble, without moving a muscle or stirring a finger. The bell gave out a solemn

toll, and stopped suddenly. The cold blood curdled about her heart, and her face was pallid like that of a corpse. Again came the returning rush of the multitude, and with a slow step she advanced to the window. Drops of blood were fringing the edge of the cart and dropping heavily along the pavement. She closed her eyes with a shudder and prayed fervently. A spirit of sweet happiness brooded over her; unseen wings seemed fanning and expanding her heart; she opened her eyes again on the decapitated body of her husband, and looked long and calmly, for she felt that the spirit of her guardian angel had left that form, and was even then endowing her with holy strength to follow him. When the guards came to conduct her to execution, there was a pure smile upon her lips, and her face was bright and glorious as that of an angel thus she went forth steadily and unsupported to meet her death.

Original.

THE THREE MEETINGS.

THEY met beside the running stream,
When life and hope were young;
When love was like an angel dream,
Unwritten and unsung.
The red-bird on the mountain ash,
Was singing to the wave;
The music of its busy plash,
A thrilling answer gave.
She stood beside the fountain's brim,
A girl with wild flow'rs crown'd;
And leaned with rapture upon him
Whose wreath her temples bound.
She was the May queen of the year,
The image sweet of spring;
With all the graces that endear,
A bright and girlish thing.
A cloudless sky was overhead,
And flow'rs beneath their feet;
The blossom'd tree its odors shed,
And all the earth was sweet.
Young love was their's—secure—serene,
And gave his roseate dye
To every feature of the scene,
And glory of the sky.
Sweet pair! dream not of danger nigh,
Enjoy the present hour,
As birds disport in summer sky
Ere yet the tempests lower.
Dream on—too soon shall fate reveal
Your woes—too soon ye part;
Too soon the funeral knell shall peal
The tocsin of the heart.
Years passed—again the lovers met—
And time had left no trace
Of woe on features beauteous yet,
Nor yet bereft of grace.
The same enduring forest heard
Their vows of truth renewed,
And warbled forth the same bright bird
To cheer the solitude.

I see the broken-hearted pair,
I hear the wild adieu—
The hollow sighs that swell the air
When fortune parts the true.
No more—no more—of hope they speak,
No more they dream of bliss;
The lover on the lady's cheek,
Imprints a mournful kiss.
Again they met—long years had rolled
Their joyless tides along;
Life's bounding pulses had controlled,
And bowed the fair and strong:
The warrior's hand was chill and weak,
That once the sword could sway,
And fluttered o'er his aged cheek
His tresses thin and grey.
And she was wan and faded too,
The shadow of that girl,
With sunny hair and eye of blue
And forehead fair as pearl.
Whose beauty when he knew her first
The faithful fountain gave,
Bright as the charms of her who burst
Upon the Cyprian wave.
Then was their greeting sad yet sweet—
The goal was nearly won—
And like two wintry streams that meet,
They trembled into one.
They spoke not—neither sighed nor moved—
Their life-long trial o'er;
Where first they met, where first they lov'd,
They met to part no more.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER: *Carey & Hart*.—We are by no means disposed to mention this book favorably, from the fact that it is the first production of a very young author; for we hold that no person has a right to send his literary wares into market until they are fitly prepared for inspection. If a work cannot secure popularity from its own merit, it is useless to claim indulgence from the plea of youth and inexperience. The Only Daughter, however, has enough of real excellence to demand for itself a respectable station among the novels of the day. It contains descriptions of scenery, which are truly beautiful, but we have fault to find with the conception and delineation of one, at least, of the leading characters. That of Ruth is overdone; there are no such beings in nature. Deep feeling will betray itself spite of all the control that woman's nerves and woman's intellect ever placed upon it. Such love as Ruth is described as possessing, could not have been concealed, and if it could, the very power of concealment but renders the character beautiful, as it otherwise is, revolting to a true taste for moral goodness. The tale is a domestic one; the style chaste, but by no means remarkable for strength or argumentality.—*Wiley & Putnam*.

THE HEIR OF SELWOOD: *Carey & Hart*.—Mrs. Gore is certainly one of the most effective female writers of the age. The volumes before us are full of her peculiar beauties; in forcible description, consistency and strength of narrative, she has excelled even herself. Her characters are all natural rather than ideal portraits, not fancy sketches. None of them are so nearly allied to perfection, that one cannot point out living objects of similar stamp and feature; nor are they so horribly villainous that their prototypes may not be pointed out every hour of the day, in the thoroughfares of real life. In ideal creation, original thought, and beautiful imagery, we could point out many a

male writers both of England and America, far superior to Mrs. Gore. But she has power of observation which gathers of things as they exist, and converts them to her own purposes with an effect and beauty which more original minds often fail to accomplish.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

THE FAR WEST: Harper & Brothers.—There is an appearance of affectation running through these volumes which we particularly dislike; in order to avoid the egotistical *I*, our author denominates himself "The Traveller." Now, in our opinion, the method of expression which is most common and natural, is decidedly in the best taste; persons betray a much greater share of vanity in singularity than in adopting a general rule. With this exception, the volumes have a decided excellence; the whole interest, of course, depends on descriptions of scenery, diversified by the isolated adventures which the traveller, even in a thinly inhabited portion of country, may be supposed to meet with. His descriptions of the prairies are both original and vivid, and as a whole, the two volumes, though by no means the superior production which the author seems to rank them in his preface, are calculated for general popularity.

PRIVATE JOURNAL OF AARON BURR, Edited by Matthew L. Davis: Harper & Brothers.—This Journal is comprised in two octavo volumes, of about 500 pages each. Those who expect to find in it many important historical or even biographical facts, will be doomed to disappointment. Although the time of Aaron Burr's residence in Europe was one of great political interest and moment, we look in vain to the pages of this journal for any statistical information or any philosophical reviews on the then existing state of affairs. It is written in a playful, pleasing style, and is almost entirely taken up with trifling personal details, illustrating the life rather of Aaron Burr, the gentleman of pleasure, than that of Aaron Burr, the politician and eager votary of ambition. There is a degree of concealment and disguise about this private journal, which strikingly illustrates the character of its author; and, even in his familiar letters to his almost idolized daughter, Theodosia, there is oftentimes a blind method of expression adopted, in order that she only might be able to discover his meaning.

These volumes will be eagerly purchased and read; for every thing tending to throw any new light upon this extraordinary man is of intense interest to the community. From his memoirs, which have been for some time before the public, and this his private journal, which is now just published, it would appear that he was possessed of a kind and amiable disposition; and it may be that posterity will not consider him that unnatural monster which his own generation have united in representing him.

LIFE OF CHRIST, in the words of the Evangelist—a complete harmony of the Gospel History of our Saviour.—Harper and Brothers have issued this volume in a faultless style, illustrated with thirty fine engravings by Adams. As a present for young persons, no work could be chosen with such advantage as this. The compiler in the preface says, "the narrative of the life of Christ was undertaken with the design of placing in the hands of young persons a complete and connected record of the events which distinguished our Lord's history on earth, in the words of inspiration, free from the confusion which more or less arises in the mind of every reader in perusing the unconnected, and in some instances, apparently conflicting accounts of the different Evangelists."

MARY RAYMOND, another of Mrs. Gore's productions, published by Lea & Blanchard, can scarcely be made subject to more than the same comments that we have already made on the *Heir of Selwood*. It contains several interesting tales, of which the one that gives its title to the book is the longest and the best. It is indeed a story of thrilling interest, containing a moral which young ladies who feel inclined to marry for an establishment, would do well to study before they take the desperate leap which lost poor Mary Raymond her life.—*G. & O. Carvill.*

COUNTRY STORIES, by Miss Mitford: Lea & Blanchard.—These stories are characterized by that combination of simplicity, earnestness and quiet humor which renders all the productions of this fascinating authoress so pleasing and interest-

ing. They are so true to nature that, for the moment, we cannot doubt the reality of the characters she describes. We took up the book as a temporary respite from the pressing cares of business, and did not rise from our seat until we had finished the volume.—*G. & O. Carvill.*

OLIVER TWIST: Lea & Blanchard.—This long looked for work is at last completed and published in two neat volumes. Whatever might have been the reputation acquired by "Boz," as the author of the "Pickwick Papers," it is now doubly enhanced by the appearance of the present work. The same publishers have, also, sent us the sixth part of another highly amusing work, entitled "Sketches by Boz."

PICCIOLA; OR THE CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE: Lea & Blanchard.—This is a translation from a French work, that passed through four editions within a month of its first publication. Picciola is the most striking and original tale that has appeared in our country for a long time. Lovely and unassuming as the heroine is represented, she has a claim to the protection of the wise and good, and we hazard the doubt, whether the most hard-hearted of critics could set his foot upon the neck of Picciola, without experiencing an inward pang of remorse.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

ALTHEA VERNON: Lea & Blanchard.—If Miss Leslie draws her characters from real life, she is certainly more fortunate in discovering originals than we have ever happened to be. During a short sojourn at Rockaway, last summer, we found the hotel crowded with all kinds of people; but no persons such as compose the majority of Miss Leslie's characters came within our observation. There were counts, it is true, English travellers and rich speculators, with three or four quiet, harmless-looking scions; all, with one or two exceptions, very common-place or very agreeable gentlemen and gentlewomen. Neither in the ball-room or at the table did we witness any thing half so ludicrous and vulgar as some of the characters which figure in Miss Leslie's story. Yet though we cannot believe them drawn from real life, at least, real life at the Marine Pavillion, they are a most amusing set of personages we ever came across.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES: Carey & Hart.—The sale of the former edition of Joe Neal's fine production has been, we understand from a private source, very extensive. This alone proves the avidity with which it must have been sought after. No less than four thousand copies have passed through the press in a short period.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

HOME AS FOUND, by J. Fenimore Cooper: Lea & Blanchard. This is a sequel to *Homeward Bound*, a novel by the same author, and will be read with curiosity by all who have perused the latter work.—*G. & O. Carvill.*

EVENINGS AT HOME; or the Juvenile Budget.—Here we have another of those valuable productions adapted to the use of the rising generation, issued from the press of those indefatigable publishers, Harper & Brothers. Parents are not aware of the heavy debt they owe these gentlemen for the efforts they make, at least, once a year, in behalf of their children. By the publication of such works as the "Life of Christ," and "Evenings at Home," a desire for reading is inculcated into the bosom of every child, and thereby, that natural restlessness of disposition is quieted—the child becomes delighted and interested with his book—the tasks of the school are no longer looked upon as a grievance, until, finally the mind is imbued with a love of reading it is impossible to eradicate. The volume is, as its title imports, most interesting. We have been much edified in the perusal, and as a work of general and varied reading, would recommend it strongly to the attention of every parent.

FOUR YEARS IN PARAGUAY: Carey & Hart.—These volumes contain a rapid sketch of the political and social elements out of which the South American republics have been framed. The history of the Jesuits in Paraguay will be found to contain many curious details, and to exhibit to those not deeply read in Jesuitical lore, a very singular state of society.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

MY SON'S BOOK, is a neat little volume, just published by F. W. Bradley & Co. The principles which are most requisite for the guidance of a young man entering into the broad arena of life, are laid down with precision, and those which should govern him in the courtesies of life, are also expounded, with reference to his intercourse with the different classes of society.

THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH,

A ROMANCE.

COMPOSED, AND POLITELY PRESENTED TO THE LADIES' COMPANION, BY MRS. GIBBS.

ALLEGRETTO. 8va Flute.

Come with me to yonder

hills, Where lightly dance each merry elf, There the cup of life gay pleasure fills, And thy guide shall

be the Mountain Sylph. In halls where

spark - ling diamond fountains play, 'Tis there we dance we dance till break of

day. And when the world is hid in dusky night, Our homes a

daz - ling fairy world of light, Come with me to yonder hills, where lightly

dance each fairy elf, There the cup of life gay pleasure fills, And thy guide shall be the Mountain Sylph.

2. Come away the moon is high,
 Sailing o'er the foaming deep,
 From tree to tree the night-birds fly,
 And from their cells the glow-worms creep;
 Then follow me and fear no evil charm,
 No danger shall thy heart alarm,
 Round thee a mystic spell shall play
 Shall keep the Demon's pow'r away.
 Come with me to yonder hills, &c.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—False praise is censure in disguise and is more severely felt in its effects than the bitterest invective of invidious criticism. Sir Walter Scott, on being strongly pressed to write a tragedy by the committee of Drury-lane, the better to sustain the fortunes of that theatre, declined the invitation, quoting many of the reasons which would have led a less judicious author to its acceptance: they were, that he was too popular a writer for his play to be condemned on its first representation, and too little acquainted with the machinery of the stage to risk his fame on the bare probability of success. That he was quite sure he should obtain the support of the daily press, but not so sure that the public, who had read him in the closet, would visit him on the stage; thus to see his play dragging out a miserable existence and expiring to empty benches, while his kind friends, the diurnalists, were cheering him on in the vain promise of lengthened existence, was a pain and a penalty he had not a sufficiency of moral courage to encounter. Perhaps we cannot bring ourselves to agree with Sir Walter Scott, that such would have been the result in his case; but such, at the present moment, is the precise situation of Mr. Simpson in his management of the Park, and the New-York press. Mr. Simpson may exclaim with truth, "Heaven shield me from my friends."

Censure is dealt out unsparingly by some few gentlemen who are inimical to the old house—censure without inquiry, and criticism without the exercise of an ordinary judgment—while on the other hand, the friends of the theatre mete out a languid praise as lame, as limping and timid as a consciousness of servility can render it; and thus they do more injury to the establishment than censure could possibly accomplish.

As censors, we shall best discharge our duty to the cause of the legitimate drama, and sustain the best interests of the Park theatre, by discharging that duty which we owe to our subscribers and the public. It has been our principal and our practice—even-handed justice—impartiality in the expression of our opinions—to approve with conscience and condemn with moderation. We have never raised our pen to chill the rising genius of the day, or nipped the bud of promise with too severe reproof. We have sustained the management of our theatres whenever we could justify it to ourselves, and even strained a point to the prejudice of our judgment. But we feel ourselves, under existing circumstances, called upon to institute a more close and rigid examination into the policy of the management of this house, than in the full tide of its prosperity. Success in any effort of the stage is at all times the manager's justification in the mode or manner by which that stage may be conducted; and although in the exercise of our critical opinion we may condemn the means—still, if public patronage decide against us, we have no right of censure in the management. It is a trite adage, proved of all time in theatrical matters, that "those who live to please, must please to live." But when we feel the current of public opinion turned—and patronage withheld, we find ourselves more than warranted in the assumption of our views of management being correct, since in the effect is found the cause. If the opinion has been formed that the city of New-York is not capable of sustaining two principal theatres, such opinion is mischievous and unfounded; it is capable of maintaining more, provided the material of which they are composed is of a quality entitling them to patronage.

It is quite clear that the present state of the acted drama is not in accordance with the public taste. The failure of Vestris has disappointed the expectations of the managers, and the season has been prostrated by an event which could never have been anticipated. Mr. Simpson attaches no importance to his stock company, and, unhappily for his interest, the public attach as little. But we say here is his only remedy: strengthen that company in all its parts—render it amply effective in the representation of sterling drama—let the prominent star of the evening be a play well acted in all its parts; encourage the rising talent of the country by producing new plays from the pens of American authors—we ask for no exclusion of the English imported drama, and we confidently pronounce by these

means, Mr. Simpson will terminate his season prosperously. Let him shake off the English yoke when it becomes the mere yoke of dependance—let him gather around him all the talent of the country he can collect—let him act vigorously in this, and success cannot fail in crowning his enterprise.

Madame Augusta has just concluded an engagement, and appeared in several of her favorite characters, which she has sustained with undiminished excellence, but there is a chilling gloom thrown around the theatre, by which even her excellence has been obscured.

Velasco.—This admirable production of Epes Sergeant, has been produced, and has won laurels for its author and the performers. We have already said so much in just praise of this tragedy, that we have nothing left in commendation, but of its performance. As an acting play, we entertained our doubts, but its success upon the stage has been triumphant. It would be invidious to point out one or two of the performers appearing in this drama; all aimed to excel, and succeeded.

Mrs. Shaw.—This lady, after a long absence, has returned to the city, and reappeared at the Park. With the exception of Ellen Tree, Mrs. Shaw is the best actress in the country. Witness her Lady Constance, Julia and Marian, in proof of the assertion.

Mrs. Gibbs has appeared twice at this house in her favorite part of *Don Giovanni*, and was warmly received. She is an accomplished actress and singer.

Mrs. Bailey, so long known and appreciated as a vocalist, will appear on the seventh, as *Amette*, in the new opera of that name which has been lately produced in London with the most decided success.

NATIONAL.—If crowded houses, and delighted audiences are the tests of management, these are the nightly signs of the times, and of public taste—of effective drama and judicious zeal displayed in catering for an intelligent, enlightened and tasteful people. In all the departments of the drama, the management of the National stand perfectly unrivalled in the Union. We are not led to the theatre to be gratified alone by the excellence of a *Shirreff*, a *Wilson*, and a *Seguin*, but to the performance of an opera in which they appear, with all its minor parts in admirable arrangement—its scenic effects beautifully executed—its properties in good taste, and its dresses in full costume. *Amilie*, *Fra Diavola*, *La Sonnambula*, have been represented in this theatre to brilliant audiences, and in the absence of the operatic force, we are still attracted to its walls by sterling dramas admirably performed.

FRANKLIN, under the management of Mr. Dinneford, is pursuing a prosperous course. It is nightly well attended.

EDITORS' TABLE.

SINCE the issue of our last number, we have secured the valuable assistance of PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAM, author of the "South West," "Lafitte," "Burton," etc., etc., as a regular contributor to the pages of the *Ladies' Companion* for the next two years. With such a powerful list of writers, as Lydia H. Sigourney; Ann S. Stephens; Frances S. Osgood; Charlotte Cushman; Professor Ingraham; Henry W. Herbert; John Neal; Henry F. Harrington; Rev. J. H. Clinch; Edward Matuyin; Grenville Mellen; Isaac C. Pray, Jr.; and H. Hastings Weld, the *Ladies' Companion* is destined to take precedence of every other magazine in America.

Beautiful steel engravings, illustrative of [the prevailing *Fashions*], will be introduced during the present year, in addition to our usual plates. They will be prepared with much accuracy and care, as we are determined they shall supercede every thing of the nature yet published in any magazine.

DUNLAP'S EXHIBITION.—A very large collection of paintings, by many of our best artists, is now open at the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, the proceeds of which are appropriated to aid Mr. Dunlap in the publication of his forth coming work, entitled, "History of New-York." The project is a laudable one, and should meet with universal support.



REBECCA & BOIS GUILBERT.

Reprinted from the Little Review

THE LADIES' COMPANION

"Remain thou there, thou haughty man—
Move but a step—a single span—
I plunge below this bartizan
Upon the court-yard stones.
Ere this my cheek shall blush with shame,
Ere I will wrong my maiden fame,
Or spot the honored Hebrew name,
I plunge and crush these bones !

I cannot see thee now, or young, or old
Thou'rt come and gone ! I know not where
If thou art young, why dost not loiter here
Where Youth and Beauty both too quick
If thou art old, why then thus young appear
Thou active one that canst so quickly fly
Thou heedest not ! Well—stay not thy care
I know I follow to ETERNITY. L. C.



REBECCA & BOIS-GUILBERT.

Engaged for the 2nd Edition

"Remain thou there, thou haughty man—
 Move but a step—a single span—
 I plange below this bartisan
 Upon the court-yard stones.
 Ere this my cheek shall blush with shame,
 Ere I will wrong my maiden fame,
 Or spot the honored Hebrew name,
 I plunge and crush these bones !

I cannot see thee fair, or young, or old—
 Thou'rt come and gone ! I know not where
 If thou art young, why dost not loiter here,
 Where Youth and Beauty both too quickly
 If thou art old, why then thus young appear,
 Thou active one that canst so quickly fly ?
 Thou heedest not ! Well—stay not thy career—
 I know I follow to ETERNITY.

improved for the 2nd Edition



THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, . FEBRUARY, 1839.

Original.

REBECCA AND BOIS GUILBERT.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY,

AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF "JULIETTA GORDINI."

I.

THE brightest pattern of a sect
To woo and wandering elect—
A Hebrew maid—she stands erect
Upon an air-hung wall!
Behold! Her eyes are guards to her,
Her champion's her character—
And lo! The Templar dares not stir
Lest from that tower she fall.

II.

O, matchless maid—example high!
Far better 'tis at once to die
Than be enforced in crime to lie,
Or, worse, to tamely yield.
O, woman, though thy charms be great,
Though every gift adorn thy state,
Thine is the darkest, direst fate
Save Virtue be thy shield.

III.

So felt Rebecca in the hour
When Bois Guilbert with fiendish power,
Sought in the Templars' massy tower
To stain her maiden fame.
Though death were her's—yet death had been
A better treasure than to win
An endless heritage of sin,
And live a life of shame.

IV.

Bright fires are glazing now her eyes,
With lofty words how she defies
The passions which within him rise—
How firmly does she stand!
Impersonating Virtue there,
She seems just born, a thing of air,
With will and power to do and dare,
To threaten and command.

V.

"Remain thou there, thou haughty man—
Move but a step—a single span—
I plunge below this bartisan
Upon the court-yard stones.
Ere this my cheek shall blush with shame,
Ere I will wrong my maiden fame,
Or spot the honored Hebrew name,
I plunge and crush these bones!

VI.

"Ay! here I safely stand, proud Knight,
Not in thy power, though in thy sight,
For Heaven has shown a path of light—
Escape from thine abode.
Ere trust her honor unto thee,
The Jewish maiden thou shalt see
Prefer death's endless liberty,
Giving her soul to God!

VII.

"I fear thee not—and thank the hour
That gave unto thy race the power
To raise thus high this dizzy tower,
To fall from which is death.
Thy words I heed not, Bois Guilbert,
For though thou promisest to spare,
I know, proud Templar, *thou art there*—
Thy words are merely breath!

VIII.

"Peace, if thou wilt—but with this place
Between us twain—a fitting space—
'Tis ours to gaze while on thy face,
Is fixed Guilt's pale dismay.
Nay, blush not, Templar; still gaze on!
Nay, quail not, brave and foolish one—
What! Dost repent what thou hast done?
Ay, turn thy steps away!"

IX.

Blest Hebrew maid, to thee belong
Hope, faith and virtue courage strong—
The Templar fears to do thee wrong,
And now shall harm thee not.
Thy honor's safe! Thou'rt living still—
What—living? Yes; she ever will—
While eyes shall o'er thy pages fill,
Immortal Walter Scott.

Original.

TIME.

Oh, Time, how inexpressible art thou!
In vain it is that painters do unfold
Thy face and form that mortals may behold—
They never knew thee—never saw thy brow.
E'en as I strive to fix thy features now,
I feel thy progress cannot be controlled;
I cannot see thee fair, or young, or old—
Thou'rt come and gone! I know not where or how!
If thou art young, why dost not loiter here,
Where Youth and Beauty both too quickly die?
If thou art old, why then thus young appear,
Thou active one that canst so quickly fly?
Thou heedest not! Well—stay not thy career—
I know I follow to ETERNITY.

L. C. P.

Original.

THE SAXON PRELATE'S DOOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

"Die, prophet, in thy speech!"—KING HENRY VI.

THE mightiest monarch of his age, Sovereign of England—as his proud grandsire made his vaunt of yore—by right of the sword's edge; Grand Duke of Normandy, by privilege of blood; and liege-lord of Guienne, by marriage with its powerful Heritress; the bravest, the most fortunate, the wisest of the Kings of Europe, Henry the Second held his court for the high festival of Chistmas in the fair halls of Rouen. The banquet was already over, the revelry was at the highest, still, the gothic arches ringing with the merriment, the laughter, and the blended cadences of many a minstrel's harp, of many a *trouvere's* lay. Suddenly, while the din was at the loudest, piercing through all the mingled sounds, a single trumpet's note was heard—wailing, prolonged, and ominous—as was the chill it struck to every heart in that bright company—of coming evil. During the pause which followed, for at that thrilling blast the mirth and song were hushed as if by instinct—a bustle might be heard below, the tread of many feet, and the discordant tones of many eager voices. The great doors were thrown open, not with the stately ceremonial that befitted the occasion, but with a noisy and irreverent haste that proved the urgency or the importance of the new-comers. Then, to the wonder of all present, there entered—not in their wonted pomp, with stole, and mitre, *crozier dalmatique* and ring, but in soiled vestments, travel-worn and dusty, with features haggard from fatigue, and sharpened by anxiety and fear—six of the noblest of old England's prelates, led by the second dignitary of the church, York's proud archbishop. Hurrying forward to the dais, where Henry sat in state, they halted all together at the step, and in one voice exclaimed,

"Fair sir, and King, not for ourselves alone, but for the holy church, for your own realm and crown, for your own honor, your own safety, we beseech you!"

"What means this, holy fathers," Henry cried, hastily, and half alarmed, as it would seem, by the excited language of the churchmen. "What means this vehemence—or who hath dared to wrong ye, and for why?"

"For that, at your behest, we dared to crown the youthful King, your son! Such, sire, is our offence. Our wrong—that we your English prelates are excommunicated, and!"

"Now, by the eyes of God!" exclaimed the King, breaking abruptly in upon the Bishop's speech, his noble features crimsoned by the indignant blood, that rushed to them at mention of this foul affront, "now by the eyes of God, if all who have consented to his consecration be accurst, then am I so myself!"

"Nor is this all," replied the prelate, well pleased to note the growing anger of the sovereign, "nor is this all the wrong. The same bold man, who did you this

affront, an you look not the sharper, will light a blaze in England that shall consume right speedily your royal crown itself. He marches to and fro, with troops of horse, and bands of armed footmen, stirring the Saxon churls against the gentle blood of Normandy, nay, seeking even to gain entrance into your garrisons and castles."

"Do I hear right," shouted the fiery prince, striking his hand upon the board with such fierce vehemence, that every flask and tankard rang. "Do I hear right—and is it but a dream that I am England's king? What!—one base vassal—one who has fattened on the bread of our ill-wasted charity—one beggar, who first came to our court with all his fortunes on his back, bestriding a galled spavined jade—one wretch like this, insult at once a line of sovereign princes!—trample a realm beneath his feet!—and go unpunished and scathe-free? What! was there not one man—one only—of the hordes of recreant knights, who feast around my board—to free his monarch from a shaveling, who dishonors and defies him? Break off the feast—break off, I say—no time for revelry and wine!—To council, lords, to council. We must indeed bestir us, an we would hold the crown our grandsire won—not for himself alone, nor for his race—who, by God's grace will wear it spite priest, cardinal, or pope—but for the gentle blood of Norman chivalry!"

Rising at once, he led the way to council; and with wild haste and disarray, the company dispersed—but as the hall grew thin, four knights remained behind in close and earnest converse—so deep, so earnest, that they were left alone, when all the rest, ladies and cavaliers, and chamberlains, and pages, had departed, and the vast gallery, which had so lately rung with every various sound of human merriment, was silent as the grave. There was a strange and almost awful contrast between the strong and stately forms of the four barons, their deep and energetic whispers, the fiery glances of their angry eyes, the fierce gesticulations of their muscular and well-turned limbs, and the deserted splendors of that royal hall—the vacant throne, the long array of seats, the gorgeous plate, flagons and cups and urns of gold and marquetry—the lights still glowing as it were in mockery over the empty board—the wine unpoured—the harps untouched and voiceless.

"Be it so—be it so!" exclaimed, in louder tones than they had used before, one, the most striking in appearance of the group—"be it so—let us swear! Richard le Breton—Hugues de Morville, William de Traci—even as I shall swear—swear ye—by God, and by our trusty blades, and by our Norman honor!"

"We will," cried all—"we swear!—we be not recreant—nor craven, as our good swords shall witness!"

"Thus, then," continued the first speaker, drawing his sword, and grasping a huge cup of wine, "thus, then, I, Reginald Fitz Urse, for mine own part, and for each one and all of ye, do swear; so help me God, and our good lady—never to touch the wine-cup; never to bend before the shrine; never to close the eyes in sleep; never to quit the saddle, or unbelt the brand; never to pray to God; never to hope for Heaven, until the wrong we

* For this strange but authentic oath, see Thierry's Norman Conquest, whence most of these details are taken.

reck of be redressed!—until the insult, done our sovereign, be avenged!—until the life-blood of his foeman stream on our battle-swords, as streams this nobler wine!"

Then, with the words—for not he only, but each one of the four, holding their long, two-handed blades extended at arms' length before them with all their points in contact, and in the other hand grasping the brimming goblets, had gone through, in resolute unflinching tones, the fearful adjuration. Then, with the words, they all dashed down the generous liquor on the weapons, watched it in silence as it crimsoned them from point to hilt, and sheathing them, all purple as they were, hurried, not from the hall alone, but from the palace; mounted their fleetest war-steeds, and, that same night, rode furiously away toward the nearest sea.

The fifth day was in progress after King Henry's banquet, when, at the hour of noon, four Norman knights, followed by fifty men-at-arms, sheathed *cap-a-pié* in mail, arrayed beneath the banner of Fitz Urse, entered the town of Canterbury at a hard gallop. The leaders of the band alone were clad in garbs of peace, bearing no weapon but their swords, and singularly ill-accounted for horse exercise, being attired in doublets of rich velvet, with hose of cloth, of gold, or silver, as if in preparation for some high and festive meeting. Yet was it evident, that they had ridden miles in that unsuitable apparel; for the rich velvet was besmeared with many a miry stain, and the hose dashed with blood, which had been drawn profusely by the long rowels of their gilded spurs. Halting in serried order at the market cross, the leader of the party summoned, by an equerry, the city mayor to hear the orders of the King; and, when that officer appeared, having commanded him "on his allegiance, to call his men to arms, and take such steps as should assuredly prevent the burghers of the town from raising any tumult on that day, whatever might come to pass." With his three friends, and twelve, the stoutest, of the men at arms who followed in their train, rode instantly away to the archbishop's palace. The object of their deadly hatred, when the four knights arrived, was in the act of finishing his noonday meal; and all his household were assembled at the board, from which he had just risen. There was no sign of trepidation, no symptom of surprise, much less of fear or consternation in his aspect or demeanor, as one by one his visitors stalked unannounced into the long apartment! yet was there much, indeed, in the strange guise wherein they came, in their disordered habits; in the excitement visibly depicted on their brows, haggard from want of sleep, pale with fatigue and labor, yet resolute, and stern, and terse with the resolve of their dread purpose—to have astonished, nay, dismayed the spirit of one less resolute in the defence of what he deemed the right than Thomas Becket. Silently, one by one, they entered, the leader halting opposite the prelate with his arms folded on his breast, and his three comrades forming, as it were, in a half-circle round him—not one of them removed the bonnet from his brow, or bowed the knee on entering, or offered any greeting, whether to the temporal rank or spiritual

station of their intended victim; but gazed on him with a fixed sternness that was far more awful than any show of violence. This dumb show, although it needs must occupy some time in the description, had lasted perhaps a minute, when the bold prelate broke the silence, addressing them in clear, harmonious tones, and with an air as dignified and placid, as though he had been bidding them to share the friendly banquet.

"Fair sirs," he said, "I bid ye welcome; although in truth, the manner of your entrance be not in all things courteous; nor savoring of that respect which should be paid, if not to me, who am but as a worm, the meanest of His creatures, yet, to the dignity whereunto He has raised me! *Natheless*, I bid ye hail! Please ye disclose the business, whereon ye now have come to me."

Still not a word did they reply—but seated themselves all unbidden, still glaring on him with fixed eyes, ominous of evil. At length Fitz Urse addressed him, speaking abruptly, and in tones so hoarse and hollow—the natural consequence of his extreme exertions, four days and nights having been actually passed in almost constant travel—that his most intimate associate could not have recognized his voice.

"We come," he said, "on the King's part; to take, and that, too, on the instant, some order with your late proceedings! To have the excommunicated, presently absolved—to see the bishops, who have been suspended, forthwith re-established—and to hear what *you* may now alledge concerning your design against your sovereign Lord and Master!"

"It is not I," Thomas replied, still calmer and more dignified than the fierce spirits who addressed him. "It is not I, who have done this. It is the sovereign pontiff. God's own supreme vicegerent, who, of his own will, excommunicated my late brother of York. He alone, therefore, can absolve him. I have no power in't! As for the rest, let them but make submission and straightway shall they be restored!"

"From whom, then," Reginald Fitz Urse demanded; "from whom, then, hold you your archbishopric—from England's King, or from the Pope of Rome?"

"My spiritual rights, of God, and of the Pope—my temporal privileges of the King," was the prompt answer.

"The King, then, gave you *not*," the baron asked again. "Beware, I warn you, beware how you do answer me; the King, I say, gave you *not* ALL that you enjoy?"

"He did not," answered Becket, without moving a single muscle of his composed but haughty countenance; although, at the reply, the fiery temper of his unwelcome visitors was made more clearly manifest; as a deep angry murmur burst simultaneously from all their lips; and they wrung, with fierce gestures, their gloved hands, as if it was with difficulty they restrained themselves from violence, more open in its character.

"Ye threaten me—I well believe," exclaimed the stately prelate, "but it is vain and useless. Were all the swords in England brandished against my head, ye should gain nothing, nothing from me."

"We will do more than threaten," answered Fitz Urse; and rising from his seat, rushed out of the apartment, followed by his companions, crying aloud, even before they crossed the threshold, "To arms!—Normans—to arms!"

The doors were closed behind them, and barred instantly with the most jealous care; while Reginald, and the conspirators, meeting the guard whom they had left without, armed themselves cap-a-pié, in the court-yard, before the palace gates, as if for instant battle; with helmet, hood of mail, and hauberk; their triangular steel-plated shields hanging about their necks; their legs protected by mail hose, fitting as closely and as flexible as modern stockings; their huge two-handed swords belted about them in such fashion, that their cross-guarded hilts came over their left shoulders, while their points clanked against the spur on their right heels. There was no pause, for snatching instantly an axe from the hands of a carpenter, who chanced to be at work in the court-yard, Fitz Urse assailed the gate. Strong as it was, it creaked and groaned beneath the furious blows, and the lung corridors within rolled back the threatening sounds in deep and hollow echoes. Within the palace all was confusion and dismay, and every face was pale and ghastly, save his alone who had the cause for fear.

"Fly! fly! my lord," cried the assistants, breathless with terror, "fly to the altar! There, there, at least, shall you be safe!"

"Never," the prelate answered, his bold spirit as self-possessed and calm in that most imminent peril, as though he had been bred, from childhood upward, to the performance of high deeds and daring. "Never will I turn back from that which I have set myself to do. God, if it be his pleasure, shall preserve me from yet greater straits than these; and if it be not so His will to do, then God forbid I should gainsay him." Nor would he stir one foot, until the vesper bell, rung by the sacristan, unwitting of his superior's peril, began to chime from the near walls of the cathedral. "It is the hour," he quietly observed, on hearing the sweet cadence of the bells; "it is the hour of prayer; my duty calls me—give me my vestments! carry my cross before me!" And attiring himself, as though nothing of unusual moment were impending, he traversed, with steps even slower than his wont, the cloister leading from his dwelling to the abbey; though, ere he left the palace, the din of blows had ceased, and the fierce shout of the assailants gave token that the door had yielded. Chiding his servitors for their excess of terror, as unworthy of their sacred calling, he still walked slowly onward, while the steel-shod footsteps of his foemen might be heard clashing on the pavement but a few yards behind him. He reached the door of the cathedral; entered without so much as casting one last glance behind; passed up the nave, and going up the steps of the high altar, separated from the body of the church by a slight rail of ornamental iron-work, commenced the service of the day. Scarce had he uttered the first words, when Reginald, sheathed, as has been heretofore described, in complete panoply, with

his two-handed sword already naked, rushed into the cathedral.

"To me!" he cried, with a fierce shout—"to me, valiant and loyal servants of the King!" while eyes behind him followed, in like array, with flashing eyes, and inflamed visages, and brandished weapons, his sworn confederates—and without the gates their banded men-at-arms stood in a serried circle, defying all assistance from the town. Again his servitors entreated Becket to preserve himself, by seeking refuge in the dark crypts beneath the chancel, where he might rest concealed in absolute security, until the burghers should be aroused to rescue;—or by ascending the intricate and winding turret-stairs to the cathedral roof, whence he might summon aid, ere he could possibly be overtaken; but it was all in vain. Confiding in the goodness of his cause, perhaps expecting supernatural assistance, the daring prelate silenced their prayers by a contemptuous refusal; and even left the altar, to prevent one of the monks from closing the weak trelliced gates, which marked the holiest precincts. Meanwhile, unmoved in their fell purpose, the Normans were at hand.

"Where is the traitor?" cried Fitz Urse, but no voice replied; and the unwonted tones were vocal yet beneath the vaulted roof in lingering echoes, when he again exclaimed, "where—where is the Archbishop?"

"Here stands he," Becket answered, drawing his lofty person up to its full height, and spreading his arms forth with a gesture of perfect majesty. "Here stands he, but no traitor! What do ye in God's house in such apparel—what is your will, or purpose?"

"That you die, presently!" was the reply, enforced by the uplifted weapon, and determined features of the savage Baron.

"I am resigned," returned the prelate, the calm patience of the martyr blent with a noble daring that would have well become a warrior on the battle-field. "Ye shall not see me fly before your swords. But in the name of the all-powerful God, whom ye dishonor and defy, I do command ye injure no one of my companions, layman or priest." His words were interrupted by a heavy blow across his shoulders, delivered, with the flat of his huge sword, by Reginald.

"Fly!" he said, "fly, priest, or you are dead!" But the archbishop moved not a step, spoke not a syllable. "Drag him hence, comrades," continued the last speaker. "Away with him beyond the threshold—we may not smite him here!"

"Here! here! or nowhere," the Archbishop answered. "Here, in the very presence, and before the altar, and the image, of our God!" And as he spoke, he seized the railings with both hands, set his feet firm, and being of a muscular and powerful frame, sustained by daring courage and highly-wrought excitement, he succeeded in maintaining his position, in spite of the united efforts of the four Norman warriors. Meanwhile, all the companions of the prelate had escaped by ways known only to themselves—all, but one faithful follower—the Saxon, Edward Grim, his cross-bearer since his first elevation to the see of Canterbury—the same who had so boldly spoken out after the conference

of Clarendon—and the conspirators began to be alarmed lest, if their purpose were not speedily accomplished, the rescue should arrive and frustrate their intentions. Their blood, moreover, was heated by the struggle, and their fierce natures, never much restrained by awe or reverence for things divine, burst through all bonds.

"Here! then, if it so please you. Here!" cried William de Traci, striking, as he spoke, a blow with the full sweep of both his arms wielding his ponderous weapon, at the defenceless victim's head. But the bold Saxon suddenly stretched out his arm to guard his beloved master. Down came the mighty blow—but not for that did the true servitor withdraw his naked limb—down came the mighty blow, and lopped the unflinching hand, sheer as the woodman's bill severs the hazel twig. Still, Becket stood un wounded. "Strike! strike; you others," shouted the Norman, as he grasped the maimed, but still resolved, protector of his master, and held him off by the exertion of his entire strength. "Strike! strike!" and they did strike, fearlessly—mercilessly! Hugues de Morville smote him with a mace upon his temples, and he fell stunned, but still alive, face downward on the pavement;—and Reginald Fitz Urse, whirling his espaldron around his head, brought it down with such reckless fury upon the naked skull, that the point clove right through it, down to the marble pavement, on which it yet alighted with a degree of violence so undiminished, that it was shivered to the very hilt, and the strong arms of him who wielded it were jarred up to the shoulders, as if by an electric shock. One of the men-at-arms, who had rushed in during the struggle, spurned with his foot the motionless and senseless clay.

"Thus perish all," he said, "all foemen of the King, and of the gentle Normans—all who dare, henceforth, to arouse the base and slavish Saxons against their free and princely masters!"

Thus fell the Saxon Prelate, ruthlessly butchered at the very shrine of God, not so much that he was a Romish priest, and an upholder of the rights of Rome, as that he was a Saxon man, a vindicator of the liberties of England! Yet though the Pope absolved that King, whose cruel will had, in truth, done the deed, yet was that deed not unavenged! If the revolt and treachery of all most dear to him, the hatred of his very flesh and blood, the unceasing enmity of his own sons, a miserable old age, and a heart-broken death-bed—if these things may be deemed Heaven's vengeance upon murder—then, of a surety, that murder was avenged. H.

YOUTHFUL LOVE.

She lov'd him e'en in childhood, with that pure
Devotion, which the bosom feels secure
In youthful innocence—when first the heart
Elects its idol, sacred and apart
From other beings: oh! there is a truth,
A beam, that wakes not when the glow of youth
Is past—'tis like the ray that morning throws,
Upon the bosom of the blushing rose.

Original.

THE WANDERING STEED.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

A horse!—SHAKESPEARE.

"GET up, I say. You aint afeard, be ye—and you a major!"

"Lie still, good woman; and don't thrust your elbow into my ribs after this fashion, like the ox Golden butting his horns against the crib. For me to get up with my bare feet on this painted floor would be death to me. Besides Mrs Wad—"

"There! don't you hear it again? I tell you there's some live thing in the shed, and now it is coming under the window."

"Mercy, Mrs. Waddlefain!" cried the squire, drawing the coverlet over his ears; "you are enough to—to keep me awake all night. Do you think you could find the tinder-box, wife?"

"Why yes—if you will confess you are scared, like an honest man, I will strike a light."

"Scared! Me scared!" cried Squire Waddlefain with desperate courage, and bouncing out of bed like an overgrown porpoise, touched by the spear of the whale fisherman: "I'll let you see, when it comes to the point, that it is you who are the coward, Mrs. Waddlefain. Yes, it is you that are scared, and it's only in *desput* cases that my courage shows itself, as a *critter* will eat salt hay when it can't get nothing else, Mrs. Waddlefain. Nothing else, I say, Mrs. Waddlefain."

The last words were scarcely audible, as the dauntless squire had reached the kitchen, and was feeling along the shelves, with trembling fingers, for the tinder-box. He had already grasped the tin depository of martyred rage, when a loud scream from his horizontal half made him jump about six feet, during which unwonted exhibition of vigor, the box came violently to the floor, and the tinder was scattered like the ten tribes of Israel. In the next moment he came bounding into the chamber—"Not a word, wife, till I have got into bed. You shall tell me as soon as—there, there, that is it, wife!—Speak up, Mrs. Waddlefain. Why did you scream so?"

"As sure as I'm alive," said the good woman; "when I just drew aside the curtain to let in the moonlight, I saw a pair of great eyes staring in at me through the window!"

"Fudge! All imagination, Mrs. Waddlefain," said the squire, drawing up his legs till his knees nearly touched his chin, and sinking his head beneath the bed-clothes.

"No, no, it is all true," cried she. "Don't you hear somebody breathing now? Oh! Mr. Waddlefain, what a shame that two honest old people like us should be haunted in this way! Do look out the window."

"I will, wife—if you will only step into the best room and get my spectacles. They lie on the secretary just where I left them last night after reading the newspaper."

"I will. But you must get up and light the lamp first, so that I can find them."

"The tinder is all spilt," said the squire, "or I should have lit the lamp long ago. You never knew me to undertake to do a thing, and not do it, unless it was impossible."

"But I did not expect to see you run back to bed so quick, Mr. Waddlefain."

"What! not when I thought you in danger, my dear Mrs. Waddlefain! As soon as I heard you scream, I dropped every thing and ran to your assistance. Gratitude, Mrs. Waddlefain! I never thought you ungrateful, Mrs. Waddlefain."

Here a sudden silence on the part of the veteran couple ensued; for the soft fall of a stealthy foot was heard on the stairs which led to the garret. It seemed to approach.

"My gracious—husband!" whispered the good lady.

"We are all dead men!" sighed the squire, nestling to the side of his wife.

"Mr. Waddlefain!" cried a well known voice in the antechamber.

"Ha! John! is that you?" exclaimed the squire, with the alacrity of Bunyan's Pilgrim after dropping his burthen at the cross, and thrusting out his head from under a pile of bed-clothes like a turtle when the foot passenger has gone by.

"Yes, sir. I thought I heard a scream. I hope I haven't disturbed your rest."

"Very excusable, John. Not at all—ahem! It's nothing, only Mrs. Waddlefain has had a little start. Ahem! women are apt to be timid you know. But John—you are not gone?"

"Well, sir."

"I wish you would just go out and walk round the house, and see if there is anything on fire. I thought I smelt something burning."

John went out accordingly, and then Major Waddlefain said to his spouse, "I thought I would not tell him that we suspected any danger. It would be cruel to frighten him, you know: and if there is *real* danger, he will find it out soon enough himself."

Mr. Waddlefain waited sometime in anxious expectation of hearing the sound of conflict, for they did not doubt that the house was surrounded by robbers; but nothing of the kind came to their ears. Instead thereof, the familiar voice of John was heard in strains like the following, "Whoa! whoa, I say!" Then the sound of a horse's hoofs thundering on the frosty ground contributed vastly to dissipate their uneasiness. Squire Waddlefain valiantly raised the window, and inquired what was the matter.

"A strange horse, sir—saddled and bridled—has broken into the door-yard."

"Very well, John. Tie him up for the night, and perhaps you had better not go to bed again. It is almost morning—is it not?"

"My stars! No sir—it is midnight!"

"Strike a light then, and leave it burning in the hall, so that if the owner should come for his horse before morning—"

"Oh! my God!" cried John, don't talk so, squire, I beg."

"What ails the foolish boy? Why do you stare so? Your eyes look like saucers!"

"Nothing, sir," said John, hiding his emotion in a vigorous attempt to secure the noble animal. But no sooner had John laid his hand on the horse's mane than he fixed his eyes on the man, thrust forward his ears, snorted, wheeled suddenly, and bounded over the fence into the road. Thus ended the night's adventure; for the speed with which the startled beast fled along the highway annihilated all hope of his capture.

Winter had commenced. On glazed hill-top and marsh, on channelled river and contemplative pool lay the unbroken chrysalis of the North, which to the burning sun flashed back its virgin sheen like a vestal impervious to love. Slow and dubious the far-seen pedestrian wended his toilsome way amid a wilderness of frost. Like plumbs thinly scattered on the surface of a large flour pudding, the dark ridge-pole and chimney of many a cot speckled the white plain; and where frowned the dark and leafless wood, several pines and hemlocks stood out conspicuous in their everlasting green—the changeless relics of Eden's perennial bowers. The sun hastened from the cheerless skies, and early settled beneath the horizon.

Then rose the mountain youths, and hill and vale laughed through their icy teeth, and the snow-clad wood sent back the melody and wild uproar of hardy foresters astir. The gay laugh of rustic dames rang and jingled on the sharp atmosphere, and from various points could be heard their horses' hoofs as the snow-crust yielded to their iron pressure, and their riders goaded them on to the place of mirth and revelry. Ere the moon had commenced her widowed vigils, the light blazed from the windows of a large winter-colored mansion that stood alone upon a broad knoll, between the forest and the lake.

This imposing edifice belonged to a Mr. Watson, who had been one of the first to enter that part of the country, and plant the garden-rose in the wilderness—now inoculated with civilization. The tracks of the red man had been upturned by the plough, and the stumps of green trees were frequent in the wood. Oblivion and silence had fled indignantly to the west, chased by many voices. Like all pioneers, Mr. Watson had planted the tree which should shelter his old age. But for three blooming daughters, who had now ripened into delicious and voluptuous womanhood, he might have sighed that he had labored in vain—for what joy hath age of the toil of its youth?

The three daughters had given an old-fashioned party. Thither the neighboring youths had flocked. Those who came unattended generally walked; while many a nag struggled up the long slope with a damsel on the crupper. Several rooms were at the service of the young people—all brilliantly lighted, and fitted up for the occasion. Nuts, apples, pies, and several kinds of liquor had been plentifully provided by the mistresses of the revel, and those who partook of those *dainties*

did not stop to inquire whether "good digestion would wait on appetite." They dwelt among the mountains, and there was not a youth of them all who feared to encounter a bear single-handed.

The evening was wearing away, and the moon had already volunteered to see the "ladies" home, when the hardiest mountaineer of them all turned pale; for there came up from a neighboring swamp a cry so fearful and unearthly that the nerves of every listener thrilled like smitten harp-strings. There was a pause in the midst of the dance. The bold eye quailed. The damsels leaned against the wall, with mouth ajar. Again that hollow shriek came up terrible as if the Angel of Death passed by. The steeds who had been left in the yard broke away from the stakes to which they had been tethered, and pawing about the door, seemed to plead for entrance.

"John! oh, John! what can it be?" said the youngest Miss Watson to a comely but untutored young man at her elbow.

"I never heard the like," replied John.

"But you look as if you knew something about it;" exclaimed a damsel called Caroline, placing herself in front of the youth, and looking keenly in his face.

"Why do you all come to me to inquire?" said John impatiently, and he turned away to hide the now livid color of his lips.

Mary Watson followed him. "You know we are to be married next month, John. Can you refuse to tell me anything? It is so strange!"

"You know I would refuse you nothing."

"I know that you have given me these jewels, and this elegant frock, which is so wonderful to all the people round. Even the city ladies who passed through *these parts* last week seemed to envy me. But what are jewels and silks if you do not love me?"

"I do love you, Mary. Oh! Mary, Mary, stand near me—I am—"

Again that cry of more than mortal anguish came up from among the reeds. Again the young men trembled—the maidens gave a low answering shriek, and the steeds moaned at the door.

A footstep was heard in the chamber overhead, and presently the venerable form of Mr. Watson entered the room.

"Father, did you hear—"

"Silence daughter. Young men you are all amazed. It is not strange. You are young and have just listened to a sound which I never heard but once before in my life."

"Oh, father—did you—was it just before mother's death?"

"No, no. It is some poor horse in distress. Are all your creatures in the yard, young men? See if one of them has not strayed away?"

The girls looked up; and the crest-fallen youths hastened out of doors to conceal their blushes.

Finding their horses all safe, the young men immediately set forth in the direction of the swamp, and the propitious moon lighted them on their way.

They were not long in finding the object of their

search. The head of a poor horse was seen projecting over the tops of some black and stunted bushes—his neck stretched out, his ears pointed forward, his mouth open, and his lips curled back so far as to lay bare his teeth and gums—and now, apparently with great pain and immense exertion, he sent forth another of those horrid shrieks which had palsied the merry throng in the midst of their festivity. Even now that the mystery was fully developed, the foremost lad fell back, and his companions came slowly up.

When they reached the spot, the young men found that the rear of the suffering animal was bemired. The mud and ice covered his haunches, while his fore-legs rested on very precarious ground. But the poor animal seemed to know that he was surrounded by friends; and he seconded their exertions with so much skill and tact, that he was relieved from his perilous and painful plight in a few moments after the arrival of his deliverers.

When the lorn steed had been securely placed on solid ground, the young men turned pale at sight of his equipments, for he wore a saddle and bridle of exquisite workmanship.

"The rider!" cried they, one and all, as they hastened back to the spot from which the noble animal had been extricated. They searched in vain. They then resolved to convey the horse to Mr. Watson's house, and procure torches to aid them in discovering the body of the traveller, who, they did not doubt, had perished in the swamp.

When they reached the house with their sad trophy, Mr. Watson and the girls—together with John whom Mary had persuaded to remain with her—came out to look at the rescued steed.

"His rider must be at hand," said Mr. Watson.

"No, I think not," said Mary. "This, John, must be the horse which you told about, that came to the squire's and frightened Mrs. Waddlefain so badly, last November."

"How, John! you never told us of that!" cried several of the young men.

"Perhaps I should not have mentioned it now," said the maiden as she encountered the eyes of her lover.

"Ha, ha! nonsense!" exclaimed John with an uneasy laugh. "You might have told the world of it, if you had chosen. But the squire was a little frightened on that night, and perhaps he would be ashamed if it were known."

"Very judiciously answered," said Mr. Watson, as he took his future son-in-law by the hand. "Honor and dignity wait upon that lad who delights not to expose the weaknesses of his elders."

"But, begging your pardon, sir," said the girl called Caroline, "he *has* exposed the weakness of the squire, without any reasonable cause."

"She envies me," said Mary to a bystander, "she cannot endure that I should be happy in the young man of my choice—because she has been jilted by the young merchant. He was to have been here in Autumn, but he has not yet come. It is no wonder that she feels sour."

Mr. Watson now proceeded to examine the horse.

It was evident that he had been without an owner for some time. The saddle was beginning to rot, and the bridle, though it had been one of the best, could be broken with ease. The mane and fetlocks of the beast were long, and filled with burrs and other prickly products of the wood and swamps through which he had passed in his wanderings. He was much emaciated, and the fire of his eyes had gone out. But Mr. Watson hastened to relieve his back from a portmanteau, from which he hoped to glean something that would throw light on the history of the unfortunate owner.

John came near with the lantern, as the valise was cut away, and the light fell upon his countenance. The horse looked upon him, gave a shrill cry of terror, and reared upon his hind legs. The bridle snapped off in the hand of the young man who held the horse's head. In the next moment, the frantic animal had cleared the low fence, and was making the best of his way to the forest.

"Poor beast! he prefers liberty to a comfortable shelter and a halter," cried Caroline.

"Let us go in and open the portmanteau," said Mr. Watson thoughtfully. It was opened accordingly. A splendid ring rolled out upon the floor.

"That's your wedding ring—pick it up, Caroline," said Mary Watson maliciously.

Mary's smile faded away, as she saw that a deadly paleness was spreading over Caroline's countenance.

"These fine shirts are marked A. L." said Mr. Watson.

Caroline gasped for breath.

"And here is a letter addressed to Augustus Lyttleton—"

"In your hand-writing too!" said one of the girls to Caroline.

Caroline gave a thrilling cry, and fell to the floor wholly insensible.

"Alas!" said Mr. Watson, "this explains the absence of young Lyttleton. You have mocked that poor girl for her presumptive ambition. You thought it impossible that a rich young merchant should give his hand to the daughter of a plain farmer. Behold! he was hastening hither to redeem his vows and make her his wife, when some fell assassin waylaid him and murdered him."

Mary was bending over the lifeless Caroline. As her father pronounced the last words, she burst into tears, and looked up in search of her lover. But John had fled!

"The breadth of your coat is equal to that of your back; and if there be an ell's difference it is not your own. Yet apples grow upon trees, and buttons grow upon coats."

"But, good woman, I asked you the distance to the first hotel. You are certainly *old* enough to answer so simple a question. I am a stranger here."

"There were strangers once in this country. The birds are strangers for they fly away when I come near them; but you are no stranger, for you come to me who

did not seek you. They had a funeral yesterday; and I went down among the chaises to see the crying. Them were dressed in muslin what goes barefoot a week days. It was a holyday turned wrong side out, for there was more crying than playing, and yet the people put on their best."

"Do you live hereabout, old lady?"

"I live up and down the brooks, and collect birds' feathers for the wedding. When there is a gathering of the people, I play them a tune. Were you ever married?"

"Unhappy woman! You are crazy, true enough. You were once in love."

"Do you think I would love a murderer? They said I was in love, but they lied. I sat on the top of his gallows and sang him to sleep, for he always took it kindly when I sang. He murdered him for his gold, but Caroline married again. That was an honest death. But when we married, there was a little round drop of blood found under every plate."

"Yours was an unhappy love I take it."

"You have heard it then," said the old lady speaking in a lower key, and laying her brown fingers on my shoulder; "but I was pitied then. My father pitied me, but he is dead. Parson Buckley pitied me in his pulpit; but they are all Unitarians now. My sister pitied me, but her heart broke when they ran the highway through her flower-garden. The postizer pitied me, and I will sing it to you." In the next moment, she had commenced, in a plaintive and sepulchral tone, the following lines—probably written by some rude bard who flourished during her girlhood:—

"Young men and maids of high and low degree,
Come listen to a mournful tale;
'Tis of a murder, as you soon shall see,
Done in a place called Mulberry Vale.

"There was a merchant who had gold in store,
Who loved a fair *adorned* maid;
But God's decree in grief she does deplore;
She mourns her lover lowly laid.

"It was, alas! in early harvest time;
The birds were singing in the trees,
That we lament with tears this heinous crime,
Which makes our very blood to freeze.

"'Twas in a shady place deep in the vale,
Down by the purly water-side,
Where by the heavy handle of a flail
This handsome bridegroom bled and died.

"His skull was broke and from his horse he fell,
His money from his purse was stole;
The steed was found, but not a soul could tell
Why he was suffered thus to stroll.

"The murderer hid the body in a cave,
And thought he ne'er should see it more;
Jewels he bought and to his dame he gave
Of pearls and trinkets quite a store.

"But God, whose dreadful name we all do fear,
He did the murderer visit sore;
And on one night the moon shone out so clear,
The horse came to his very door.

"John Greenwood was his name I do declare,
And Mary Watson was the girl he loved;
He was a faithful steward to the Squire,
But sinned against the Lord above.

"It was the horse betrayed this sad young man,
For to escape in vain he tried;
They caught the wicked sinner as he ran,
And both his hands, behind, the sheriff tied.

"And then in prison where this young man lay,
He mourned and wept and wailed full sore,
Because he could not see the light of day,
And knew he should get out no more.

"Then Mary Watson not a word she said,
But sat all day in silent woe;
And when she heard that her dear John was dead,
It gave her heart a fatal blow.

"They hung her lover on a stormy day;
The rope was long and very slack,
But when the sheriff pulled the prop away,
Loud as a gun his neck did crack.

"And may this deed a warning be to all,
How for the lust of gold they sin!
For punishment will come and ever shall,
Though kings and princes be our kin."

Such was the song to which I listened about four years ago. It proceeded from the mouth of a very aged woman whom I had met in my wanderings, near a large New England village. The reader has already been apprised of the conversation which passed between us. Having heard this song, I was really desirous of inquiring into her history. I prevailed on the unhappy maniac to lead me to the house in which she lived. It was a lowly cottage which stood on the verge of a wood. An elderly lady met us at the door, and kindly invited me to enter. From the hostess, I learned that the wretched woman before me was the identical Mary Watson spoken of in the song, and that her lover was executed for murder many years ago. "I was a little girl at the time," said the narrator, "but I well remember the day on which John Greenwood was hung. It blowed and rained most awfully, but that did not hinder Mary from sitting all night on her lover's grave, and on the next morning she was just as you see her now. Her senses was all gone; but she was took good care of till her father died, and her sisters married a couple of drunken fellers, and all the property fell through. They are both dead, and Mary is now one of the poor of the town. But I can't keep her long. She won't assist me any, but goes gallivanting about in the woods all the time, and is up o'night."

At my request, this old lady then related the whole history of Mary's early misfortune, comprising the events with which the reader has been polite enough to be agreeably entertained during the last half hour.

Original.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

ALL Nature speaks in music—every tone
She utters, from the crashing thunder's roar,
Or Ocean's gush upon the rocky shore,
Down to the insect's hum, or light winds moan,
Is full of harmony: or if there be
A jarring discord mid her thousand strings,
One note that chimes not with the hymn she sings,
'Tis man that strikes the chord and maddens the key.—
Then o'er the mountains shall that sun arise
Which sees no strife, and hears no bitter voice
Of blasphemy, no sorrow's hopeless sighs,
To grate on angels' ears—and men rejoice,
With hearts and tones in unison, to sing
One grateful song to Heaven's eternal King?

20

Original.

BRITANNICUS,

A PASSAGE FROM THE REIGN OF NERO.

—
BY EDWARD MATUREN.

—
CHAPTER I.—MOTHER AND SON.

"PALLAS is going to abdicate," remarked the Emperor, in a tone of pleasantry, to some members of his court, as he saw the individual spoken of withdraw from the palace, accompanied by his train of followers.

The dismissal of the favorite was ordered by Nero, for the purpose of diminishing the interest and power of his mother at court. Through the favor of Claudius, the preceding Emperor, Pallas had been endowed with that degree of authority which made him assume the character and importance of First Minister. He connived at the worst designs of Agrippina, and was the first to propose to the Emperor Claudius, the incestuous marriage with her—his niece—and the adoption of her son, Nero, into the Empire.

His words were reported to Agrippina, and foreseeing in his dismissal the downfall of her power, she did not hesitate to express her indignation mingled with threats, and upbraid him with ingratitude for the services she had conferred, and even the crimes to which she had been instrumental to insure his succession.

"You have dismissed him, then?" said Agrippina to her son when they were alone.

"Aye," replied Nero, carelessly. "Cæsar shall never be governed by the arts of a Freedman."

"Yet, is it through him," rejoined his mother, "that you wear the crown."

"'Tis but just," replied Nero, laughing, "that he should be the first to feel the power he has given me."

"Have a care," replied his mother, with difficulty curbing the temper for which she was proverbial, "That power may not last longer than she desires, who gave, and can deprive you of it."

"By the same means as you acquired it," replied Nero, tauntingly, as he alluded to the death of Claudius, by poison.

"Monster," exclaimed Agrippina, "is this the gratitude for that love which forebore not even from crime? But my love is now at an end, and in its place look for the vengeance of a mother. Think not I sport with thee," she continued, her anger heightening as she observed the smile which succeeded her threats, "nor deem that though I be but woman, I stand alone and unsided. The sceptre I gave thee shall be but a lifeless branch, and the Cæsars' diadem but iron to wound and bind thee. If I have been guilty for thy sake, my deeds shall not witness against me from thy lips."

"Thy threats are vain," replied her son, in a tone of sarcastic levity, "even as thy vengeance is impossible. It matters not through what means I wear the crown; 'tis mine. The army is on my side, and any reason against the Emperor would be followed by death."

"Death!" retorted Agrippina.

"I have said it," rejoined Nero, calmly; "but what

terrors would Death have to one familiar with His ministry?"

"Taunt me no more," cried Agrippina, her rage becoming ungovernable, "or thou shalt feel I am powerful to do as say. The fidelity of the army in which thou trustest, shall be corrupted, and thou thyself left alone to protect a throne crumbling beneath thee. Think not though thou art in possession of that throne, that another heir cannot be produced, whose claims will be hailed with joy because they are recommended by Justice."

"Thou ravest," said Nero, endeavoring by assumed indifference, to conceal his fears. "Who is he who dare dispossess my power?"

"*Britannicus!*" replied Agrippina, her eyes beaming with malignant delight as she watched the effect of his rival's name.

"Ha!" said Nero, involuntarily starting, and endeavoring to conceal the emotion his mother's threat excited. "Yet would they laugh at thee, and spurn the claimant. He is but a boy."

"A Prince is surrounded by his counsellors," replied Agrippina, "whose wisdom atones for his youth. Have I placed thee on the throne, but to make thy power an instrument of ingratitude? What! have I cut off the Silam, one of whom, but for me, would have held thy place? Descended from the House of Cæsar the public voice was loud in his favor. But I had a son for whose advancement even crime itself was held as light. May the Gods," she continued, "wither this right hand, if ever the mother aid her son again."

"Woman!" exclaimed Nero, Agrippina's temper kindling in her son, "a truce to thy services and crimes. The crown I wear is from the Gods, not thee."

"That crown," said his mother, "shall yet rest on the head of Britannicus." At the mention of the name, a stern frown contracted the brow of Nero, and as she urged his claims she unconsciously sealed his doom. "That boy," she continued, "is the lawful issue of Claudius. For thee, ungrateful, have I wrested from him right, and given it to one who owns it only by the favor of adoption, and now dares to insult that mother who won and gave all to him. But by the Manes of those whose blood is on my head for thee, all shall be disclosed, even though I die for my crimes. The marriage with my own uncle, the poison which removed him only to give his crown to thee—the guilt and calamities I have caused in the House of Cæsar—all shall be avowed to the people. From murder, which has hung like a pestilence over that ill-starred House, the Gods have yet preserved Britannicus. The recovery of his own shall expel the Usurper. The Daughter of Germanicus shall appear in the camp, and present to the soldiers their rightful Prince. The descendants of those who have fought under the conduct of the Sire, will not refuse to hear the daughter. Pardon, pardon, thou shade of my murdered husband," she continued, in a tone broken by rage and remorse, and bursting into tears, "pardon a mother's guilt." She flung herself on a couch, giving way to the violent grief of passion and disappointment, not repentance.

She was aroused by the gentle voice and touch of a child, who used playfulness and endearment to moderate her grief. She looked up and beheld Britannicus, and as she clasped him to her heart, not with the impulse of love, but the feelings of one who felt that round him were centred all her designs of interest and ambition; she alternately smiled and wept as she revolved her chances of success. Alas! His innocence had not suspicion of the wiles and changes which surrounded him; that bright, laughing eye which sported with the images of its own creation, was soon to be closed by the rough hand of the assassin, and "the morn and liquid dew of youth" to be overcast by a Tyrant and Rival.

CHAPTER II.—THE DICE.

The threats of Agrippina sank deep into the mind of her son. Acquainted with the stern resolution of a character, which—in his own case—did not hesitate at crime for the completion of its end, he knew that all the arts of revenge and ambition would be called in requisition to ensure the accession of Britannicus. His terrors easily anticipated the success of an appeal to the camp, if the Daughter of Germanicus should appear there, her entreaties confirmed by the repentance of her own crimes, the charge of usurpation, and leading with her hand the living witness of her frauds, Britannicus, cheated of the throne of the Cæsars. The danger of a revolution in answer to such an appeal, aggravated fears for his throne, and his own safety.

About this time the Saturnalia—a public festival which lasted fifteen days—were being celebrated at Rome. It was a period of Jubilee, in which all the inequalities of distinction were merged in a general republicanism of feeling, manner and expression. The master relinquished for the time the superiority of his condition, and the slave forgot the servile condition of his existence. "Use," says Horace to his slave, "the freedom of December, according to ancestral custom."

The festivities of the period extended also to the Imperial Court, and Britannicus and his sister, Octavia—the future Empress—being inmates, the Emperor participated in their juvenile sports. Among the rest was a fashionable game entitled, "Who shall be King?" in which the different competitors decided their chance by throwing the "Tali," or dice.

The game had hitherto run in favor of Nero, and the last competitor for the honor of ruling the feast, was Britannicus. To the suspicious mind of Nero, the game was typical of their competition for Empire, should Agrippina fulfil her threats. His worst fears were realized, when, looking up, he beheld his mother waiting attentively the expected throw of her favorite.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Nero, with exultation, as he construed the failure of Britannicus into his future defeat; "thou hast thrown but 'Canes.'" By Jupiter," he continued, taunting obliquely the ambitious hopes of Agrippina, "methinks that thou shalt rather be one of those who wait on us with wine and perfume, than fill the chair of King."

* The lowest throw.

The emphasis was not lost on Agrippina. "My Lord," she said, "the chances of the Tali are equal. On *your* throw hangs your *Kingdom*."

The Emperor seized the dice-box, and with assumed carelessness, threw. "Venus!"* shouted Nero. "By the Gods, *Kingdom* is mine still."

The Emperor, with a satisfaction the greater, as present fortune was a prognostic of future success, took his seat in right of the office awarded him by chance. His commands were imposed on the guests with justice and impartiality, and obeyed with cheerfulness. But the authority with which he was invested, he resolved to make an instrument of ridicule towards Britannicus.

"And now, cousin," he said, with an air of playfulness, "a Monarch, to be just, must be impartial. In right of our election, we command thee to stand in the centre of the room and entertain us with a song."

By this command, he hoped that a boy not yet habituated to society or the pleasures of the table, would acquit himself in so awkward and embarrassed a manner, as to render himself an object of derision. Britannicus rose from his seat with a confidence which disappointed, while it surprised Nero. He went to the appointed place, and with a promptitude which showed, that though a boy in years, he felt, and had pondered on his condition, sang with a pleasing and melancholy voice, some verses from the Poet Ennius, applicable to his own situation, adverting to the injustice of an Usurper, and the misfortunes of a Prince, driven from the throne of his ancestors. The condition of a Cæsar obeying where he should command; the youth of a Prince who bore in patience what he had not the power to resist; the truth which breathed in every tone; and the melancholy which seemed to flow from the consciousness of wrongs he could not redress, all flung an eloquent charm around the injured Britannicus, which made the jest, like the arrow of an unskilful archer, recoil upon its maker. Heated with wine, and in the hour of revelry throwing off all reserve and dissimulation, they clamored loudly against the wrongs of Britannicus. "The Prince," they cried, "has been defrauded of the throne. Down with usurpers. Claudius is dead. The crown descends to his son, Britannicus."

Sympathy reigned in every breast, and their expressions of loyalty to the son of Claudius created tumult throughout the apartment. The experiment had been unsuccessful, and Nero enraged and disappointed, rising from his throne, hastened to his chamber.

CHAPTER III.—THE SORCERESS.

Midnight found the Tyrant revolving the dangers of his throne, and meditating the death of his rival. His apprehensions were excited by the sentiment of compassion which prevailed through the assembly. The expression of that sentiment had been controlled neither by the courtesy of the guests, nor fear of their Monarch. If, in his presence, they thus boldly declared their intentions, what might he not expect from private cabal and intrigue, where they were freer to speak

and act? The Prince had, in the selection of those verses, exhibited an acuteness which might ripen into a daring to assert his rights, and a talent to maintain them. The very injustice which formed the theme of his song, had branded Nero with the epithet of "Usurper," and the excitement produced by the appeal, might originate a rebellion against his throne, if the boldness of Britannicus were not curbed in its infancy. The offence which rankled so deeply in his own breast, was not a crime to justify the public measures of trial and execution; but one, which appealing to his own fears, palliated the act of private revenge.

"That young serpent," he said, as he paced his chamber, "must be swept from my path. His words are poison to me, and influence the people against their Prince. While he breathes, Nero is not safe. Besides, the rabble would have a double motive against my throne, and while they reinstated this boy, would avenge the murder of his Sire. This torrent must be checked ere it reach my throne. He hath spirit quick to conceive, and it may be, when years are on him, as prompt to execute. He hath, withal, a gentle melancholy in his manner, which, while it speaks of wrong, insensibly appeals for redress. He is favored, too, caressed by my bold, ambitious mother. A spirit like hers, fiery and impatient at my ingratitude, would not hesitate to remove me from the throne by the same means as she placed me there. Ha! 'tis not the throne, Cæsar, but thyself art in danger. Both must be quickly cared for; and this young flower crushed ere it ripen. Without there. Who waits?"

A Page entered and made obeisance. "Hie thee," said Nero, "to the guard. Order hither Julius Pollio, the Tribune." The Page bowed and withdrew.

"Claudius is in his grave," continued the Tyrant, musing—"the nuptial tie that bound my mother to him restrained not her hand from guilt. True, she was ambitious to see her son upon the throne, and now the same motive may hurl me from it. He fell at the banquet; his dish was poisoned. She hath a bold and fearless heart, and a hand that quivers not though it be stretched to murder. Cæsar, thou must break this web the Fates are weaving round thy throne. Who's there?" The Tribune entered.

"Thou art a soldier. Wearest thou that sword in honesty to Cæsar?" said Nero, abruptly. The Tribune laid his hand upon the hilt.

"'Tis true to Cæsar's person and his throne."

"Enough," said Nero, approaching and addressing him with more familiarity. "Dost wish to see me reign and prosper. Would'st sweep all enemies from mine eyes?"

"Cæsar," replied Pollio, "may command his servant for a soldier's duty."

"Nay, it is not there I need thee," rejoined Nero, lowering his voice, and looking slowly round the chamber, "not there—not there. Hast thou not e'en now in chains, one Locusta, a sorceress, under sentence for her crimes by poison?"

"She is in prison under my custody," answered the Tribune.

* The highest throw.

"Soldier," replied Nero, pressing into his hand a purse of coin, "with this I buy thy secrecy and service. Thou art loyal to thy Prince. He is in danger from an enemy."

"An enemy!" rejoined the Tribune, half unsheathing his sword.

"Aye," replied Nero, his hope increasing as he saw in the attachment of the soldier a ready instrument for his designs; "and a kinsman of his own. 'Tis the boy Britannicus. I tell thee this very night the stripling made my banquet-hall a scene of riot. He scrupled not to speak before us, of himself exiled from the throne of the Cæsars. Ha! dost see my business now?—Allowed to live, his words will kindle seditions, and thy Prince's life be endangered. What sayest thou? Locusta can aid thee, and liberty and pardon shall reward her deed."

"Cæsar may command Pollio," replied the Tribune, "and to her he will do thy bidding."

"Nay, we will go ourself with thee," said Nero, hastily adjusting his mantle, his conscience ever suspicious of falsehood and treachery. "'Tis now midnight. The palace is at rest, and with the word the sentinels are easily passed. Lead on."

As the wretched being, whose dungeon they were approaching, heard the tread of an armed soldier, she started from her pallet, and uttered a hasty prayer to the Gods, as she anticipated immediate death. The flickering torch borne by the Tribune, shed a fearful and uncertain light on the darkness of her cell; and as the terrors of her guilt converted the moving shadows into living objects, a piercing scream rang through the prison, and she fell to the earth.

"Raise her," said Nero to the Tribune. She trembled as Pollio touched her.

"Who are ye," she said, in a deep and hollow voice, her face still turned to the ground.

"Woman," said Pollio, "we come to save thee."

"I know ye well," she replied, "ye are come to bind and torture me. But what can *man* do? It is the Furies I dread. Night and day they lash, and their fires burn within me."

"It is the Emperor," said Pollio, in a subdued tone, and stooping to her, "he comes to pardon thee."

"Cæsar!" said the woman, rising slowly, and in the effort the chains, giving a dismal echo, "Cæsar here, and to pardon *me*!"

There is a terror in the aspect of guilt, which for a moment daunts the purpose, and subdues the courage of the accomplice. The furrowed cheek, the brow that wears its habitual frown, and the eye that beams with malignant sternness, make us shudder as we recognize in the deformity of guilt the abasement of our own nature. Hardened as he was, as he looked on her he almost relinquished the deadly purpose for which he was about to employ her. She stood erect to the full height of an athletic masculine frame. Her black hair fell thick and matted on her bare shoulders, her fettered arms were folded on her chest, while her dark full eye, whose unsteadiness seemed to fear the gaze of a hu-

man being, wandered with that wild and furtive glance which shuddered to meet objects of reproof or accusation.

"We come to give thee liberty," said Nero, hesitating with a momentary fear as he met that eye which glowed with the unnatural light his distorted visions kindle in the maniac. "But"—

"Another crime?" said Locusta, with a readiness which anticipated the price of her pardon.

"We need thine aid, and quickly, too," replied Nero. "Our throne is in peril from a stripling; thou and thine arts can alone remove him. We have chosen thee, for thou art skilful, and the poison can be administered with more secrecy than we can use the dagger. Prepare the drug—let it be sure, and thou art free from chains and death!"

"Is this, then, the condition of my pardon?" asked the wretched woman, as with impatience she dashed aside a tear that rose like the departed spirit of Humanity to look for the last time on the ruin which Crime had made of Nature. "And must this hand once more mix the deadly draught for the paltry boon of life?"

"Even so," said the Tyrant, as he trembled at the hesitation which might defeat his designs. "Choose, now, between the tortures which await thee, or the liberty thou canst so easily purchase."

"Tortures!" exclaimed the wretch, muttering his last words, "'tis here—here!" she continued, raising her fettered hands to her head, "Here they burn like the fires of Pluto. The Gods—the Gods protect me!"

"Ha! dost thou refuse?" cried Nero, in a tone not more of disappointment than rage at disobedience, "Well may'st thou supplicate the Gods, for thine end is near. Pollio," he continued, turning to the Tribune, "to-morrow morning the Sorceress dies."

The words rang in her ear with all the terrors of instant death, and the cruelties which the Tyrant might devise to embitter it. Though insured to scenes of horror, practice had not taken its sting from Death, and the untrodden path of the Future, to her, was haunted by the shades of those whose death-struggles she had watched.

"Pardon, pardon," she cried, falling at Nero's feet, "I will do thy bidding, let me but *live*."

"'Tis well," said the Tyrant; "follow us."

CHAPTER IV.—THE DRUG.

"'Tis midnight," said Nero, as he trod his chamber with uneasy gait; "fit time for the deadly work it witnesses. My throne hath been gained by poison—by the same means must it be cemented. A throne like mine must not be relinquished for a boy. That fiedgeling's wings must be clipped, or its flight will be bold and soaring. But, should they fail? How then? Psha! these are idle fears. Why should they fail when the drug is sure, and the victim bound to the altar? Ha! ha! 'tis a sacrifice for a Kingdom, and one which will not need the aid of the Haruspices to seek whether it bodeh weal or woe." He paused

and listened at the door of the adjoining chamber. "All is still. Perchance his sleep is that of death. Cæsar, thou art safe. This owl is silent. Thou need'st not fear his song of omen more. Ha! Some one stirs. A groan!" He fell back in terror as Locusta rushed from the chamber of Britannicus. They gazed on each other in that appalling silence which either seemed unwilling or afraid to break. As they stood wrapped in the horror of those thoughts they dared not utter, and trembling before the visible distortions Crime had wrought in the countenance of each, they resembled Spirits of Evil risen from their unholy spells. Locusta shuddered as she pointed her bony finger to the apartment, and the Tyrant's hand instinctively sought his sword as he met the unnatural expression of her eye.

"Speak," he said, after a pause, almost whispering; "what hath befallen?"

"The Gods," answered Locusta, in a sepulchral tone, "have cursed the deed, and spared the boy."

"Ha! Sorceress, dost sport with me?" cried Nero. "By Heaven and Earth, if this be true, thou shalt drain thine own deadly cup. Why is this? Was it weak? Hath thy cursed hand faltered in its duty?"

"I know not," said the wretched woman; "the draught I gave hath never failed before, but youth hath energies which struggle against death. We stood by his bed. We watched. By the dim light we thought his lips worked, and his face grew ashy. We waited for the last fearful groan. 'Twas vain. He moved, and fell again to sleep."

"Sleep! It may be of death," rejoined Nero, his fears eagerly exchanging semblance for reality.

"It is Death's image," replied Locusta, "but wants his pallor and silence."

"And sleeps he now," said Nero.

"Even so," rejoined the woman. "Thou wouldst not disturb him? Hath not the first attempt been an omen to thee that the Gods will his life."

The Gods!" retorted Nero; "now by the temple of Jupiter, 'tis *me* thou art to serve, and *my* will thou must obey. Slave, if the deed be not done, *thy* life be the forfeit."

"The miserable woman trembled as before at the mention of death. "Hath Cæsar no mercy?" said the Sorceress in a tone of humiliation and agony which recoiled upon her own ear like the vain supplications of her victims.

"Not for such as thou," rejoined Nero; "if thou askest mercy thou shalt have that of the serpents' fangs. Even such as thou thyself hast had on others. Ha! Pollio! How now?"

"The deed hath not prospered," said the Tribune.

"If it prosper not," rejoined Nero, "thine shall be the Sorceress' fate. Vile cowards! palter ye thus with your prince? Ye have concerted for your own safety, and reck not the dangers, which, serpent-like, gird our throne. Trifle no longer, or ye shall find your sport recoil upon yourselves. Away! even while he sleeps prepare a draught as sure as the assassin's knife. The boy must die. Away!"

CHAPTER V.—DEATH.

The drug was at length prepared, for the failure of which their own lives were to answer. Every moment that the Prince lived, the Tyrant imagined gave strength to sympathy, and number to his adherents. To obviate pressing danger, and remove his own fears, the draught must be speedily administered. The period appointed was the hour of dinner, when, according to the rules of court, the junior branches of the Imperial Family were served at a side-table in presence of their own relations, and the young nobility. The revolting task devolved upon an officer who attended the prince at table. By his side sat his sister, Octavia. At an adjoining table the Emperor reclined upon his couch, and on his right hand was Agrippina.

Mother and son sat in silence, but in the expression of the latter as he occasionally looked towards Britannicus, suspicion could have easily detected his designs, and anxiety for their success. It was the duty of the officer alluded to in attending upon the Prince to taste his food and drink. To obviate the discovery which would be the necessary result of the deaths of both, an innocent beverage was prepared, and so hot, that the Prince's rejection of it was anticipated, and provided for.

"It is too hot," said the Prince, returning it; the officer diluted it with some cold water in which the potion was mixed. Nero watched the operation eagerly. His lips moved with imprecations of revenge against the tools of his crime, should this potion also fail.

"Prince," he said, raising his goblet, "we drink to thee." The wine was scarcely tasted, when in fearful answer to the pledge, Britannicus fell from his seat; the powers of life seemed suspended, his limbs were palsied, and a deadly film obscured his eyes. The guests rushed from their seats, and surrounded him; his sister, Octavia, knelt by him, supporting his head on her arm, while Agrippina stood rooted to the spot, her eyes fixed in horror upon Nero, as suspicion flashed on her mind. The Tyrant stirred not from his couch, but with a forced smile endeavored to assuage the excitement which prevailed through the chamber, said; "It is but an epileptic fit, to which the Prince has been subject from infancy. It will soon pass away, and he will recover his senses."

"There is treachery here," cried Agrippina, regarding him sternly. "I call the Gods to witness I am innocent. Thou and thy satellites shall answer this."

"Ha!" cried the Tyrant, starting from his couch, and flashing on her a glance which made her tremble for her own fate. "Talkest to thy son of treachery? Wo man, tremblest not to think on that? Lo! the Manes of Claudius are yet unavenged."

The guilty mother grew pale with rage and terror as she saw her own crime, perpetrated for her son, an instrument of recrimination in his hand. Tears of bitterness fell rapidly as she felt the allusion to the death of Claudius was a type of the doom of Britannicus. In the demise of that Prince, she had lost the last weapon of her policy and ambition. The last obstacle to the

Tyrant's sway had been removed, his throne stood unmolested, and the reed on which she leant was broken.

"He is gone," echoed through the chamber. A faint groan was heard, accompanied with a violent spasm, and the Prince fell lifeless from his sister's arm. She flung herself upon the body, weeping, and caressing it. In the innocence of childhood she poured out expressions of love and sorrow. Even while she looked on him, she hoped the fit would pass, and her brother revive. But as she observed the color fading from his cheek, and his eyes become dim and glassy, hope sank within her. She touched him, and feeling the vital warmth had fled, said tremulously, "He is cold!" The bystanders uttered a groan of horror. The Tyrant started, as guilt construed it into a cry for vengeance.

"One and the same night," says Tacitus, "saw the murder of Britannicus and his funeral. Both were preconcerted."

Original.

THE DYING HUSBAND.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

DEAREST, I'm dying!—bend thee down
One little moment by my bed,
And let the shadow of thy hair
Fall gently o'er my aching head.
Oh, raise me up, and let me feel
Once more the beatings of thy heart,
And press thy lips again to mine
Before in midnight death we part.
Nay, tremble not; but fold me close,
Pillowed upon thy own dear breast;
I fain would let my struggling soul
Pass forth to its eternal rest.
She stoops, and on her bursting heart
His drooping head is resting now,
While white and trembling fingers part
The damp hair from his pallid brow.
And there, upon its cold white front,
With quiv'ring lips the kiss was given;
And pressed as if 'twould draw him back,
Back from the very gates of Heaven.
There, like a dying bird, his soul
Lay panting out its quiv'ring life;
And still his almost lifeless arms
Clung fondly to his pale young wife.
One look he gave her, and it seemed
An angel had from Heaven above
Shaded with wings of tenderness
The troubled fountain of his love.
A holy smile came, o'er his face,
As moonlight gleaming over snow;
One struggling breath—one faint embrace,
And lifeless he is lying now.
The setting sun with golden light
Was flooding all the room and bed,
Enfolding with his pinions bright
The fainting wife, the marble dead.

Original.

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.*

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

CHAPTER V.

THE openness of Colonel Elthorpe's character, led him to pursue his engrossing attachment, without any attempt at concealment or disguise. His attentions to Isabelle were of the most unremitting and devoted nature; and when in companionship with friends, in the full-heartedness and exhilaration of sympathy, he often avowed his love, and his determination to achieve, if possible, the possession of its object. Under such adverse auspices, the lady conspirators, whose plotting has been before unravelled to our readers, deemed it useless to bestow a thought upon him; and Captain Howard standing next upon the list as a candidate for their machinations, was soon assaulted in front, flank, and rear. It was true he was known to be of the humblest origin; but then he was possessed of considerable wealth, and had already attained to much notoriety and honor, as a brave and chivalrous officer. Of course, it was necessary that Estelle should become a party to the scheme in whose result she was destined, should it succeed, to hold so conspicuous a position. But subtlety alone, it was soon manifest to them, would secure her as a coadjutor. When, on several occasions, her mother had, by cautious indirections, endeavored to fathom the depth of her feelings, a single gleam of her mother's object had called the crimson blush of shame to her cheek and the tear of indignation to her eye; and she had protested in the overflowing innocence and purity of her heart, against any and all designs of the kind. But that very innocence was her betrayer.

Captain Howard undesignedly at the outset, assisted in furthering the plot against himself. A stranger in London, he had been dependant upon his friend, for an introduction to society. He had, as has been already related, declined making acquaintance on the evening of the ball, and had adhered closely to the cousins; and equally with Colonel Elthorpe, had received the most marked attentions from Lady Flemming and her Countess daughter, up to the period of the partial estrangement of the friends, the result of Colonel Elthorpe's love to Isabelle. Left by the circumstance in a greater measure to himself, the redoubled civilities of the mother and daughter were a gratifying resource to Howard; and he unhesitatingly availed himself of them. But it was not for so searching and penetrating a mind as burned in restlessness within him, to remain long in ignorance of his position. Suspicion induced observation; and observation convinced him that disinterested friendliness had little to do with the marked politeness of Lady Flemming and the Countess Fordyce. While, therefore, he accepted their urgent hospitality, he amused himself with watching the skilful tactics by which he was unsuspectingly to be thrown into contact with Estelle in every variety of position and every phase of circumstance; that she might be displayed to his

* Continued from page 142.

vision in every advantageous light. At the same time, he was curious to observe whether Estelle herself was a conspirator against him. Lending himself, therefore, as a blind and thoughtless victim, to their arts, he probed Estelle's character and motions; but he found that all was pure and unsullied there.

While he was thus acting a conscious part, Estelle was led on like a lamb to the slaughter. Captain Howard was scarcely ever mentioned in her presence; and if so, only to appearance in a casual remark; and her mother and sister, moreover, were dumb upon the hated subject of a matrimonial speculation. Dismissing all thought of the matter, when the hope possessed her that it was forgotten by others, she revelled in the inward and outward luxury submitted to her taste, and it never entered her thought to reflect that it must be a miraculous chance which brought Captain Howard to her side so often.

At home, Captain Howard was her companion; at her sister's, there was Captain Howard. She dreamed, at first, that it was but chance, and the dream was fatal. She listened to his words; and when he chose, they were words of fire, kindled in a fervent imagination; and they illumined the inmost recesses of her soul. He sympathised in her gaiety, and when the gentler chords of her spirit were attuned, he echoed their subdued and subduing tones. He heard the utterance of whatever feeling might be awake in her bosom, and in the furtherance of his ends, he gave to it a sweet and accordant response. Estelle began to laugh less—to think more; but that thought was ever of Howard. She began to watch for his approach—to start when his step was heard—to breathe softly and blush deeply when he greeted her, and when his manly and melodious voice was in her ear, to gaze by stealth into his eyes, and sigh, and blush that she had sighed, and as she blushed, to sigh again. She loved him, with all the enthusiasm and energy of her fresh and uncorrupted affections.

In the mean time, in the perversity of his nature, ever more solicitous for evil than for good, and making a mock of the most solemn and enthralling ties of friendship, Howard had matured, and was proceeding in the execution of his fiendish efforts to eject his benefactor from the hold he was fast obtaining in the heart of Isabelle. And even when this object was achieved, and the result he had so little anticipated had occurred—when he found himself clasped in the fetters of love as with bands of adamant, he hesitated not at the same time to toy with the unsuspecting Estelle, though conscious of the increasing influence of his companionship upon her. He had pledged Isabelle to silence and secrecy. First, that depraved as he was, he dared not meet the reproaches of Colonel Elthorpe for his treachery; or rather it may be, that he was not sufficiently installed as a member of the society in which he coveted to move, to desire the deprivation of his *chaperonage*: and again, because his love was a thing unsuspected and unprepared for; drawing in its train new and unaccustomed relations, which he did not feel ready or desirous to assume. Thus he was enabled to act with a freedom, from which an avowal of his connection with Isabelle would have excluded him; and thus it was

placed in his power to practise upon the heart of Estelle, and enjoy the satisfaction of thwarting the ends of Lady Flemming and Lady Fordyce, although the sacrifice of Estelle's peace of mind was to be the result.

But Isabelle, the truth-loving Isabelle, was rendered one of the most miserable of earth. So great an influence had her lover attained over her mind, that his wishes, enforced by earnest appeals, were her law; and she had bound herself by a pledge, not to reveal their love until he should grant permission. But deceit was new to her; it "sat upon her feverishly." Her father, too, was included in the number of those ejected from her confidence—her dear father, who had been to her at the same moment, father, brother, and friend—her best adviser, her most faithful confidant. It is true, with the knowledge of that father's pride of rank and birth, she dreaded the hour when it would be her privilege, as it was her duty, to inform him of the ties she had assumed in his absence. But she had been accustomed to watch eagerly for his coming; to deplore the days that must separate him from her; to meet him in bounding joy; and it stole her bloom away, and made her very heart sick now to dread his sight; as, under the load of her secret, she did indeed dread to meet him again.

Thus passed away several days; Howard wrapt in the intoxication of his new passion; Isabelle with the worm of sorrow gnawing at her heart, yet feasting upon her love, and increasing its store as day by day passed by; Elthorpe received by Isabelle with distant coldness, and flying to his treacherous friend to pour his despair into his bosom; Lady Flemming and her Countess daughter counting upon the success of their machinations; and Estelle loving but unbeloved, living but in the presence of him who but played with her almost adoration, as the angler toys with his prey, and suffers it to sport awhile after it has swallowed the treacherous hook, before he draws it struggling from its genial element to die upon the shore.

CHAPTER VII.

Count Rebierra returned to England; and Isabelle could only answer to his affectionately earnest inquiries for her health, and his expression of anxiety at the marked change in her, that she was not well—she could not say she knew not why. For a time after his return, Captain Howard avoided calling upon Isabelle, or even suffering himself to be seen by him with her. It was at an assemblage at Lady Landon's that he was first recognized by Isabelle as an acquaintance, before her father, and no sooner had he separated from her than the count questioned Isabelle in respect to him; his station, birth, connections, prospects. She could not degrade herself by the utterance of a positive falsehood,—no, not to save herself, or whom she best loved, from the jaws of death—for her tongue would have cleaved to the roof of her mouth; and the vague knowledge of Frederic's origin which she communicated, she was herself mistress of, drew from her father a recommendation to drop his acquaintance as speedily as possible, and to avoid in the future any connection whatsoever with those whose birth was in any degree doubtful.

In this was a new incitement to the concealment of her love; a new source of anguish. Her lover grew impatient of absence from her, and she the more urgent for its continuance.

"Tell me why you force me from you, Isabelle," said he in a stolen interview; "why am I exiled from your door. Is it that you wish not for your father to know of our love? That need not be. Guarded as we may be in our intercourse, it shall not enter his heart to suspect the truth. And—"

"Not that alone," interrupted Isabelle, tremblingly, "but I cannot have you even seen with me, Frederic."

"Not seen with me—not seen with me," rejoined he, knitting his brows in thought, and fixing his eye upon her. She turned pale and shivered, and shrank beneath his look, for she had obtained faint glimpses into his heart, enough to know that there was something terrible there, and to fear, as well as to madly love. Thought was quick with him, and deep and sure; and dim visions of the truth came across his mind, as his brow grew sterner, and he laid his hand upon her arm. "Not seen with me—wherefore? Isabelle, tell me wherefore?"

"I cannot, I cannot," she answered in a quivering voice; "indeed, I cannot, Frederic."

"Isabelle, I think I know—and that thought is so bitter to me, that I will know if I have guessed aright. You must tell me—nay—nay, what have tears to do with it. Why not seen with me?"

Isabelle without the power to look up, could only reply through her sobs, "Indeed, indeed, I cannot!"

"Hum—" it was a sound within his closed lips, of more bitter thought, mingled with anger at her refusal. "He has seen me once with you—what said he of me?" He paused a moment for an answer; but obtaining no word, he added. "'Twas this—this—that I am bold even to look upon you, and that you do grovel in the dust to exchange a word with such as me; ha—was't not? Was't not?"

"Frederic," cried she, pale as ashes, but in a firm voice; for a thought of the renewed degradation she was heaping upon herself by every fresh evasion and deceit, and the memory of her innocence and happiness, flashed upon her, and inspired the sudden resolve to be herself again—to purify conscience, though the effort were the deprivation of every earthly hope—"from the moment that I consented to conceal our love from my father, I have been, oh, so miserable! I have not been happy even with you; for the thought of my injured father, who never deserved of me that I should make him a stranger to my feelings and purposes, would come between us—yes, between us, even when our hearts were most knit, and make your kiss anguish, and your embrace a pang. But thus far I have not sinned—no—no, I have not sinned. I have but stood upon the threshold. I cannot deceive, Frederic; I cannot lie. Nor would you have me, did I think you would—did I think you would encourage me in it, or be guilty of it yourself, I might die, Frederic, but I would never see you more!"

"But have you said what you would say, Isabelle,"

said Howard, in a constrained voice, mastering his contending emotions as well he could when he chose to do it.

"No, pardon me, I have not. I would say, that I will not even shadow the truth again; and since you ask me why I dare not be seen with you by my father, I will tell you; but don't be angry, Frederic, oh, for my sake, nourish no anger. My father is proud—too proud—and he indulges in lofty hopes for me; and after that interview at which he was present, he questioned me, and—and—" her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

"Be calm, be calm," said her lover, in the same subdued tone; though his lips quivered. "Give me his very words, be sure his very words!"

"He asked of your birth and connections. I told him all I knew, and that was—"

"What—what said you?" interrupted Frederic, forgetting his assumed calmness.

"What could I say, but that I knew nothing of either, except that you were a brave officer, and the near friend of Colonel Elthorpe; for you have never told me more."

"And he—"

"Advised me to—"

"Drop me, drop me—so—so, Isabelle?"

"Indeed, so."

"Ha—ha! ha—ha! a wise adviser." Frederic muttered something between his teeth that Isabelle could not hear; but she raised her head, and stealing to him, put her arm round his neck, and kissed his cheek as he sat in motionless silence, and said—

"Don't be angry. Remember he is my father, and forgive him. I do not despise you, Frederic. And what care you if all the world should turn from you, so long as I am your own Isabelle. It will all be well. When I have told my father of our love, for cost what it will, I must tell him, Frederic; he may be angry for a while, but his affection for me will outweigh his anger, and all will be well at last. Oh, don't be angry, Frederic!"

Frederic's happiness was centred in the being who rested on his bosom, and looked into his face with an eye beaming with tender anxiety, and kissing her in return, he assumed a brighter expression, and changed the painful subject. He summoned up all those graces of body and mind during the remainder of their interview, which he had employed so successfully in winning her heart, and rivetted the more firmly the bond that linked them together. But there was a purpose in this display; for he remembered her expression that she must inform her father, and when he saw her eyes swimming with tears of fond emotion, and her cheek crimsoned, he reverted again to her father, and successfully combatted her resolution, and when they parted, it was after he had extorted from her trusting heart a renewed pledge of secrecy.

But could his love for her induce him to smother his anger against her father? It was impossible. It had been easier for him to read with unaided hands the solid rock—to stifle even his love for Isabelle, burning,

engrossing as it was, than to forget an injury—to transmute a sense of wrong from brooding and brooding in his mind, assuming even a blacker hue, until it should become clothed in new habiliments, and league itself with a steady, over-living, ever-growing purpose of revenge. And in nothing could he have been wounded more keenly, than in regard to his birth. His shame at his lowly origin was as poignant, as the pride of Count Rebierra was arrogant; and to point at it with the finger of scorn, as the Count had done, was with red hot pincers, to tear, piecemeal, his naked flesh. That alone was the bar between him and his passport to noble intercourse; and so often as it was rescued from oblivion, so often he felt himself hurled backward into the abyss of degradation. The bitterness of his feelings was rendered the more severe by the restraint he was compelled to exercise over himself; and the struggle between his desires and his continued exile from Isabelle, the result of her father's contempt, harshly forced upon him continued reflection upon its cause, and made rougher and rougher the current of passion, that foamed and fretted within its bounds, only watching occasion to burst through them, and lay all around in waste. That occasion soon—alas for Isabelle! too soon occurred.

The Countess Fordyce gave a splendid ball; at which all our dramatic personæ were present. Isabelle never looked so lovely. She was not bright and light hearted, as she had been, but the exquisite taste displayed in her attire, and the sweet gentleness of her features, albeit, a shade of melancholy rested on her cheek, redeemed the lack of buoyancy. Her lover, too, in manly beauty and proportions, stood alone in the assemblage; and the look that she dared now and then to steal at him as she leaned on her father's arm, called a blush of pride into her cheek, that her's was the sympathy of such a one. But it was a night of mental gloom to Howard. When he passed near the side of Isabelle, awaiting from her the signal how to govern his conduct in regard to her, her sedulous avoidance of a recognition was a painful warning that as yet her haughty father had abated none of his opposition, and that, though side by side, they must seem like careless strangers. Master as he was of himself, he could scarce exercise his self-control, and only by fixing his teeth firmly together, and retiring from the sight of the authors of his excitement could he summon enough of calmness to mingle in the mirth around him.

"Colonel," said Count Rebierra, as Elthorpe approached, and greeted Isabelle with a trembling lip and saddened brow, "you have of late been remiss in your claims upon our hospitality. Are we to lose you as a visitor altogether?"

"Count," answered Elthorpe in confusion, "I thank you. Indeed I have been, I confess, a recreant; but engrossing cares—duties with my friend—"

"Friend?" echoed the Count inquiringly.

"Captain Howard—my other half—a comparative stranger in town, to whom I devote much of my leisure."

"Howard—of what family?" inquired the Count.

"None, none. He does not boast of birth; but finds

his nobility in his courage as an officer, and the elevation of his character and talents."

Isabelle's quickened ear caught every syllable of this conversation, and she listened intently with retained breath, that not a word might escape her.

The father's face assumed somewhat of a sneer, but politeness restrained him from any reply that would exhibit his feelings, since Colonel Elthorpe had declared Howard to be a friend; and there was a pause—most disagreeable to both Elthorpe and Isabelle, for the former could not but suffer in the near presence of one so loved, yet never to be his; and the latter was conscious of the feelings that were active in Elthorpe's mind. Anxious to break it, Isabelle was about to throw out a slight remark when the attention of all was attracted by loud outcries and confusion beneath the windows, where the carriages were drawn up to receive the retiring company. There were oaths and menaces and execrations. The gentlemen rushed to the windows in curiosity, and the ladies stood in breathless and pale anxiety. It happened that Count Rebierra and Howard had sought the same balcony, directly above the scene of action, and were unconsciously brought into actual contact, as they leaned over the iron railing to ascertain what had given the rude alarm. The light from the lamps of the coaches and the flambeaux of the link-boys, watching an opportunity for employment, rendered the darkness palpable as noonday; and Howard immediately descried his servant, Mathew Leggetson, in the midst of a furious combat, with the blood streaming from his nostrils, while he was inflicting fearful and dangerous blows upon an adversary. Some of the by-standing servants and coachmen were earnest in efforts to quell the disturbance; but these efforts were rendered nugatory by the counteraction of others, who, with the brutal inhumanity which is a characteristic of many of the lower classes in England, are never better pleased than when they can witness two of God's creatures mutilating in each other the image of God. At the same moment that Howard discovered his servant to be no insignificant part and parcel of the tumult, Count Rebierra's eye fell upon the wounded visage of his coachman, Pedro Montenegro, who was the recipient of Mathew's blows, each one of which, as they fell, extorted a shriek or rather a yell from Pedro; not however inspiring fear, but nerving him anew to the contest, in which, from his insignificant proportions in comparison with Mathew's scraggy monstrosity, he was sadly at a disadvantage.

"Mathew, Mathew!" cried Howard at the top of his voice.

And simultaneously the Count shouted, "Pedro, Pedro Montenegro!"

When Mathew and Pedro heard the voices of their masters, they desisted, and turned their faces upward, eager to exculpate themselves, and criminate each other. But as in the matter of the fight, so in the present instance, Mathew was greatly favored by his superiority of size; for his ungainly frame towered far above that of his foe, and his ugly features were displayed so fully as to cast those of Pedro quite into the shade. As

might have been expected, both began to speak at once, Mathew in a gruff bass of mingled Scotch and English, Pedro in a squeaking treble, his English being equally spiced with his native tongue. Mathew jerked out his words upon a single key, while Pedro ran, ad libitum, up and down the entire gamut; creating in their explanation a discordant confusion scarcely surpassed by that of their quarrel, and rendering it utterly impossible to distinguish a syllable of all they were so expeditiously uttering. Their masters could not by every gesticulation and command, procure a moment's silence; until finally, Mathew, enraged anew at his adversary's pertinacity, fell upon him again with redoubled vigor, and the tumult was more stunning than before.

By this time several of the police had arrived; who, with the servants of the family, rushed forward to put an effectual stop to farther discord by securing the combatants: a step demanded by humanity as well as to restore the peace; for Pedro was now exhausted and almost lifeless at Mathew's feet; who, boiling with rage, did not relax the blows he had been bestowing upon him. But it was to be no easy task to master the fiend-like Mathew. The first policeman who laid hands upon him, he levelled at once with the earth, and the second and the third,—and finally, when a posse approached together, he seized the inanimate Pedro, and sprang to an angle of the wall, indomitable against whatever odds. Expostulation could not soothe him; an officer who advanced before his fellows, was assaulted with undiminished violence; and when the enraged police levelled at him their staves, he grasped Pedro tightly by the arms, and elevating him above his head, whenever a blow was aimed, it descended on the unprotected cranium of the Spaniard. Mathew's eye flashed fire, and his giant strength seemed undiminished and undiminishing. He could not be caught unawares; the movement of an arm to lift a weapon,—and Pedro was jerked up to receive it. At length, through fear of inflicting death upon the innocent Spaniard, the police were brought to a total stand; at a loss what course to pursue.

CHAPTER VII.

When Count Rebierra witnessed Mathew's second attack upon his servant, his rage was indescribable; and in the same feeling which prompted his pride of rank, he conceived his own honor to be compromised by an injury to his dependant; especially, when inflicted as now, by the underling of a commoner. Since then, Howard was at his elbow, he turned fiercely round, with a violent demand what the insult meant, coupled with sundry anathematizing exclamations, that would have aroused the anger of a stranger, but especially excited Howard, entertaining previous enmity, as he did, towards the Count. He replied, therefore, in that deeply calm manner, which he ever employed when most enraged, and which is immeasurably provoking to one of ardent temperament, from the superiority of self-command which it seems to manifest. Nothing could exceed the combustibility of Count Rebierra. He kindled into the fiercest flame at the slightest touch; and his

wildness—the very insanity of madness—at being thus confronted, and his language returned in kind by one despicable for meanness of birth, burst forth in loud and vehement abuse, attracting the instant attention of all within its hearing. Howard stood with folded arms during the whirlwind of his passion, regarding him with a sneer of apparent contempt. The superficial observer would have thought when he looked upon the two, that Howard was the noble—as towering in heart as in station; contemplating in mute pity, the fury of some despised and worthless wretch. But a keener analysis of his features, would have detected a quick tremble of his curled lips, and a deadly paleness, almost lividness of countenance, that on the cheek and brow of an uninjured man, denote one of but two states of mind; paralyzed fear, or the extremity of smothered rage; and Howard did not fear any thing upon the earth. He could have treated the Count's ebullition in no manner that would have driven him more instantaneously to frenzy. He had as yet, heaped upon Howard only general insult, forgetting to advert to his lowliness of birth. But now, when his outcry had drawn away attention from the original promoters of the tumult—when the coachmen, servants, and police, below, had turned their faces to the balcony in eager curiosity, and many gentlemen had crowded into it, beside the two, and thronged the near windows, he hurled at Howard, in the silence, an expression of the deepest contempt, coupled with epithets of “low-born dog,” “minion,” “upstart,” “slave,” that in his elevated and fiery tones, communicated to high and low, the tale of his adversary's disgrace. Howard shook in every limb. For a moment, he could not speak. He tried to smile, but the effort was dreadful; and those rows of white teeth were so displayed between blanching lips, that the nearest to him shrank back in involuntary dismay. At length he slowly approached the Count, and said in a low and husky voice, as if willing to save himself farther insult, “Look below you! We are laughed at. No more, no more! I will communicate with you hereafter;”—and without waiting for a reply, he passed through the window into the adjoining parlor, and paused not until he had crossed with as careless an air as he was able to assume, to the extremity of the suite of apartments, that he might not be followed by the frantic Count, should he attempt to continue the altercation. Mathew had, by this time, surrendered, or had been forced with Pedro into custody, to await the morrow's investigation before the proper tribunals; and soon the company, whom the successive fracas had dispersed in various quarters, far or near, as curiosity or alarm prevailed, mingled in the amusement that had called them together. Howard was first accosted, where he stood to regain composure, partially sheltering himself from observation, behind a tall candelabra, by Lady Fordyce, who expressed such regrets as would be naturally called forth from the mistress of the mansion, that two guests so esteemed, should have been excited to such animosity; and hoped that no after and more serious consequences would result. The Countess then took his arm, as if to saunter with him here and there, in kind

consideration; but while she was conversing in an uninterrupted flow, she led the way, as though unconscious of her course, into a side apartment, where Howard's eye fell upon the form of Estelle, extended upon a sofa, while her mother was bathing her brow with restorative waters. Howard paused at the sight, and Lady Fordyce necessarily, also, arrested her steps; but as though ignorant of the occasion of his delay, she continued to rattle on, with her back towards the group within. Estelle's languid eye fell on Howard, and with a revulsion that called the retreating blood back to her face, with a suddenness that flushed it to crimson, she half arose; but gasped, and fell again upon the sofa, pale and insensible. Howard sprang to assist her mother in restoring her. He admitted more air, and fanned her face; while Lady Fordyce, with an exclamation of surprise, joined her efforts to theirs. But the same manœuvring which had induced her, cruel as it was, to conduct Howard to the spot where she knew that Estelle was suffering from the severe effects of her agitation at the dispute between Howard and Count Rebierra, and to which she had conducted her, half fainting, in preference to a chamber, that Howard might, by some chicanery, be attracted thither to witness her misery on his account, made her thoughtful now to employ his aid in the manner most calculated to engage his warmest sympathies; and when Estelle, with long drawn sighs, opened at length her eyes, her head was supported by Howard's arm; and the first objects that met her gaze, were his brilliant eyes fixed upon her own. So soon as she obtained sufficient strength to sit upright, with various excuses, Lady Flemming and the Countess soon left them together. Poor Estelle was the first to break silence, with a confused remark upon his late dispute with her uncle, and his own escape from injury, which, as it had been the occasion of her discomposure, was now naturally uppermost in her mind. Howard regarded her for the first time, with a sentiment akin to remorse for that attention which had so fatally misled her. He could not but know that love and anxiety for him, had robbed her of sense, when she heard that he was one of the disputants. Every look, every gesture betrayed her heart. At the same time he was conscious that her mother and sister had taken advantage of her state, to induce a *tete-a-tete*, that might result under the feelings with which they presumed that he regarded Estelle, although they often confessed to each other, that his conduct to her was rather equivocal, and under the certainty that Estelle had poured out her affections upon him in a gushing stream, in some definite demonstrations. This consciousness increased the sentiment dominant within him; mingling it with pity for the poor and lovely and innocent girl, the victim of arts in which he had assisted to accomplish their desolating purpose. He therefore took her hand, and spoke to her with more of gentleness and sympathy, than was usual to him. But this pitying remorse was but momentary; and as it subsided, came like fire, the thought of Isabelle—of her connection with the consequences of his quarrel with her father—of the gulf yawning between them—and,

with all, a vivid remembrance of the scene he had passed through so lately—of the scoffs and contempt of the Count, and the countenances of the hundred bystanders, catching every syllable, and indelibly recording, with the pen of scandal, his lasting degradation. He gnashed his teeth—resolved at the same moment and in the same thought, to seek out both Elthorpe and Isabelle, to desire the one to meet him early in the morning, and to speak, he knew not what, with the other. He suddenly relinquished Estelle's hand, that he had been holding—said a few words in a scarcely distinguishable voice, in excuse for his abrupt departure, and left the apartment. As he threaded his way through the crowded rooms, he fancied that every face wore an expression of jeering scorn, and that he was never so much the object of the gaze of all. Quickening his pace under the goading influence of such a fancy, he stole along, glancing around for the objects of his search. He soon discovered Elthorpe, busied in such polite attentions to several fair dames, as would render it improper to detach him from them. Silently approaching him, therefore, he whispered in his ear an appointment to meet him at his lodgings on the following morning, and continued on. He trembled lest the Count had departed with Isabelle, and that her first impressions of the quarrel would be caught from him; but was relieved by the sight of the Count in the midst of a dance. He might have reflected, that Count Rebierra would never confess, by a sudden departure, that a conflict with a commoner had power to ruffle his composure beyond the passing moment. But where was Isabelle? Howard's eager eye could not detect her here nor there. He coursed twice among the throng; he peered in every corner; and sought out a small and empty room to give vent to his disappointment, when a soft hand grasped his own, and Isabelle, who had hid her sorrows there, drew him to a seat, threw herself on his bosom and burst into a flood of tears. Howard, fearful of intrusion, gently disengaged her, and closed the door; then returning to her side, he did not make any effort to interrupt her grief, or restrain the current of her tears; and several minutes passed before a word was spoken; then Howard kissed her cheek and spoke her name. Her sobs were for an instant more violent, and then, pausing, by an exertion, she faintly articulated, "Frederic, Frederic, it is my father! It is my father!"

"He forced the dispute upon me, Isabelle; he maintained it almost alone; he has insulted me as no man but he could have done, and drawn a breath beyond!"

The peculiar tone in which this was spoken, caused Isabelle to lift her head, and gaze earnestly into his face. That trembling lip told its agonising tale; and Isabelle gasped, and grasping his hand, said, in a fearfully anxious inquiry,

"It will go no farther—you will not—you cannot mean—Frederic, Frederic, will it stop here?"

Howard, as we have said, loved Isabelle, with the intensest affection. She was so opposite to himself, that it was delightful to him, in the outset, to trace comparisons; and then he admired—then loved devo-

tedly. She had obtained a peculiar influence over him. She was all innocence; the current of his character was polluted to its source. She was single-minded as a little child; he was all secrecy, cunning and duplicity. She, with an enlarged benevolence, sympathized in every woe of every human being, and nourished broad love to the whole human family; shrouding the faults of her neighbor, and dwelling upon the virtues. He, with contracted benevolence, extracted the evil rather than the good, and was slow to attribute virtue, or render praise. She forgot injuries as soon as committed. He planted them in a hot-house of passion, and nourished them into a rapid growth to bear the fruits of revenge. She was pure for purity's sake; he could commit any thing for his own advantage, and was good or seemed good only from dictates of policy. She bowed in adoration of a great and overruling Providence, trusted in the truths of Revelation, and acknowledged her unceasing dependance and accountability; he scoffed at Revelation, had debased his faculties to decry its holy instructions, silently professed the creed of the Infidel, blasphemed and abjured the God of Revelation, acknowledging none save Reason or desire. How, then, do you ask, could he be so attracted by Isabelle, so diametrically opposite to himself? It is not so unnatural a result as you may at first imagine. Experience teaches us that love scorns all rule, and can be measured by no standard. The wise are often attracted by some undefinable and magical inconsistency, to link themselves to the simple; and the evil to the good. Still more than this, there is often a mysterious something in the evil, that draws to them the warmest affections of the good; such affections as no time can shake, no crime in its objects, divert; yes, the devoted wife has been known to sit, with unshaken constancy and trust, by the side of her husband, when he has been standing at the bar of justice, a callous and abhorrent murderer. Wonder not, then, that Howard so deeply loved Isabelle; or if you wonder, let it be wonder at the strangeness of such truth. Nor let the thought pass through your heart that it is improbable that so depraved a being could entertain love in any measure. You judge wrongfully of human nature. Your detestation of vice has misled you. We are too apt, when we hear of hardened villany, to picture to ourselves in its author, a creature with God's image indeed, but a monster within; lacking every sense, every sentiment and every passion that does not debase and degrade. We deceive ourselves. The affections have not the remotest connection with tendencies to vice. The vilest murderer may love with as pure and disinterested a love as that of an angel in glory.

His love, then, would be pained by the suffering of its object; and it was therefore that Howard, so strong-hearted to all else, the treacherous friend, and in bygone days, when he was linked to another being by stronger bonds than yet bound him to Isabelle, a being, humbler and less cultivated and refined than she, but with a soul as pure, the fiend-like trampler on holiest ties and holiest trust and affection, was partially unnerved and softened by whatever appertained to Isabelle; and now

he knew not what to reply to her. He had never dared to make any assertion to her, which he might be prompted afterwards to nullify in action; for he feared the first recoil of a mind like her's, at the detection of deceit. Resolving not to commit himself, he replied,

"The company are evidently dispersing. Your father will seek you, and must not discover you with me. To-morrow I will make known to you every purpose. Be composed; be calm. I will do nothing, whatever, without first communicating with you."

"Kind Frederic, dear Frederic! now I will be calm, and try to be happy. Indeed, my father must not see me with you! Oh, go, go, Frederic! How your goodness makes me love you!"

He kissed her, relieved at his escape, and hurried away.

CHAPTER VIII.

Colonel Elthorpe knocked for admittance at the apartments of his friend, at an early hour on the following morning; before the fashionable denizens of the "West End" had half refreshed exhausted nature by sleep; before many of them, it may be, had betaken themselves, from protracted dissipation, to their beds. He found him pacing his parlor with uneasy steps, with disordered dress and neglected toilet, and was greeted with the warmest welcome.

"I have waited for you, Elthorpe, my dear fellow; I hav'n't seen a bed to-night. Sleep—how could I sleep? Sit down, and let's to business. Have you breakfasted? No? Then what will you have after your walk? I must be my own Mercury, for my Apollo, Mathew, is yet in durance vile, from which, by the bye, I must remember to release him. So, then, are you ready for grave consultation? You know, of course, all that passed last evening. You know that the Count loaded me with insult; and in the faces and ears of a gaping crowd, taunted me with my birth, and flung my origin, with scorn, into my teeth. Now, what's to be done?"

"What would you do, Howard?"

"Do—had I my will, I would drain his heart's blood! Don't start! I would, I would! Do!—why, get revenge, revenge! But"—

He paused, even in his frenzy; for of all men, Elthorpe was the last to know of the restraining motive—his love to Isabelle.

"Then if you will fight him, you must seek another friend, Howard, to arrange for it. You know my views of duelling; and I will not be a partner in that fashionable system of murdering."

"Yes—yes; I remember your last homily. Let me see. He who goes out to fight a duel, is a coward, a murderer, and a suicide. A coward, because it is the highest courage and the noblest, to obey the commands of Heaven, rather to act through fear of the sneers of men. A murderer, because the duellist deliberately, and in cold blood, seeks the life of his fellow; and in suicide, because he voluntarily places himself in a position to rush unbidden into the presence of his Maker. And if he escape, uninjuring and uninjured, he is still in heart, a murderer and suicide. Ha! ha! So run

the homtly. I've a capital memory! But you'll not hold to this lackadaisical creed now—you'll not refuse your aid to me, when the insult upon me has been so flagrant, that many would excuse the deed, did I plunge the assassin's dagger into his breast at midnight?"

"No insult can be warranty for sin, Howard, how great soever it be. I am firm. Let me petition, however, to act as your friend in a different relation; let me endeavor to reconcile you. I will seek the Count, and"—

"Never! never!" cried Howard, striking his clenched fist upon the table. Petition for reconciliation! Why, Elthorpe, did I consent to it—were we brought together—and he should hold out his hand to me—should beg for pardon on his knees—by Heaven and earth, so fierce is the fire within me, I should clutch him by the throat, and strangle him in the grasp! Blood, blood, Elthorpe! I crave blood!"

"You are beside yourself! I never witnessed such an exhibition in you before. I beg of you to calm yourself. You excite, I know not what sensation within me. I am pained for you!"

Howard had maintained his hold upon the friendship of Elthorpe, by the same wariness and concealment of his natural character, which he had practised upon Isabelle. For the first time, indeed, he was now displaying himself. Elthorpe's words and shrinking gesture, recalled him to himself, and made him bite his lip in vexation at his forgetfulness. He hastened to remove the impression he had made.

"But remember, my dear fellow, the extremity of the provocation. And then, again, I feel that it will relieve me to rant a little. I but use these foaming words as a safety valve, to let off the pressure of my anger. It will ease me. It has already. I hate to keep my feelings smothered within me! they harass me cruelly. Don't misunderstand me, my dear fellow! But really, I can't forgive—I can't submit to a tame reconciliation."

"Let us consider, then"—

"What is more," continued Howard, in the subdued strain he had so suddenly assumed, noticing that it had the desired effect upon Elthorpe, "any advances on my side, of such a nature, would but sink me the deeper in shame. No, no; nothing of this! Something must be done—promptly, decisively, for honor's sake."

Various suggestions were made by Elthorpe, none of which Howard was in a mood to receive. He could not coincide in any one, as being a sufficient recompense to wounded honor; a quietus to shame. He panted for the "ultima ratio." But the calmer reflection which had been forced upon him by Elthorpe, suggested to him the impracticability of pursuing the quarrel to the Count's injury if he would retain the favor of Isabelle. The two were utterly incompatible. At length he devised a scheme, by which he hoped to satisfy both revenge and love; to which Elthorpe was with extreme reluctance, induced to consent. Elthorpe was to convey a formal challenge to the Count, who, from his known skill as a swordsman, would, doubtless, select that weapon; while Howard had found no rival to his own skill, with the

same instrument; and was convinced of his ability—from his superiority, to play with the Count like a child. He pledged his honor to Elthorpe, if he would thus assist him, on no account to even thrust at the Count, but to satisfy honor and the demand of the world, by this exhibition of his courage. At the same time, Howard determined to write privately to Isabelle, making her the same pledge, and representing the whole to be a shadowy device, to avoid the imputation of tamely suffering disgrace, without the intention of injury. The challenge was accordingly prepared in due form and substance; of which Elthorpe took the charge. The note to Isabelle required more deliberation and subtlety. Howard exercised his profoundest abilities in its composition; its tenor corresponding with the outline above. When completed, it was dispatched by the now liberated Mathew, at an hour previous to that mutually agreed upon for Elthorpe to execute his mission to the Count.

Let us turn to the Count and Isabelle. The latter had earnestly striven to fulfil her promise to her lover, but she could not be calm, she could not be happy. She relied indeed, with perfect trust on his declaration that nothing should be done until she had been consulted. But fear stole into her bosom, though she struggled to shut it out; and as she unrobed herself in the solitude of her chamber, she often paused with a shudder, and throwing herself into a chair, sat with hands clasped closely upon her bosom, her foot tilting in agitation, and her poor heart trembling with gloomy yet undefinable foreboding. Nothing was to happen until she had been consulted. But then, something must happen—something! Imagination ran wildly abroad, and lifted up to her gaze, from its infinite store-house, picture after picture, terrible and dismaying; each surpassing in its fearful delineations and deadly coloring, that which had preceded. When these hideous shadows had done their work, and extorted from their pallid victim a shriek of horror, the spell would break; and she would again rise, and with trembling steps, proceed with her painful toilet. It was at last completed; but before she sought her bed, she threw herself upon her knees, and poured out her overflowing soul in prayer; prayer for counsel, direction, and, prayer for her beloved father; and prayer, deeper, far deeper and intenser prayer for that being, who had come in to share with that father the treasure of her love. She arose, as the trusting believer ever arises from lifting up his spirit to its maker; calmer and more confident and hopeful; but yet she slept not. While Howard through that livelong night was keeping his lonely vigil, his heavy and irregular tread never ceasing to resound on the floor that shook beneath it, from the moment that he entered it after reaching home, until Colonel Elthorpe broke the stillness of his musings, in the broad sunlight—she was keeping her desolate companionship, longing for the morning. It came at last; and when she descended to breakfast, full of anxious anticipation of the event that the day was to disclose, she had no sooner greeted her father, than a letter in those well known characters, was put into her hand. Hastily concealing it in her

bosom, she performed the honors of the table, scarce conscious of what she was doing; and was no sooner relieved from duty, than she hastened to her chamber and broke the seal. She paused even then to press her hands upon her heart to subdue its throbbing; but at length her head was lifted up, her arm fell nerveless by her side; and as she sat with her eyes fixed in a long unmeaning gaze, the letter fell unheeded from her unclasping fingers upon the floor, for its contents had been perused.

A knock at the street door suddenly aroused her from her trance, and as though she had been one doomed to the felon's death, and that knock was the fatal signal, her face turned to ashy paleness as the sound struck upon her soul; for Howard's letter had warned her that Elthorpe was soon to be expected. During his conference with her father, which lasted several hours, she did not leave her chamber, scarcely her seat; and the agony of suspense in that period, was a sore trial to endure. But at last, the door of her father's study opened—footfalls were heard through the entries—the street-door swung on its hinges, and the visitor departed.

CHAPTER IX.

It has been related that Colonel Elthorpe's conference with the Count continued for several hours; a longer interview than might be deemed necessary for the accomplishment of their business. But a difficulty, the fruit of those very prejudices which had given birth to the insults of the evening before, had not suggested itself to the thought of either Elthorpe or Howard. When, therefore, the civilities of reception had passed between Elthorpe and the Count, and the former, after making due explanations, advanced his hand with Howard's note, he was struck with wonder that the Count drew back, and stood mutely regarding him and the note, while his face expressed a conflict of feelings. The Count was involved in a dilemma. He had not anticipated a challenge, for he had not supposed it possible, that one without *caste*, would so greatly presume; and his rage was proportionate to his estimate of the magnitude of the offence. But the bearer of the despised communication was in every point entitled to respectful consideration; and it might reasonably be expected, that an exhibition of anger, or any symptom of scorn of his message, would be treated as an offence to himself. He remained in his awkward position for several minutes, in painful confusion. Elthorpe finally lowered his hand and exclaimed,

"May I ask an explanation, Count, of this very inexplicable bearing? I should regret to misunderstand you, sir."

"We will not misunderstand each other, Colonel—no—we will not misunderstand each other! Pray sit down. Captain Howard is your friend; and by the code of honor, any disparagement of him, under the peculiar circumstances in which we all stand in relation to each other, you will have licence to apply to yourself. Now since we are alone together, let us waive this embarrassing circumstance; or else we must misunderstand each other. My mouth must be shut."

"Proceed, Count," answered Elthorpe, when the Count had ceased speaking. "As silence would be more than equivocal, I will listen to you in calmness, but must reserve the privilege to judge in what light it may be proper to view what you may communicate."

"Well, I will proceed on those terms, for I am unwilling to deceive, and equally so to have my actions misinterpreted. In a word, I cannot consider Captain Howard entitled to the satisfaction he demands."

"You will assign a definite reason, sir?"

"Certainly. The meanness of his origin deprives him of the privileges of a gentleman."

Elthorpe was a man of sterling courage, and nice perception of right; jealous, too, of honor. But he was cast in a different mould from the most of men. He possessed that true and noble courage to despise the fiat of custom and the sneers of the world, when compliance would inflict a wound on conscience, or judgment. Nineteen out of twenty of the fashionable world in which he moved would have replied to the Count's abrupt declaration in language of defiance; aping, perhaps, the indignation they did not feel; especially, if of his own profession, which prides itself to distinguish with scrupulous nicety the lights and shades of honor. But Elthorpe, while he felt, at the same time reasoned; and was willing to enter without passion, into such explanations with the Count, as might convince him of the unjustifiable extent to which he carried his prejudices in the present instance. Elthorpe, secure in Howard's superiority as a swordsman, and his pledge to inflict no injury on the Count, was at this time, anxious in a degree, that the meeting should take place; for he could not discover in any other alternative a closure of the difficulty. He discussed the matter therefore with the Count, composedly and at length; exposing the little probability, that, since Howard had been adopted into elevated society by those whose own standing was unquestionable; since the fracas between them occurred at the residence of a noble, where both were on the same footing as guests; and since Howard had won much renown and consideration for his military prowess, and enjoyed an honorable commission in the army; would the world give the Count credit for truth, in the assignment of the reason he had already given as the bar to a meeting with his adversary; for, of course, it was to be expected, should he continue to refuse on this ground, that Howard, in defence of his own honor, would make known the steps he had taken to satisfy the injury to it, and the occasion of failure. The conclusion was, that the Count chose the least of two evils; and decided to consult with some friend, who would call on Colonel Elthorpe in the course of the day, and settle preliminaries; and with this, Elthorpe took his leave.

Isabelle was, during the day, like one more dead than alive. She would have given worlds to know what answer her father had made to the challenge; but she dared not ask. She scarcely saw her father. He seemed to her to avoid her presence; for he omitted several acts of kindness to her, that had become settled habits. The Count did, indeed, avoid her. He could

not bear to look upon her. He remained alone in the library, in that agony of spirit, which every one, bound to earth by ties of love—who has those around him who cling to him for protection and guidance—who, yet more, is not reckless of the shadowy future, and trembles at the thought of eternity, must feel when he is about to stake life upon desperate chances. Isabelle hoped that he might seek her; might make her his confidant, and derive consolation from her love, as she had ever—save, alas, in one single instance!—received it from his. She remained all day in her chamber, and often heard the ushering in and departure of strangers; but her fond anticipations that he would send for her to him, or come himself to her, were disappointed. His footstep did not sound upon the stair, his gentle tap was not heard upon the door. Moreover, he excused himself from dinner, and it was served to him in the library. It trembled upon Isabelle's tongue to question the servants who waited on him, what he said, how he looked, what he was doing; and whether he had not asked for her. But she checked herself, unwilling to excite suspicion in the household, that any unusual event was occurring. In this dreadful suspense the long evening passed away, and she retired to rest. The sleeplessness of the preceding night, and the stupor induced by long indulgence in grief and excitement, weighed heavy on her eyelids, and wrapt her in uneasy slumber; and in that slumber she dreamed that the door softly opened; that her father entered and stood over her; that tears, scalding tears fell fast and thick upon her face, and that then he stooped and kissed her. She awoke—it was not a dream! Those tear-drops were on her face—her door closed with an audible sound! "Father, Father!" she cried in supplicating tones—but he did not come back!

CHAPTER X.

The duel was to take place at six o'clock, in a retired corner of Hyde Park. Howard and Elthorpe first arrived, and soon after, the Count joined them, with Sir Edward French his second, and a surgeon. The Count returned the civilities that Elthorpe extended to him, but frowned haughtily upon Howard, seeming ill at ease in his presence, and soon requested the seconds to hasten their preparations. Swords, as had been expected, had been selected by the Count as their weapons; and no cause of delay occurring, their swords were soon crossed. But Elthorpe previously took Howard by the arm, and drawing him aside, whispered,—

"Howard, remember you are solemnly pledged to a definite course of conduct. I have your word before Heaven! On that ground alone, I came."

"I will redeem my pledge," answered Howard carelessly; "have no fear. He is safe."

It was immediately apparent from the positions of the combatants, that they were practiced with the weapon they handled. Elthorpe was led to doubt whether the Count's skill would not nullify Howard's intentions, and render it absolutely necessary for him in self-defence, to act offensively; perhaps, indeed, he might not

succeed in preventing injury to himself. He watched every motion with trembling interest. For a time the combatants exchanged guarded thrusts, playing warily with each other, to estimate their relative skill and peculiar action, before they should engage with earnest effort. But soon the Count's eyes were lightened to fiery intensity; and his vigorous thrusts warned Howard that it was time to exert his prowess. Elthorpe was shortly relieved from all apprehension. Howard fought from this time, entirely on the defensive; and although he often purposely exposed and left himself fearfully open, he successfully parried every thrust. The Count perceived his adversary's superiority and plan of action; and goaded to madness, fought with an impetuosity and fury, that placed him entirely in Howard's power; forcing Howard on the other hand, to the extreme of vigilance and energy. But he maintained the utmost degree of coolness; while, with every movement, and every abortive effort, the Count's teeth were set more firmly together, his eye glared with an intense ray; until at length, wholly frenzied beyond the power of control, the froth oozed from the corners of his mouth, while a low hiss issued from between his clenched teeth, and grasping his sword with both his hands, he drove Howard backward with plunge upon plunge, until he stumbled in his course, and fell headlong to the ground. The seconds ran up to raise him while Howard folded his arms, gazing contemptuously upon his prostrate form, exhibiting no effects of his arduous exertion, except in his quickened breathing. The Count when lifted up, was found to be wholly insensible; and the restoratives at hand having failed to produce entire restoration to sense and strength, he was supported to his carriage and conveyed home; while Howard and Elthorpe were driven to the lodgings of the former.

Isabelle, after she had been awakened by her father's entrance to her chamber, had wept herself to sleep. But with the morning's earliest light, she arose. Exhausted nature almost refused to sustain her. Her head seemed bursting with agonising pain, and mists floated before her dizzy vision; but more keen than all ills of body, was the sickness at her heart. Howard's letter had designated the hour when the meeting would take place; and she watched at her window, until the carriage stopped at the door, and her father was driven away. Then new fears arose in her mind. Howard might wound him by accident; or, what she would scarcely confess to herself, she trembled to think of more—her lover might be perilled. She sought his letter and perused and re-perused it; and through that hour of anxiety, endeavored to teach her fluttering heart that all would be well; that Howard would not rashly have presumed on his skill; that no harm could come to either; and she succeeded in attaining a degree of calmness. When the carriage returned—when she heard it stop—a sudden faintness coursed through her veins, and she clung to the table for support. She tried to rise—to obtain one look from the window and end at once the painful suspense; but her limbs were powerless. There seemed an unusual lingering by the car-

riage; the servants certainly were hurrying through the entries to the entrance way; conversation was maintained in whispers. She would have shrieked, but the spell which had unnerved her frame, now paralyzed the power of utterance, and she could only sit in agony, hovering on the verge of insensibility. The entrance of her maid, by diverting the current of her thoughts, restored her in a measure to herself, and she was able to ask concerning her father. She received the joyful intelligence, that though exhausted with exertion and emotion, he was uninjured. The good word revived the stagnant current in her veins, and sent it glowing to her cheek. Her eye glistened; Howard had been true to his pledge; and with clasped hands she murmured a prayer of gratitude to Heaven, and a blessing on her lover.

The issue of the duel, was for many reasons a source of exquisite satisfaction to Howard. First, it was revenge, full revenge. It had inflicted a wound upon the pride of his adversary, more keen and rankling than would have been a wide and gaping cut into his outward flesh; and this was sweet to his soul. Again, the concession of the Count in meeting him, was an acknowledgment of his title to honorable notice; and established him more fully in the society he had coveted to move in. What was a deeply laid plan, was noised abroad as an exhibition of wonderful generosity and forbearance; his superiority as a swordsman was indisputable; and more than all, the heart of Isabelle had received no scathe through injury to her father. It was in every light in which he viewed it, a theme of bounding exultation. To crown the summit of his delight, he received a letter from Isabelle, full of gratitude and love. It was moistened with tears from an overflowing heart, that here and there blotted the precious words; and in the solitude of his own chamber,—for when alone, away from the gaze of men, he sometimes threw off the cloak of dissimulation, habitual in the company of others, and gave full rein to passion—he tossed his arms wildly about and laughed aloud. But a reverse of feeling was preparing for him.

The Count was unable to leave his chamber for some days after the duel, his excitement having induced considerable fever. When he did emerge, he seemed an altered man. He could not forget the shock his pride had received. He felt as though Howard, in acting wholly on the defensive, had laid him under a kind of obligation. He felt that his life had been in the power of a despised and hated foe, and had been spared. And wherever he went, he felt that the curious glances directed towards him, seemed to say, "This is the man who owes his life to the generosity of his adversary." He turned away from all companionship, and gloomily cloistered himself at home. But absence from society exposed him to new mortifications. It would be said of him that he had been humbled beyond power of endurance; and had withdrawn himself to brood upon his shame. Should he suffer this humiliation? No. Again he mingled in the world, assuming a careless outside; but the fire was burning and consuming within.

A third time, a portion of the fashionable world as-

sembled at the residence of one of its number; and again our dramatis personæ were brought beneath the same roof. Their relative situation was in no respect altered since the ball given by Countess Fordyce. Howard had been unable to hold communication with Isabelle since the duel, except by letters—those talismanic messengers, which execute so faithfully the trusts confided to them—and in one or two short interviews, when they had met in their rides; for she had been devoted in her attendance upon her father. In the course of the evening in question, her father had become separated from her, and from the apartment in which she was standing; and Howard, who had been watching his opportunity, stole to her side; and in a moment their hearts were mingling. Both were careful for a time, to watch the avenues to the room, through fear of a surprise; but love made them unwary; the Count was absent long; was finally forgotten; and our lovers stood entranced with the ecstasy of sympathy, all the world to each other, and thoughtless of all the world beside.

When the Count had parted with the gentleman with whom he had been conversing, he was retracing his steps to rejoin his daughter, when his own name, uttered by a speaker, whose back was towards him, attracted his attention. Whatever the remark might have been in which his name had been employed, it was replied to by a second speaker, in a low, sneering laugh, and the Count distinctly caught the words, "Yes; true enough; the Count, poor fellow, must have retired in a truly pitiable condition. It was a noble thing in Howard." Did he hear aright? "*Poor fellow!*" he, Count Philip de Rebierra designated as a poor fellow! Had the scattering lightning darted through his frame, and mingled its death-dealing fluid with his founts of life, blackening—rending—convulsing—it had not, to the eye of the observer, devastated with a fiercer mien, than now seemed to cling to his distorted and ghastly features. His eyes were set in their sockets—his lips were livid—his cheek the hue of the grave—his jaws distended—his breathing stilled—his fingers outstretched in convulsive rigidity. A second thought on the extremity to which he had fallen—a second draught of the cup of the bitterness of his humiliation—and those eyes rolled wildly around—those jaws closed, until their teeth grated with a sound, against each other; the blood flushed that cheek to crimson; big drops came on his forehead; and shudder after shudder shook every limb, as with an icy chill. Fortunately—for he had not stirred from the spot where he had been cursed with the sound of those damning words—his face was to the wall, and the attention of no one was attracted towards him. Again, that low, sneering laugh tingled in his ears and quivered in the very marrow of his bones; and, swallowing his desperation with choking gasps, for he began to be conscious of his situation, he sprang to a near door, eager for a breath of pure fresh air, to cool the fever that parched him. It opened upon a balcony, that communicated with the conservatory; and closing it behind him, he threw himself down, with his face to the floor.

When he arose, he obeyed his first impulse to sum-

mon Isabelle, and retire from a scene that jarred so harshly on his feelings. But when he approached her, what description shall portray the conflict of his passions, when he saw her earnestly in conversation with the man who had sunk him into the dust! It seemed as though his very flesh and blood were leagued against him. There was now no frenzy as he gazed; but his heart was sick within him. She was not remonstrating—she was not angry that the foe of her beloved father was addressing her; no, her sweet eyes never beamed more brightly, her face never wore a calmer look of placid loveliness. She answered too—answered softly, kindly; what hellish mystery was here! Then that hated one of all the earth took her hand—she did not draw it from him—and played with the rings upon her fingers, and at some jest he uttered, both smiled. His Isabelle, his daughter, smiled upon his mortal foe! Then was he maddened; and scarce knowing what he did, he strided between them, forced Howard back with half a push, half a stroke upon his breast, grasped Isabelle's wrist with a tightness that extorted a cry of pain, and drew her after him from the apartment. Howard followed—not close, for he had compassion for Isabelle, even in his boiling rage, and when the Count released her in an anteroom, to array herself for departure, he confronted him sternly with, "What is this! Count Robierra, what is this?" The Count drew himself up for an instant, breathing hard between his teeth, with nostrils expanded; then he crouched down, and springing suddenly with both hands at Howard's throat, he clenched it in a strangling grasp, and as he compressed it until Howard, gurgling and choking, fell forward upon his knees, he spat repeatedly in his face!—the deadliest insult that man can offer to man.

The struggle, though short, had attracted attention. Numbers now precipitated themselves upon the two, and forced them asunder; and before Howard could fully recover himself, hurried the Count to his carriage. Howard, with scarce a word to those around him, hastened home; we will not follow him. We will not trace the workings of that fiery spirit, inflamed to an intensity beyond the power of hope or ambition, or even love itself, to quench! We will not disclose the broodings of that spirit over shapes of mischief, through all that night—it will suffice to record their fearful realization.

To be continued.

Original.

EPI TAPH,

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY ANN ARMSTRONG, OF BALTIMORE.

HARK! breathes there not a Spirit near,
Who sweetly bids us dry the tear?
For ruthless Death grasp'd only clay,—
The soul shall live in endless day.
"Life's turmoil wild," she says, "is o'er;—
I dwell now on th' Eternal shore!
No more—no more, the stormy waves,
Of mortal care, my bosom braves:
Then quit thy grief;—oh, still the sigh!
And know 'twas bliss for me to die!" S. F. G.

Original.

GLIMPSES AT GOTHAM.—No. II.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.

Heu! quam difficile est Gotham describere.

GO THAM! who may describe thee! what pen yet unplucked from the wing that nourishes it, shall paint thee as thou art—portray thee with all thy heterogeneous parts to the mind's eye! Who shall give an idea to him who has not seen and heard, of thy confusion of tongues and direful noises! Who shall discourse of thy people and omnibusses! of thy mud and thy dirt! of thy crooked lanes and twisted alleys! There is no end to thy streets—no limit to thy houses—no cessation to thy noises! The chimney-sweeps with their screeching throats, pipe into our ears before day break; then the milk-man follows with his rattling car and Indian yell; then the baker adds his melodious voice, and the sooty charcoal-man his sonorous song. Thick-coated watchmen move along with their captives of the night, to the police; the loafer opens one eye, and lifts his head from the curb-stone, to see if it is time for him to get up; rattle—rattle, trundle the hacks to their stands; the omnibusses roll along with their early burden, and the drays go thundering by to the wharves! The laborers, Irish and Afric, throng the streets, hurrying to their work, each with his tin pail of dinner; journeymen and apprentices hasten along, and pretty milliners and seamstresses trip in cottages and shawls to their daily tasks, and travellers for the boats, more rapidly pass with valise, and a surtout hanging on the arm. The sounds of toil and preparation for the business of the day increase momentarily. At first, each note can be individualized, but before seven o'clock, they are increased and mingled in most unharmonious and deafening confusion.

All this is before breakfast. After that hour, strangers begin to fill the pavé. Here is a Southern merchant with tooth-pick in teeth, hurrying from his hotel to Pearl or Wall-street; and there the Western or Northern trader is moving with yet busier brow and quicker pace to the same points or to the wharves. Early shoppers make their appearance; and Broadway begins to be filled. Here and there a well-dressed female moves by with that lingering, hesitating step which threatens to terminate at every dry-goods or jeweller's store; but Stewart's or Tenney's invariably brings her up. Dandies come forth and lounge in the sun, on the Western and fashionable side of this great thoroughfare—for, be it known, it is loss of *caste* to be seen on the Eastern. Strangers, from all lands, throng the promenade, swinging slender canes, and sporting vast whiskers and formidable mustachios; in fine, all the world's abroad

*"To shop—to lounge—to gaze—to stare,
To show themselves, and take the air!"*

By twelve, the great highway of Gotham is thronged. Carriages, driven by liveried coachmen, and ornamented with an ebony footman, roll majestically along—bright

faces and wrinkled, ball-bordered and ringleted, looking from the windows upon the ever-moving crowd on the trottoir. Now, young gallants dash by in tilburies, driving their own servants—or astride trotting-horses (from which preserve me!) and by two o'clock taste, fashion and wealth—to say nothing of the omnibusses, which are at the same time the greatest blessings and the greatest nuisances of Gotham, reign paramount in Broadway.

At four, the "town" *par excellence*, hold sway in this popular promenade. Fashionable citizens and strangers are then at dinner, and appear no more till towards five—when the pavé becomes more crowded than at any part of the day. At this hour, every body walks not to shop or on business, but to see and be seen. The whole of the Western side-walk then reminds one of a promenade in a ball-room—two currents being constantly moving in opposite directions, nearly at the same composed pace, doing nothing in the world but look and stare at one another. Every body then has dined, and every body looks in good humor. This is the pleasantest time to walk Broadway—and perhaps no street in the world, take it all in all, can present such another scene of gaiety, brilliancy and beauty, and such a *melange* of what goes to make up a city, for nowhere do all ranks throng one pavé as here—all, from the sweep to 'his honor the Mayor,' using it common. In cities abroad, there are certain streets which fashion has made exclusive. Broadway belongs to his majesty, the people! Any very fashionable and modest person of the supreme *ton* you may chance to discover in Broadway, between three and four, you may set down as lunatic.

From six to seven, Broadway roars—nay, thunders with the noise of omnibusses bearing their freight of the morning back to their residences up town. By the time these become less frequent, the hacks freighted with persons for the several theatres, take up the dying notes of the omnibusses, and again make night hideous with clamor.

As twilight approaches, the city is suddenly lighted up with its million of gas flambeaux, and inflammable air ignited into brilliant flame, succeeds the light of the sun. Yet the city is not less gay now that the curtain of night has fallen over it. The street is thronged with pedestrians, hurrying from the scenes of the day's business to their homes, or some place of amusement, or promenading to enjoy the sights and moving spectacle of the splendidly-illuminated side-walk. Here, the Museum, with its band of music, playing on the balcony in front, attracts some, and the dazzling windows of the print-shops draw others. There, the theatre with its bright lamps invites the loiterer on the one hand, and the panoramas of Jerusalem and Niagara, or the galleries of paintings on the other. Gorgeous displays of jewelry, and magnificent shops lighted with the glare of the noonday sun, arrest those whose purses and wishes possess a kindred feeling.

By half past ten, the streets become thinner—but present a different aspect. Here and there, only, a solitary shop is still lighted, its owner striving to lengthen out the day, which nature has wisely limited for the

duration of man's labor, to its utmost. About the hotel doors and porticoes, gather groups on chairs, smoking, quietly conversing, or looking at the passing throng. Now, however, the Broadway belle who tripped the pavé at noon, has given way to the maid of the kitchen, and the sparkling brunette has deserted the trottoir to the ebony daughter of Ethiopia. It would seem as if, at this hour, the whole African population of Gotham turns out for an airing, and passes in review down Broadway. Between ten and eleven at night, seems to be their fashionable hour for promenading. With the exception of here and there a frail member of the Magdalene sisterhood, with her train of youthful and, not unfrequently, gray-headed admirers. The more decent and staid citizens, by a tacit consent, seem to have resigned the street to these sons and daughters of Ham.

By twelve, Silence begins to assume her empire over the great city. Now and then a passer-by breaks the stillness with his echoing foot-falls; the watchman with his ringing club; the omnibus "cab," with his shrill "Broadway, up! Broadway!" or, a loving trio of bacchanals, reeling homeward, with their arms around each other's necks, beguile the way by some uproarious song; and at a distance the faint sound of confused voices in a riot may be heard. All else is still. Between twelve and one, private parties break up, and the theatres pour forth their thousands. Then a strange and sudden sound of a moving multitude disturbs the night. Hacks rattle by at a quicker pace than usual—crowds throng the trottoirs. By and by, these sounds and movements cease, and the clang of the watchman's oaken staves, as they strike them with a ringing sound on the hollow pavement, as signals of alert, are alone heard. By two, all is still again, and silence and the sturdy white-coated guardians of the night, ycleped "Charlies" reign sole sovereigns of the city until four, when the market-carts and chimney-sweeps, the milk-man and baker, give the first notes of preparation for the beginning of another day.

This is but a faint sketch—a mere glimpse of a day in Gotham—yet it perhaps presents a full view and perfect picture of human life, and of what it is made up! Some hundreds, or it may be thousands of such days make up a man's life. And to what purpose, so far as life, merely, is concerned? Let Echo answer what!

TO ELLA.

SLEEP, my Ella, sleep!—

On thy cheek a tear is trembling;

I'll the treasure keep,

Evening's star so much resembling.

Now a dimpled smile is playing

Where the dewy light was straying.

Let me not remove this treasure,

May the smile be ever thine;

Yet I'll often think with pleasure,

Ella's friendly tear is mine.

Original.

MARY'S REQUEST.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE was a shaded chamber,
A silent, watching band,
On a low couch, a suffering child
Who grasp'd the mother's hand.

SHE had told her faith in Jesus,—
Her simple prayer was said,
And now, that darken'd vale she trod,
Which leadeth to the dead.

RED fever scorch'd her bosom,—
Frost chill'd the vital flame,
And her sweet, meek brow was troubled,
As anguish smote her frame.

YET 'mid the gasp and struggle,
With shuddering lips she cried,
"Oh, mother—dearest mother,
Bury me by your side."

"But where will you be buried?—
My darling Mary—where?—
Is that green, shady dell you lov'd,
With earliest violets fair?

OR in the ancient church-yard,
Where we were wont to stray,
'Mid the white, marble monuments?—
My little Mary—say!"

BUT the thought of flowers had faded—
The green dell charm'd no more.
Dim grew those marble monuments,
With all their letter'd lore.

AND one lone image linger'd—
Bright, 'mid the wreck of earth—
That love, which with her soul was knit,
Even from the hour of birth.

ONE only wish she utter'd,
While life was ebbing fast—
"Sleep by my side, dear mother,
And rise with me at last."

'TIS o'er—the spirit parted—
With that long, tender moan—
Check not thy grief, fond mother—
Thou daughterless and lone:—

WEEP freely—Christ hath hallow'd
The tear that Nature wrings—
And see—how peaceful rests the clay,
That pain no longer stings.

LOOK!—LOOK!—the thin lip quivers,
The blue eyes open wide,
And what a hollow whisper steals—
"Bury me by your side."

AND did the spirit falter
Upon its upward track,
To strew this never-dying flower
In tender token back?—

EVEN at the gate of Heaven,
Whence songs of angels flow,
Remember'd it the cradle hymn
That sooth'd its infant woe?

OH, mother's love! thus strong to lure
A seraph from on high—
Be faithful to thy trust—and bear
Thy nurslings to the sky.

Original.

HUMAN LIFE.

BY H. B. DENNIS.

HOW passing fair this busy world doth seem—
How blithe and cheerful seemeth our strange race!
Joy and content with loveliest lustre beam
Upon the frolic features of each face;
And, gazing on this scene, we almost say
That human life is one long holiday.

YET 'tis but seeming; this gay happy show
Is but the shining surface of a sea
Where the dark waters of despair do flow,
Where grief lies hid and blackest misery.
Sorrow and pain within each human breast
Are aye concealed, and will not let it rest.

TAKE from the merriest throng the merriest one,
Whose careless laugh rings clearest on the breeze—
Whose jocund eye is sparkling in the sun,
And speaks of freedom, gaiety and ease—
Could you but lay his inmost bosom bare,
You'd find some secret grief still rankling there.

YET each one thinks his lot alone severe,
Duped by the pleasant face his neighbor wears;
While he, in turn, seems full of happy cheer,
Though inwardly distraught by woes and cares.
Thus each one's outward air is still believed—
Deceiving all—by all himself deceived.

THUS, in life's drama do we act our part—
Brilliant and joyous is the mimic scene—
And new-lit smiles do hide the aching heart,
And mantles gay cover the foul gangrene—
The gazer views bright beauty every where,
But feels within, the canker of despair.

AND this must still be so. On earth abound
No joys unmixed with bitter pains and woes;
And he but dreams who hopes in bliss profound
To sojourn here and compass sweet repose.
The steadfast soul must look for this—above!
Where all is peace, and purity, and love!

Original.

HEROINES OF SACRED HISTORY.*

NUMBER III.

THE HEROISM OF JUDITH.

"I will break the Assyrian in my land, and upon my mountains tread him under foot."—Isaiah, 14, 15.

AMONG the great and glorious cities of the East, Ecbatana stood conspicuous for strength and beauty. In its extent and power, and the multitude of its palaces it could not compete with Nineveh or Babylon, but there was a grace in her architecture and beauty in her situation, as she reclined at the foot of a lofty mountain range, her white buildings showing brightly against the green back-ground, which won from every traveller expressions of admiration as he gazed. She was the pride of Media; and Arphaxad, the King, had newly fortified it to withstand a siege which was designed against it by Nebuchodonosor, king of the Assyrians, from whom he had rebelled, and who was advancing with great force against them.

Vain were the precautions of Arphaxad. "Howl, oh, gate; cry, oh, city! thy beauty and thy strength could not save thee!" One after another fell her seven walls, and her towers, and Ecbatana laid low in the dust. Arphaxad fled to the mountains, but was pursued by the Assyrian—his darts pierced through the unfortunate King, and he died with his last look fixed in anguish upon his ruined Ecbatana which lay smoking below him; while his horsemen, his chariots, and his wealth fell into the hands of Nebuchodonosor.

The victor returned in triumph to Nineveh, where he feasted his army for twenty days. The feasting over, he prepared his war-chariots once more, breathing slaughter, against those nations who had refused to assist him in his siege of Ecbatana. He had sent to the people of Damascus, and Judea, and Arabia, and Egypt to join him; a few had obeyed his voice, and the remainder were now destined to feel the vengeance of his fiery spirit.

He called together his chief officers, and in their presence swore to be revenged upon the rebellious cities, and to slay with the sword all their inhabitants. His purpose was warmly applauded by his soldiers and nobles, who were eager for the excitement and license of war.

The most trusty and valiant of all the generals of Nebuchodonosor, was Holofernes, a fitting agent for a revengeful king; for, to his valor, he added a most cruel and unsparing disposition, and from whose bloody purpose never yet escaped his victims.

To him the Assyrian King gave the command of his armies. "Go!" he said to his general. "I, the great King, and Lord of the whole earth, command thee to go forth from my presence, and take with thee 120,000 foot and 12,000 horsemen and chariots—thou shalt go against the west country, because they have not obeyed me. See that they send me the tribute of earth and

water in token I am lord of the land and sea, or I will arise in my wrath, and will cover the earth with my armies, and give them as a spoil to my soldiers. Their slain shall fill the vallies and the brooks, and rivers shall overflow with their blood. Let not thine eye spare those who rebel, but put them to slaughter; for, as I live, and by the power of my kingdom! whatever my mouth hath spoken, that will my hand perform!"

Holofernes, with a vast army of chariots and horsemen and camels and asses, followed by the tribes around, who swarmed like vultures to the prey, set out to execute his master's commands. He ravaged and destroyed all before him. Mesopotamia was laid waste, and the plains of Damascus were overrun, the wheat harvests were trampled down, flocks and herds destroyed, cities spoiled, and people slain. Many of the nations around, were awed and sued for peace. Ambassadors from the inhabitants of the sea-coast, from Tyre and Sidon came to him to entreat for mercy.

"Behold we the servants of Nebuchodonosor, the great king, lie before thee," they said, "use us as shall be good in thy sight. Behold our houses, our fields of wheat, our flocks and our tents lie before thy face, use them as it pleaseth thee. Behold, even our cities, and the inhabitants thereof are thy servants; come and do with them as seemeth good unto thee!"

Wherever he went, the Assyrian general saw all yield to his power, and he was welcomed with dances and timbrels, and crowned with garland. These submissive cities were pardoned, but each received a garrison to enforce future good conduct, and the Gods of the land were destroyed, that all might worship the Gods of Assyria.

The approach of this great army brought dismay to the hearts of Israel and Judah; still the idea of submission was not for an instant harbored by this resolute people. They were strong in the consciousness of right, when they refused to assist in the downfall of Media; and resolved, whatever might betide, never to bow down to the Gods of Assyria. Hoping their powerful King, Jehovah, would appear in their favor, they humbled themselves before him, and "cried to God with great fervency." The inhabitants of Jerusalem were clothed with sackcloth, with ashes on their heads, remained night and day before the temple, fasting, and offering gifts to the lord that he might shew himself as the shield of triumph. Joachim, the high priest, and all the other priests, covered themselves and the altar with sackcloth, and cast ashes upon their mitres, and "cried to God with all their power, that he would look upon the house of Israel graciously."

Still, no earthly means were neglected to repel the invading army. They were expected to come through the hills of Galilee, and upon the strongholds, situated among them, they depended for protection.

All the passes were fortified and victualled for a year, while Bethulia and Betomestham prepared to stand in the invader's path, and check his course, and even sacrifice themselves rather than permit the lawless idolater to place his foot in their holy temple so lately purified upon their return from captivity.

* Continued from page 59.

Holofernes first found himself checked in his glorious career, in the mountain passes of Galilee. He saw he had met with a people of more power and courage than those nations which had so lately surrendered to him, and encamping his band between Geba and Scythopolis, he tarried a whole month to gather around him all his chariots and horsemen to crush at once these rebellious hill forts, which had dared to resist him.

Bethulia, an almost impregnable city, situated upon a hill near the Sea of Galilee, was the point towards which he resolved to concentrate all his energies; thinking the fall of a post of such importance, would intimidate the rest, and he should find nothing to impede his victorious course to Jerusalem.

Unused to resistance, Holofernes chafed at this delay; and fearing he should lose much time and endure much in the siege of these hill fortresses, he called together a counsel of his officers, and Princes of Moab and other tributaries, to concert measures for the subjugation of the Galilee strongholds.

The general of the Assyrians was seated in a magnificent tent of scarlet cloth embroidered with gold, while around him were assembled his nobles and generals, and allied Princes.

"Tell me, ye sons of Canaan," he said, "who is this people that dwelleth in the hill country, and what are the cities they inhabit—what is the multitude of their army; what their power, and what King or Captain is set over them! Why come they not out to meet me, as do the cities around them?"

Achior, Prince of the Ammonites, stepped forward to answer the questions of Holofernes.

"Let my Lord now hear a word from the mouth of thy servant, and I will declare unto thee the truth concerning this people that dwelleth in the hill country; and there shall no lie come out of the mouth of thy servant. The inhabitants of this land are great and powerful; they rely for protection on no King, nor captain, but are governed and shielded by a great and wonderful God, who ever saveth them from harm, and revenge them on those who go up to slay them."

Achior related to Holofernes the history of the sons of Israel; told of their sojourn in the land of Egypt, where they were ill-treated, and revenged of their adversaries by their God, who smote the Egyptians, and drew his people thence by great and wonderful acts. He told of their triumphant entry into this country, led by God, who destroyed all nations around, that they might inhabit the land.

"Let not my Lord hope to subdue them," continued Achior, "while they obey their God, as he never deserts them except they sin. Now, therefore, my Lord and my Governor, if this people *sin against their God*, they will not prosper, and we may go up and shall overcome them; but they lately did depart from the way which their God appointed, and were destroyed, in many battles sore, and were led captives into a strange land; the temple of their God was cast down, and their cities taken by their enemies; but now they have returned to their God, who has forgiven them, and have possessed Jerusalem and the hill country again. Now

then let my Lord pass by them, lest their God defend them, and we become a reproach before the whole world."

The speech of Achior visibly affected the people who were assembled without the tent, and they trembled before the God of Israel; especially as this account was confirmed by others who dwelt near the land of Judea.

Holofernes and his Captains perceived this, and were loud in their threatenings against those who had created a fear of the enemy in the soldiers' minds.

"Let us kill the traitor!" they cried, "we will not be afraid of the face of the children of Israel, for lo, it is a people who cannot withstand our powerful army. Let us go up my Lord, and they shall be our prey!"

When the tumult had ceased, Holofernes cried out, "Who art thou, Achior, and ye hirelings of Ephraim, that have said we shall not make war upon the people of Israel because their God will defend them; who is God but Nebuchodonosor!"

"Aye, Nebuchodonosor is God," cried the assembly.

"Yea, he will send his power and will destroy them from the face of the earth," continued the General, with fury in his looks; "and their God shall not defend them. We will tread them under foot—their mountains shall be drunken with their blood—their fields shall be filled with dead bodies, and they shall not be able to stand before us, and they shall utterly perish, saith King Nebuchodonosor, Lord of the whole earth! And thou, Achior, thou hireling of Ammon, since thou praisest this people, I will send thee among them; and we will see how they receive a son of Moab. But if they slay thee not, thou shalt be taken when the forts fall in my hand, and my sword shall pierce thy side. Go, coward, trust to the God of Israel!"

Achior was bound and led under the walls of Bethulia, where it was expected he would be perceived by the Israelites, and destroyed as a traitor and enemy to their country.

The city of Bethulia, crowned the summit of steep and craggy hills, the approach to which was extremely difficult. The inhabitants relied upon the strength of their fortifications, and the goodness of their cause, for was it not a contest between their God, and the Gods of Assyria!

The hopes of the young and brave were high, for a holy trust had been confided to them; they held the key of Israel in their hands, for the country could not be entered except through the passes of their mountains, and their sacred city and temple relied upon them for protection.

The old and reflecting, however, were not so sanguine. They trusted not in an arm of flesh, for they well knew the great power of the Assyrians, and their determination to conquer them. To God alone they looked for deliverance, but he might for their sins see fit to give them into the power of their enemies.

The army of Assyria was now known to be near. The city, from its elevated position commanded a view of the country around, and the houses and battlements were filled with people watching for their approach.

The band who brought Achior was soon perceived,

and a sally was made against them; but leaving Achior, bound, they escaped. He was loosed and carried into the presence of Ozias, Chabris, and Charmis, the Governors of the city, who demanded the cause of his captivity.

Achior stated all that had passed in the council of the Assyrian General; of the contempt of the enemy, and the defence of their God made by himself. Then the people fell down and worshipped God, crying—

“Lord God of Heaven! behold the pride of Assur—pity thy nation, and look upon the face of those thou hast sanctified this day!”

Achior was warmly applauded for his conduct. Ozias took him to his own house, where he held a feast, and afterwards he and the elders called on the God of Israel with all their might for help.

A noble widow dwelt in Bethulia; her husband, Manasses, was a man of wealth and rank, but while overseeing his men in the barley harvest, was struck by the sun and died. Judith, his widow, never ceased to mourn for her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached; and still wore widow's apparel, and fasted and dressed in sackcloth except on the feasts of new moon, and other festivals of Israel. By the strength and elevation of her character, she comforted her town's-people, and infused into their hearts some of her own courageous spirit. The women of Bethulia, especially, relied upon her for counsel and support; for they felt as women must always feel, when a great and successful army approaches a city. Powerless themselves, they could but look upon the contest in which were perishing their husbands and children. The excitement of the combat might conceal its horrors from those engaged in it, but the observer from afar, sees all its peril, and all its distress. The warrior knows, if he falls in battle, his name will live in the records of his country, but there are few feminine hearts which can thus be consoled for the loss of their dearest and best. Honor fails to heal the wounds of a lacerated bosom.

Although Judith reposed fearlessly on the arm of her God, she was not without anxiety, and often resorted to the roof of her house, where she had created a leafy bower, to shelter her from the sun—to watch for the enemy. Here she gazed out upon the extensive and verdant scenery before her, musing upon the history of her nation, mourning for her lost husband, or communing with her God.

One morning, the weather being extremely warm, Judith ascended to her roof, and seated herself in her bower. What a fair and variegated landscape was spread out beneath her feet; around her were hills and mountains without number, rising and falling like green waves over the land, crowned with castles, and clothed with olive and vine; while far beyond, rose the dark chain of Anti Libanus, its snow crowned summit contrasting coolly with the bright sea of Galilee, which lay beneath, the summer's sun reflected brilliantly from its surface. At her right was Mount Carmel, and the hills of Bashan; and on the left, Mount Tabor stood frowning, its sides clothed with forests of oak, while a fortress arose from its summit. Lovely vallies and plains lay

around and between these hills, covered with verdure, and spotted with villages.

How many scenes, celebrated in her nation's history, lay before her—scenes which had witnessed the valor of her countrymen, and favor of God! Would Jehovah desert them now? She hoped not, and resolved if efforts or prayers might avail, her's should all be given for the salvation of Judea.

While plunged in alternate musing and prayer, Judith was aware of a sudden glitter upon a distant summit. She started and gazed. Broader and broader spreads the brightness. Could it be? Yes, it must be the dreaded foe whose spears were flashing back in defiance, the sun of Palestine. Judith despatched in haste, a messenger to the Governors of the city, who hastened to the ramparts, where, amid crowds of their town's-people, they gazed at the approaching invaders. Every hill was soon crowned by bands of the hostile Assyrians, who, in masses of crimson and gold, poured like fiery lava down upon the devoted plains around the city. It was a splendid, but fearful array, and the citizens of Bethulia gazed in alternate dread and admiration.

What a change a few hours wrought in the scene upon which Judith had looked. The land, once of a universal, peaceful green, now appeared a summer-garden, glittering with every brilliant hue. Tents of blue and scarlet and yellow, enamelled the ground; while spots of purple, and crimson, and gold marked the place where the soldiery were encamped. The openings of the hills which once showed long green vistas, streaked by the sunbeams, now glared with the soldiers' brazen shields, or brass plates which covered solemn-paced elephants. Plumes were waving, standards glancing in the sun, trumpets awaking the echoes, and all was gladness and hope.

The citizens gazed upon this brilliant array in mournful silence. The hope of escaping that powerful army seemed vain; and one universal feeling pervaded their bosoms—unless God helped them, they were lost.

Ozias turned to the other Governors, who stood near. “Now will these men lick up the face of the Earth,” he said, “for neither are the high mountains nor the hills able to bear their weight. Let us to prayer, brethren, and haply God will relieve us in this our woeful strait.”

At the next council held by Holofernes, one of the chiefs of Esau stood forth to speak. “Let my Lord now hear a word,” he said, “that there be no delay to our army. The children of Israel do not trust in their spears, but in their situation, because it is not easy for our chariots and horsemen to ascend their mountain. At the foot of this hill are the fountains which supply the city. These are protected by bands of men; send thy servants to get these fountains out of their hands, so that they shall all die of thirst, they and their wives and children; or surrender the city. Then shalt thou render to them their reward for rebelling against my Lord.”

Holofernes was well pleased with this counsel, and immediately despatched a powerful band of soldiers,

which after a short battle, gained possession of the fountains of Bethulia.

The young are not long depressed, and on that day the young warriors of Bethulia, speaking in contempt of the foe, had by their courageous vauntings, and military show, rallied the spirits of the citizens; but when they beheld their guards driven in, and learned that their fountains were in possession of the enemy, every heart sank, and despair seized on the city. Prayer and sackcloth were again resorted to, and all confessed that God alone could save them.

Judith mourned at home, alone. "We shall be a prey to the spoiler," she said, "our beloved city, the birth place and sepulchre of my husband, Manasses, will be levelled with the ground, and over our ruins the invader will rush upon Jerusalem."

Oh, my God, hast thou willed this city's fall! Wilt thou permit thy holy Temple to be desecrated by infidel hands? It cannot be,—thou hast said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and on this promise I will trust. But are we right to rest quietly here in our trap, and die of starvation and thirst. Oh, that I were a man," thought the noble widow, "and I would be up and doing; I would strike a blow for my country. But what avail is there in the might of man—truly I am a weak, powerless woman; but have not women ere now saved their country—am I not now looking down upon the great plain of Zaanannim, where such mighty deeds were done by Deborah and by Jael? Why may I not do the same? Am I not famed in the land for talent above my fellows, and shall I not employ this gift of God in the service of my country, and of our holy temple? Oh, Lord of Heaven! look down upon thy servant, and deign to accept her as an agent in the salvation of her country! Let me be a second Deborah in the land, and chase hence this Sisera who seeketh our destruction."

There seemed no help for the citizens of Bethulia. Sadly did they gaze upon their cisterns and founts in the city, as day by day the waters diminished, and provisions failed, and they knew they must die a dreary death, or be given to the enemy who were raging for them below. At last the water failed, and the citizens fell fainting in the streets, and many died each day. Then the people rendered weak by suffering, called upon their rulers to surrender to the Assyrians, this being now the only hope for their lives. They assembled in a tumultuous manner before the house of Ozias, crying, "God be judge between us and you. You do us a great injury that you do not require peace of the children of Assur. We have no helper. God hath sold us into the hands of Holofernes. Send for him, then, and give him the city as a spoil, and we will be his slaves, for this is better than to die of thirst, and see our wives and children die!"

Weeping and groaning was heard on all sides, and they "cried to God with a loud voice," saying, "We take to witness against you, Heaven and earth, and God, the Lord of our fathers, if ye do not surrender quickly."

"Brethren, be of good courage," said Ozias. "God will not forsake us utterly. Let us endure five days,

and in that time, God may look in mercy towards us, and if at the end of these days there come no help for us, I will do as it may seem good to you."

The citizens were pacified with this promise, and departed each to his own dreary dwelling, there to struggle for life five days ere they be given up to slavery, or perhaps, death. In silence they awaited their doom—hope for assistance from on high nearly deserted them, and sighs alone disturbed the mournful silence of the so lately animated city. After the dispersion of the people, Ozias received a request from the noble widow, Judith, praying his presence at her house, accompanied by Charmis and Chabris, when she would show him a way to save the city. They immediately repaired thither.

"Hear me now, ye Governors of Bethulia!" said Judith, when they were seated. "The words which ye have spoken to the people this day, are not right, saying ye will deliver the city to the enemy unless God help us within five days. Who are ye, that thus promise the help of God, and tempt Him thus? Ye know ye cannot find the depth of the heart of man, how, then, can ye pretend to know the mind of God, who hath made all things, or comprehend His purposes? God is not a man that He may be forced or threatened from His purpose, and if He do not save us within five days, He may after that. Let us call upon Him to help us, and He will if it please Him, for we worship no other God but Him, and He will not despise us, nor let Judea be wasted. Now, therefore, brethren, let us keep of good heart yet a while longer, for our brothers depend on us to defend the altar and the sanctuary. Remember what things God did to Abraham and Isaac, and what happened to Jacob; wait on the Lord in patience, and He will yet save us."

"All that thou hast spoken," said Ozias, "hast thou spoken out of a good heart, and there is none who may gainsay thy words. From thy youth, all men have known thy understanding, and this is not the first day that thy wisdom has been manifested; but the people were very thirsty, and compelled us to promise to surrender, and bring an oath upon ourselves which we cannot break. Therefore, pray thou for us, for thou art a holy woman, that the Lord will send us rain to fill our cisterns, and we shall hold out yet a while longer."

"Hear me!" said Judith, "and I will do a thing which few women would do, but which is now the only way to save the nation. Accompany me this night to the city gate, and let me and my waiting-woman pass forth, and within the days which ye have promised to deliver the city to the Assyrians, the Lord will save Israel by my hand! Inquire not ye of mine act, for I will not declare it unto you till the things I propose shall be finished."

"Go in peace," said the Governors, "and the Lord God go before thee to take vengeance on our enemies!"

At the time when the evening incense was offered to the Lord in Jerusalem, Judith clothed herself in sackcloth, and throwing ashes upon her head, knelt in prayer. "Oh, Lord God of our father Simeon!" she said, "hear me, a lonely widow! Behold, the Assyrians are multiplied in their power; they are exalted with horse and

man—they glory in the strength of their chariots—they trust in shield and spear, in bow and sling, and know not that thou art God who breakest the battles. Throw down their strength by thy power, for they have purposed to defile thy sanctuary where thy glorious name resteth, and cast down thy tabernacle with their sword. Behold their pride, and give into my hand the power to cast them down—deign to bless my purpose, and smite them by the hand of a woman. Thou, who art the God of the afflicted, the protector of them who are forlorn and without hope, hear my prayer, save us, and make every nation and tribe acknowledge that thou art the God, and there is none other protector of Israel but thee!"

When her prayer was ended, Judith arose, and having anointed herself, she plaited her hair, adorned it with jewels, and arrayed herself in one of her rich dresses which she had not worn since the death of her husband, Manasses;—her feet were decorated with sandals of scarlet and gold, while bracelets, chains and rings, ornamented the rest of her person. She was a woman renowned for beauty, and now that her majestic person was attired in costly and graceful raiment, she well might hope to attract the notice of the Assyrian General.

Having laden her maid with a bottle of wine, a cruise of oil, a bag of parched corn, and bread, and lamps of figs, she sat out for the city gate. The three Governors were waiting for her, and when they beheld her stately form approach, so richly decked, they broke forth in expressions of admiration.

"Welcome, noble Judith!" they exclaimed. "May the God of our fathers show thee favor, and enable thee to accomplish the enterprise thou hast undertaken to the glory of the children of Israel, and the exaltation of Jerusalem!"

At the request of Judith, the city gates were opened, and she passed forth with her maid, the three Governors looking after her until she had gone down the hill, passed the valley, and they could see her no more.

The heroine Judith had not long left the city, ere she was challenged by the enemy's sentinel.

"Who art thou? whence comest thou? and where goest thou?" he said.

"I am a Hebrew woman," replied Judith. "I have fled from the city to the Assyrian camp, to go before Holofernes, the Captain of your army, and show him a way to take the city, and pass through the hill country without the loss of a man."

The man gazed on her in astonishment, so beautiful and so magnificently dressed, and alone. "Thou doest well to save thy life by fleeing to Holofernes," he said. "Follow me, and I will conduct thee to his tent, and when thou standest before him, be not afraid, but say all thou wilt and he will entreat thee well."

So pleased were the guard with the appearance of this noble woman, that they placed her in a chariot, and a train of a hundred men entered the camp. As she passed, every one looked on with wonder and admiration, and while waiting without the tent of Holofernes, the people gathered around, uttering loud ex-

pressions of admiration. "Truly, these children of Israel are wondrous people," said one. "If their women are such noble creatures, what must their men be? Who would despise this people, who have among them such women?"

"So much more need is there of their extermination," said another, "for they are likely to become troublesome neighbors."

It was now quite dark, and Holofernes came from the tent, his servants bearing silver lamps before him. The General lifted her from the chariot, and led her into the tent. In the centre stood a couch, above which was a rich canopy of cloth, woven with purple and gold, and emeralds and precious stones. Holofernes seated himself, and motioned Judith to take a place beside him, but she threw herself upon the ground before him, imploring his mercy and protection. The Assyrian commanded his servants to raise her, saying, "Woman, be of good comfort—fear not in thy heart, for I never hurt any thing which is willing to serve King Nebuchodonosor, the King of all the earth. If thy people that dwelleth in the mountains, had not set light by me, I would not have lifted up my spear against them. But now, tell me, why thou art fled from them and come to us; here thou art safe, for none shall do thee hurt, but entreat thee well, as they do the servants of our King, Nebuchodonosor."

"Remember the words of thy servant," said Judith, "and suffer thy handmaid to speak in thy presence, and I will declare no lie to my Lord this night. If thou wilt follow the words of thine handmaid, God, through thee, will bring wonderful things to pass. As Nebuchodonosor, King of all the earth liveth! men and cattle and cities shall live by thy power under Nebuchodonosor, and all his house. We have heard of the wisdom and policy of Holofernes; and it is every where reported that thou art the most powerful and excellent man in all Assyria, and mighty in knowledge, and wonderful in feats of war. My Lord," continued Judith, "Achior hath been saved by our people, and hath declared all that passed in thy council, and of what he said regarding the children of Israel, who could not be conquered *unless they sin*, for their God protects them. Therefore, oh, my Lord and Governor, lay his words to thy heart, for they are true, and our nation cannot be punished, nor shall thy sword prevail against them, except they sin against their God. But now, my Lord, this people have resolved upon a great sin, and God will give them into the power of their enemies. Their victuals and water have become scant, and they have agreed to consume all the cattle and those animals and things which God, by his laws, hath forbidden them to eat! Thy handmaid knowing this, hath fled from the guilty city, lest I perish with them, and God hath sent me to tell thee, so that thou might be an instrument in His hand to punish the Israelites. Thy servant is religious, my Lord, and serveth God night and day, and He will reveal to me the moment when the people eat forbidden things, and consume the first fruits, of the corn and tenths of wine and oil, which have been sanctified and reserved for the priests who serve the Lord

in Jerusalem—things not lawful for our people to touch with their hands. Now, then, my Lord, be guided by me. Permit thy handmaid to go out in the plain each night to pray, and God will tell me when they have done this sin, and I will tell thee, then shalt thou go forth with thine army, and thou shalt have an easy victory."

Holofernes was astonished at all he heard. He thanked Judith for her offered services, and declared himself ready to act as she might dictate; while the officers and nobles who stood around, declared, "There was not such a woman on the whole face of the earth for beauty or wisdom."

"God hath done well to send thee hither," said Holofernes, "that by our hands destruction may come upon them that lightly regard him. Fair Judith, thou art beautiful in thy countenance, and witty in thy words. Surely, if thou do as thou hast spoken, thy God shall be my God, and thou shalt dwell in the house of Nebuchodonosor, and be renowned throughout the whole earth!"

At the evening feast, Holofernes called Judith to a seat near him, and would have given her of his own rich repast and wine, but she said, "Not so, my Lord, for it is against our laws, but I have here provision according to our customs, which I will eat."

"What if thy provision fail?" asked Holofernes. "We have none of thy nation here to prepare it for thee."

"As thy soul liveth, my Lord," said Judith, "these things shall not be expended ere thy handmaid shall work all that her Lord hath given her to do."

At her request, Holofernes gave orders to the guard to permit Judith to go out and in, to her prayers without the camp, that she might unmolested watch for the propitious moment to attack Bethulia. Judith then retired to a tent prepared for her, where she reposed until midnight, when she arose, and followed by her maid, went out in the valley to pray. How mixed were the emotions which passed through the bosom of the devoted Judith as she watched out the hours of night in that lonely plain. Her maid, stationed at some distance, was asleep, the watch-fires were out, the camp was silent, and of all nature, she alone seemed alive. As she revolved the great project for which she had come, the woman conquered, and her gentle nature revolted.

"Shall I be a shedder of blood!" she said. "Can it be right to murder him? I cannot do it; my whole soul shudders at the thought! I, who refused to crush the insect which offended me, shall I destroy man—shall I lay him low who now treads the earth so gloriously. Oh, that there were some other way? How shall these small, these tender hands, smite the lordly Assyrian? Perchance he hath a wife who watcheth for him at home, and loves him as I loved my lost Manasses. Shall I make her the lonely widow that I am? Oh, Father above, save me from all this duplicity and crime!"

As Judith raised her eyes, they fell upon the gloomy towers of Bethulia, distinctly seen against the star-lit

sky. She thought upon all the misery and despair within those silent walls, and of the many hearts who were looking to her for deliverance, and her strength of purpose again returned. Crushing her woman's tenderness, she arose, firmly resolved to tread unshrinkingly the path she had chosen, which, even if it led through blood, would save her country and the holy temple. Holofernes once slain, his dastard soldiers, no longer guided by his experienced hand, would be scattered like rushes before the wind.

On the fourth day, Holofernes made a great feast, and calling Bagoas, his confidential servant to him, said, "Go, now, and persuade this Hebrew woman whom I have placed in thy charge, to come in to my feast and drink with me. It is a shame to have this splendid woman here and not share more of her company; truly, she will laugh us to scorn."

Bagoas sought Judith. "Fair damsel," he said, "art thou afraid of my Lord that thou comest not into his presence? Come and drink wine, and be merry with us, and be made this day as one of the daughters of Assyria, which serve in the house of Nebuchodonosor."

"Who am I now, that I should gainsay my Lord?" said Judith. "Surely, whatsoever pleaseth Him, I will do speedily, and it shall be my joy unto the day of my death!"

Radiant with beauty, and in rich attire, Judith entered the banquet tent, and seated herself on a couch spread with soft furs which her maid had prepared for her, opposite to Holofernes. The Assyrian gazed in rapture, and resolved to leave nothing undone to gain this beautiful Hebrew to himself.

"Drink and be merry with us, Judith," he said. "Be not afraid of me, for my heart is filled with love for thee. Thou art the fairest of women, oh, Judith." "I will drink, now, my Lord," said Judith, "because my life is magnified in me this day more than all the days since I was born."

Judith ate and drank what her maid had prepared, and so excited the Assyrian by her beauty and wit, that he drank more than he had ever been accustomed, and Judith foresaw he would be in a state fitting for her purpose. When the feast was over, and the guests departed, Bagoas dismissed the servants, who were weary, and soon went to their beds, while he closed the tent, and left Judith alone with Holofernes.

The Assyrian, insensible to the presence of his charming guest, had thrown himself on his couch, where he now lay in a drunken slumber. The propitious moment had arrived for the execution of the great purpose for which Judith had come. She listened—all was silent, and she approached the couch. The terrible enemy—her country's destroyer was before her; one blow of her hand, and Israel would be free!

"Shall I slay thee sleeping?" murmured Judith, "thou who wast so kind to me—whose words of love but now have met mine ear? Yea, bloodhound! thou that wouldst slaughter my brethren—that wouldst demolish our holy temple! thy hour is come! If that form be erect to-morrow—if that arm be stretched out,

Israel is lost! Oh, Lord God of all power! look down upon me now, and bless the work of my hand, for the exaltation of Jerusalem!"

At the head of the couch hung a falchion. Judith, taking the weapon in one hand, and the hair of her drunken foe in the other, and exclaiming, "Oh, Lord of Israel, strengthen me this day!" smote off the Assyrian's head. At her signal her maid entered, who, tearing down the jewelled canopy, wrapped the head in it, placed it in her bag, and following her mistress, they left the camp unmolested, as if for their usual prayer, and hastened up to the gate of Bethulia.

"Open! open now the gate!" cried the successful Judith to the guard. "God, even our God, is with us, to show his power yet in Jerusalem, and for the downfall of Assyria! The watchmen ran down joyfully to admit her, and brought her to an open space near the gate, where stood the Governors and a large concourse of people around a large watchfire, who had thus been waiting and watching for her, since the evening of her departure. "Praise! praise God!" cried Judith, advancing towards them. "Praise God, for he hath not taken away his mercy from the house of Israel, but hath destroyed our enemies by my hands this night! Behold the head of Holofernes!" she continued, as her maid held up the head, "the chief Captain of the army of Assur, and behold the glittering canopy under which he did lie in his drunkenness! The Lord hath smitten him by the hand of a woman! As the Lord liveth, who kept me in my way as I went! my countenance hath deceived him to his destruction, and yet hath he not committed sin with me, to defile or shame me."

The people were astonished; they gazed on the heroic woman in silence, and then as if by one impulse, bowed themselves and worshipped God.

"Blessed be thou, oh, our God!" they said. "This day thou hast brought to nought the enemies of thy people."

"Oh, daughter!" cried Ozias, "blessed art thou of the most high God, above all women upon the earth; and blessed be the Lord God, which hath created the heavens and the earth, which hath directed thee to the cutting off the head of the chief of our enemies. May thy confidence in the power of God, dispose the hearts of men to remember him in affliction. And God turn these things to thy perpetual praise, to visit thee with good things, because thou hast offered thyself for the good of our nation; hath revenged us, and walked straight before thy God!"

And all the people with one voice, cried, "Amen!"

"Hear me now, my brethren," said Judith, "take this head and hang it upon the highest place of your walls; and soon as the morning shall appear, and the sun come forth upon the earth, send out all the soldiers from the city, as if to make a sally upon the Assyrians, but go not down. Then shall they assemble themselves and put on their armor, and go to the tent of Holofernes, to awaken him; and lo, when they find him so mysteriously dead, fear will fall upon them, and they shall fly. Then pursue them, ye Israelites, and they

shall be a spoil to your arms. But before ye do these things, call me hither, Achior, that he may behold him that despised the God of Israel."

Achior was sent for, and when he saw the multitude of people, and the head of Holofernes, which a soldier held aloft, and beheld the heroic Judith, standing before him, arrayed in magnificent attire, her countenance glowing, and her eyes flashing proudly upon the fallen Assyrian, he thought the avenging Deity of the Israelites stood before him, and he fainted at her feet.

When he revived, he kissed the hem of her robe, exclaiming, "Blessed art thou in Judea: and all the nations at the hearing of thy name shall be astonished! Tell me all thou hast done to bring to pass these wonderful things."

Judith related minutely all she had done since leaving the city. The people listened attentively, and when she had done, they shouted aloud for joy, and accompanied her with all honor and reverence to her home.

When the morning broke, the head of Holofernes was hung out upon the wall, and the Israelites assembled without the gates. As soon as they were perceived the Assyrian guard ran to awaken their Captains.

"Awaken our Lord, Holofernes," they said to Bagoas, "for the slaves have the boldness to threaten battle. Let us go up and destroy them."

Bagoas knocked at the tent, but receiving no answer, ventured to enter, when the headless body of their general met his astounded view. Crying with horror, and rending his garments, he ran to the tent of Judith, and her absence confirmed all his suspicions.

"Treason, treason!" he cried, rushing out among the soldiers; "the slaves have dealt treacherously, and this Hebrew woman hath brought shame upon the house of Nebuchodonosor! Holofernes is slain!"

"Holofernes is slain!" re-echoed through the camp, and the soldiers trembled at the sound. The dread of the Israelite's God, which the words of Achior had inspired, had never left their bosoms; and now, completely terrified, they every moment expected this awful God to appear, and strike them as he had their General. The people rushed madly about. Confusion prevailed, and in spite of all the efforts of their officers, the panic spread from rank to rank, and the army fled, half of them knowing not all that had happened, but only hearing that the avenging God of the Hebrews was pursuing them.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

The step of the avenger, however, was not far behind them. The inhabitants of Bethulia rushed out after the fugitives, and sending messengers to the towns around, the people ran out, and soon the miserable Assyrians were assailed on all sides by the citizens of Betomasthom, and Chobai, and the people of the hill country of Galilee, and of the sea coasts. Thousands were slaughtered, but many escaped and fled to their own country, and Israel was free!

The spoils were great, especially the camp of the Assyrians which fell into the hands of the Bethulians.

Great was the joy of the inhabitants of Jerusalem at their deliverance, and the name of Judith of Bethulia was in every one's mouth, with terms of wonder and praise. To do her all possible honor, Joacim, the High Priest, resolved to visit and thank her for the salvation of her country.

Accompanied by a long train of the priest-hood, and the great and good of Jerusalem, he arrived before the gate of Bethulia. Judith came forth to meet him, and knelt before him. Blessings were showered upon her by every voice.

"Arise my daughter," said the High Priest. "Thou art the exaltation of Jerusalem, thou art the great glory of Israel! thou art the joy and rejoicing of our nation. Thou hast done much good in Israel, with thy hand; and God is pleased therewith. Blessed be thou of the Almighty Lord forevermore!" And all the people cried "Amen!"

To Judith was given the tent of Holofernes, which was of costly material, adorned with gold and jewels, and with it all his plate, and beds of silver, and vessels of gold, and rich stuffs. This she resolved to dedicate to the Lord in Jerusalem. It was placed upon a triumphal car, followed by a great train of priests, and soldiers, whose armor was adorned with garlands, and who shouted for joy.

Judith followed by her maid, both crowned with olive garlands, preceded the car, surrounded by the women of Bethulia, dancing, and singing songs of praise. When arrived in sight of Jerusalem, they pointed to the temple, which like a snowy mountain, reflected the rays of the sun.

"Behold our Sacred Temple!" they cried. "Thou hast saved it from the idolater. Behold it is glorious in gold and in marble and in precious stones, and but for thee it were a smoking ruin!" Tears of joy and gratitude, fell from the eyes of Judith, and she felt she was repaid for all she had done.

The procession ascended to the city, and up the marble steps of the Temple, and through its magnificent courts into the glorious space which surrounds the Temple itself. Here were offered their sacrifices and burnt-offerings and free-offerings. Judith felt a glow of gratitude to God as she gazed around her, upon the sculptured marble, the altar of brass, and the brazen laver, and marble tables, and other rich furniture of the Court, and gazed at the graceful Temple whose richly embroidered curtain was raised, and gave her a view of golden furniture, and scarlet and purple within, and remembered that her feeble arm, made strong by God, had saved all these sacred things from the hand of the enemy. The High Priest was then in his splendid robes of blue and purple and scarlet embroidery, adorned with jewels, and bordered with golden bells and pomegranates—while around him stood the sons of Levi, in their blue fringed robes of white linen—together a glorious and most wonderful array.

Judith, unable to repress her feelings longer, broke forth in the following song of thanksgiving and triumph, while the people accompanied her with instruments and shouting :

JUDITH'S SONG.

Strike to the Lord on the loud sounding cymbal,
Sing, and ring out the sweet bells of the timbrel,
Exalt, with new songs, our Lord's glorious name,
Who hath put the bold sons of Assyria to shame.

Our mountains were clothed by the hosts of the foe ;
In vain, through their ranks, seek our torrents to flow ;
On, on ! like the waves of the dark rolling main,
O'er mountains, they come, over valley and plain.

Then trembled our boldest, their vauntings were hushed,
And the hopes of our bravest and wisest were crushed ;
In terror, we called on Jehovah for aid,
He spoke, and the waves of destruction were staid.

The mighty hath fallen, but not in the fray,
For Judith came forth in her festive array,
In sandals and tire, wrought with jewels and gold,
And heart, by the might of Jehovah made bold.

She dazzled the foe by the power of her charms,
And rescued her land from the fear of his arms ;
The son of Assyria was caught in her toils,
His tent and his riches and gold were her spoils.

With falchion uplifted, she called on the Lord—
She struck, and Judea was freed by her sword.
Then quailed the Assyrian, and Media grew pale,
And trembled the Perse at the terrible tale.

Their leader has fallen ! they fly at the sound—
Our spearmen pursue, and their dead strew the ground.
Then shout, sons of Judea ! and sing a new song,
To our glorious Lord, at whose presence the strong
Are bow'd to the earth, and mountains o'erthrown,
And rocks from their summits are shaken and strown.

Woe, woe, to the nations who threaten us harm !
Against them Jehovah shall stretch out his arm,
And vengeance and fire shall pursue them for ever,
And the voice of their wailing and weeping cease never !

E. R. S.

Original.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

EVENING closed round the castle hall
Where gathered a noble band.
The gloom of the storm wrapt each warrior form,
As they mourned for their father land.
A bard was there ; and wearily rung
His trembling notes, as the minstrel sung,
With blanching cheek, and tearful eye,
The dirge of his country's slavery.

Morning broke on that castle hall,
Where gathered that noble band ;
And each heart was free as in merry glee,
They joyed for their father land.
A bard was there ; and cheerily rung
His swelling notes as the minstrel sung,
With ruddy cheek, and glistening eye,
The song of his country's victory !

E. F. H.

Original.

MALAESKA.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE traveller, who has stopped at Catskill on his way up the Hudson, will remember that a creek of no insignificant breadth washes one side of the village, and that a heavy stone dwelling stands a little up from the water, on a point of verdant meadow-land, which forms a lip of the stream, where it empties into the more majestic river. This farm-house is the only object that breaks the green and luxuriant beauty of the point, on that side, and its quiet and entire loneliness contrasts pleasantly with the bustling and crowded little village on the opposite body of land. There is much to attract attention to that dwelling. Besides occupying one of the most lovely sites on the river, it is remarkable for an appearance of old-fashioned comfort at variance with the pillared houses and rustic cottages which meet the eye everywhere on the banks of the Hudson. There are no flowers to fling fragrance about it, and but little of embellishment is manifest in its grounds; but it is surrounded by an abundance of thrifty fruit-trees; an extensive orchard sheds its rich foliage to the sunshine on the back, and the sward is thick and heavy which slopes greenly from the front-door down to the river's brink.

The interior of the house retains an air of substantial comfort which answers well to the promise conveyed without. The heavy furniture has grown old with its occupants; rich, it has been in its time, and now, it possesses the rare quality of fitness, and of being in harmony with surrounding things. Everything about that house is in perfect keeping with the character and appearance of its owner. The occupant, himself, is a fine stately farmer of the old class—shrewd, penetrating and intelligent—one of those men who contrive to keep the heart green when the frost of age is chilling the blood and whitening upon the brow. He has already numbered more than the three score years and ten allotted to man. His habits and the fashion of his attire are those of fifty years ago. He still clings to huge wood fires, apples and cider in the winter season; and allows a bevy of fine cows to pasture on the rich grass in front of his dwelling in the summer. All the hospitable feelings of former years remain warm at his heart. He is indeed a fine specimen of the staunch Republican farmer of the last century, occupying the house which his father erected, and enjoying a fresh old age beneath the roof-tree which shadowed his infancy.

During a sojourn in this vicinity last season, it was one of our greatest pleasures to spend an evening with the old gentleman, listening to legends of the Indians; reminiscences of the Revolution, and pithy remarks on the present age, with which he loved to entertain us, while we occasionally interrupted him by comparing knitting-work with the kind old lady, his wife, or by praises of a sweet little grandchild who *would* cling about his knees and play with the silver buckles on his shoes as he talked. That tall, stately old man, and the sweet child, made a beautiful picture of "age at play

with infancy," when the fire-light flickered over them, to the ancient family-pictures painted in Holland, hanging on the wall behind us in the old-fashioned oval frames, which, with the heavy Dutch Bible which lay on the stand, secured with hasps and brass hinges ponderous as the fastenings of a prison door, were family relics precious to the old gentleman from antiquity and association. Yes, the picture was pleasant to look upon; but there was more pleasure in listening to his legends and stories. If the one here related, is not exactly as he told it, he will not fail to recognize the beautiful young Indian girl, whom he described to us, in the character of Malaeska.

At the time of our story, the beautiful expanse of country which stretches from the foot of the Catskill Mountains to the Hudson, was one dense wilderness. The noble stream glided on in the solemn stillness of nature, shadowed by trees that had battled with storms for centuries, its surface, as yet, unbroken, save by the light prow of the Indian's canoe. The lofty rampart of mountains, frowned against the sky as they do now, but rendered more gloomy by the thick growth of timber which clothed them at the base; they loomed up from the dense sea of foliage like the outposts of a darker world. Of all the cultivated acres, which at the present day sustain thousands with their products, one little clearing alone smiled up from the heart of the wilderness. A few hundred acres had been cleared by a hardy band of settlers, and a cluster of log-houses was erected in the heart of the little valley which now contains Catskill village. Although in the neighborhood of a savage Indian tribe, the little band of pioneers remained unmolested in their humble occupations, gradually clearing the land around their settlement, and sustaining their families on the game which was found in abundance in the mountains. They held little intercourse with Indians, but hitherto, no act of hostility on either side had aroused discontent between the settlers and the savages.

It was early in May, about a year after the first settlement of the whites, when some six or eight of the stoutest men started for the woods in search of game. A bear had been seen on the brink of the clearing at break of day, and while the greater number struck off in search of more humble game, three of the most resolute followed his trail, which led to the mountain.

The foremost of the three hunters was an Englishman of about forty, habited in a thread-bare suit of blue broadcloth, with drab gaiters buttoned up to his knees, and a hat sadly shorn of its original nap. His hunting apparatus bespoke the peculiar care which all of his country so abundantly bestow on their implements of sport. The other two were much younger, and dressed in home-made cloth, over which were loose frocks manufactured from refuse flax or swingled tow. Both were handsome, but different in the cast of their features. The character of the first might be read in his gay air and springy step as he followed close to the Englishman, dashing away the brushwood with the muzzle of his gun, and detecting with a quick eye the broken twigs or disturbed leaves which betrayed the course of

the hunted bear. There was also something characteristic in the wearing of his dress, in the fox-skin cap thrown carelessly on one side of his superb head, exposing a mass of short brown curls around the left ear and temple, and in the bosom of his coarse frock, thrown open so as to give free motion to a neck Apollo might have coveted. He was a hunter, who had occasionally visited the settlement of late, but spent whole weeks in the woods professedly in collecting furs by his own efforts, or by purchase from the tribe of Indians encamped at the foot of the mountains.

The last was more sedate in his looks, and less buoyant in his air. There was an intellectual expression in his high, thoughtful brow, embrowned though it was by exposure. A depth of thought in his serious eye, and a graceful dignity in his carriage, bespoke him as one of those who hide deep feeling under an appearance of coldness and apathy. He had been a school-master in the Bay State, from whence he had been drawn by the bright eyes and merry laugh of one Martha Fellows, a maiden of seventeen, whose father had moved to the settlement at Catskill, the preceding summer, and to whom, report said, he was to be married whenever a minister authorised to perform the ceremony, should find his way to the settlement.

The three hunters bent their way in a south-western direction from the settlement, till the forest suddenly opened into a beautiful and secluded piece of meadow-land, known to this day by its Dutch title of "the Straka," which means, our aged friend informed us, a strip of land. The Straka lay before them of an oblong form, some eight or ten acres in expanse, with all its luxuriance of trees, grass and flowers, bathed in the dew and sunshine of a warm summer's morning. It presented a lovely contrast to the dense wilderness from which the hunters emerged, and they halted for a moment beneath the boughs of a tall hickory to enjoy its delicious freshness. The surface of the enclosure was not exactly level, but down the whole length it curved gently up from the middle, on either side, to the magnificent trees that hedged it in, with a beautiful and leafy rampart. The margin was irregular—here and there a clump of trees shot down into the enclosure, and the clearing occasionally ran up into the forest in tiny glades and little grassy nooks, in which the sunlight slumbered like smiles on the face of a dreaming infant. On every side, the trunks of huge trees shot up along the margin beneath their magnificent canopy of leaves, like the ivied columns of a ruin, or fell back in the misty perspective of the forest, scarcely discernible in its gloom and shadow. The heavy piles of foliage which fell amid the boughs, like a wealth of drapery flung in masses to the summer wind, was thrifty and ripe with the warm breath of August. No spirit of decay had, as yet, shed a gorgeous breath over its deep, rich green, but all was wet with dew, and kindled up by the sunlight to a thousand varying tints of the same color. A bright spring gushed from a swell of ground in the upper part of the enclosure, and the whole surface of the beautiful spot was covered with a vigorous growth of tall meadow-grass, which rose thicker and brighter and

of a more delicate green down the middle, where the spring curled onward in a graceful rivulet, musical as the laugh of a child. As if called to life by the chime of the little brook, a host of white wild-blossoms unfolded their starry bosoms along its margin, and clumps of swamp-lilies shed an azure hue amid the grass.

Until that day, our hunters had ever found "the Straka" silent and untenanted, save by singing birds and the wild deer, which came down from the mountains to feed on its rich verdure; but now a dozen wreaths of smoke curled up from the trees at the northern extremity, and a camp of newly-erected wigwams might be seen through a vista in the wood. One or two were built even on the edge of the clearing; the grass was much trampled around them, and three or four half-naked Indian children lay rolling upon it, laughing, shouting, and flinging up their limbs in the pleasant morning air. One young Indian woman was also frolicing among them, tossing an infant in her arms, caroling and playing with it. Her laugh was musical as a bird song, and as she darted to and fro, now into the forest and then out into the sunshine, her long hair glowed like the wing of a raven, and her motion was graceful as an untamed gazelle. They could see that the child, too, was very beautiful, even from the distance at which they stood, and occasionally, as the wind swept toward them, his shout came ringing upon it like the gush of waters leaping from their fount.

"This is a little *too* bad," muttered the Englishman, fingering his gun-lock. "Can they find no spot to borough in but 'the Straka.' St. George! but I have a mind to shoot the squaw and wring the neck of every red imp among them."

"Do it!" exclaimed Danforth, turning furiously upon him, "touch but a hair of her head, and by the Lord that made me, I will bespatter that tree with your brains!"

The Englishman dropped the stock of his musket hard to the ground, and a spot of fiery red flashed into his cheek at this savage burst of anger so uncalled for and so insolent. He gazed a moment on the frowning face of the young hunter, and then lifting his gun, turned carelessly away.

"Tut, man, have done with this," he said; "I did but jest. Come, we have lost the trail, and shall miss the game, too, if we tarry longer; come." The Englishman shouldered his musket as he spoke, and turned into the woods. Jones followed, but Danforth lingered behind.

"I must see what this means," he muttered, glancing after his companions and then at the group of young Indians; "what can have brought them so near the settlement?" He gave another quick glance toward the hunters, and then hurried across "the Straka" toward the wigwams. Jones and the Englishman had reached the little lake or pond which lies about a mile south of "the Straka," when they were again joined by Danforth. His brow was unclouded, and he seemed anxious to do away the effect of his late violence, by more than ordinary cheerfulness. Harmony was restored, and they

again struck into the trail of the bear, and pursued it toward the mountains.

Noon found our hunters deep in the ravines which cut into that ridge of the Catskill on which the Mountain House now stands. Occupied by the wild scenery which surrounded him, Jones became separated from his companions, and long before he was aware of it, they had proceeded far beyond the reach of his voice. When he became sensible of his situation, he found himself in a deep ravine sunk into the very heart of the mountain. A small stream crept along the rocky bottom untouched by a single sun's ray, though it was now high noon. Everything about him was wild and fearfully sublime, but the shadows were refreshing and cool, and the stream, rippling along its rocky bed, sent up a pleasant murmur as he passed. Gradually, a soft, flowing sound, like the rush of a current of air through a labyrinth of leaves and blossoms, came gently to his ear. As he proceeded it became more musical and liquid, swelled upon the ear gradually and with a richer burthen of sound, till he knew that it was the rush and leap of waters at no great distance. The ravine had sunk deeper and deeper, and fragments of rock lay thickly in the bed of the stream. Arthur Jones paused and looked about him bewildered and yet with a lofty, poetical feeling at his heart, aroused by a sense of the glorious handiwork of the Almighty, encompassing him. He stood within the heart of the mountain, and it seemed to heave and tremble beneath his feet with some unknown influence as he gazed. Precipices, and rocks piled on rocks were heaped to the sky on either side. Large forest trees stood rooted in the wide clefts, and waved their heavy boughs abroad like torn banners streaming upon the air. A strip of the blue heavens arched gently above the whole, and that was beautiful! It smiled softly, and like a promise of love over that sunless ravine. Another step, and the waterfall was before him. It was sublime, but beautiful, oh, very beautiful—that little body of water curling and foaming downward like a wreath of snow sifted from the clouds, breaking in a shower of spray over the shelf of rock which stayed its progress, then leaping a second foaming mass down, down, like a deluge of flowing light, another hundred feet to the shadowy depths of the ravine. A shower of sunlight played amid the foliage far overhead and upon the top of the curving precipice where the waters make their first leap. As the hunter became more calm, he remarked how harmoniously the beautiful and the sublime were blended in the scene. The precipices were rugged and frowning, but soft rich mosses and patches of delicate white wild-flowers clung about them. So profusely were those gentle flowers lavished upon the rocks, that it seemed as if the very spray-drops were breaking into blossoms as they fell. The hunter's heart swelled with pleasure as he drank in the extreme beauty of the scene. He rested his gun against a fragment of rock, and sat down with his eyes fixed on the waterfall. As he gazed, it seemed as if the precipices were moving upward—upward to the very sky. He was pondering on this strange optical delusion, which has puzzled many a

dizzy brain since, when the click of a gun-lock struck sharply on his ear. He sprang to his feet. A bullet whistled by his head cutting through the dark locks which curled in heavy masses about his temples, and as a sense of giddiness cleared from his brain, he saw a half-naked savage crouching upon the ledge of rocks which ran along the foot of the fall. The spray fell upon his bronzed shoulders and sprinkled the stock of his musket as he lifted it to discharge the other barrel. With the quickness of thought, Jones drew his musket to his eye and fired. The savage sent forth a fierce, wild yell of agony, and springing upward with the bound of a wild animal, fell headlong from the shelf. Trembling with excitement, yet firm and courageous, the hunter re-loaded his gun, and stood ready to sell his life as dearly as possible, for he believed that the ravine was full of concealed savages, who would fall upon him like a pack of wolves. But every thing remained quiet, and when he found that he was alone, a terrible consciousness of bloodshed came upon him. His knees trembled, his cheek burned, and, with an impulse of fierce excitement, he leaped over the intervening rocks and stood by the slain savage. He was lying with his face to the earth, quite dead. Jones drew forth his knife, and lifting the long black hair, cut it away from the crown. With the trophy in his hand, he sprang across the ravine. The fearless spirit of a madman seemed upon him, for he rushed up the steep ascent, and plunged into the forest, apparently careless what direction he took. The sound of a musket stopped his aimless career. He listened, and bent his steps more calmly toward the eminence on which the Mountain House now stands. Here he found the Englishman with the carcass of a huge bear stretched at his feet, gazing on the glorious expanse of country spread out like a map, hundreds of fathoms beneath him. His face was flushed, and perspiration rolled freely from his forehead. Danforth stood beside him, also bearing traces of recent conflict.

"So you have come to claim a share of the meat," said the old hunter, as Jones approached. "It is brave to leave your skulking-place in the bushes, when the danger is over. Bless me, lad! what have you there?" he exclaimed, starting up and pointing to the scalp.

Jones related his encounter with the savage. The Englishman shook his head forebodingly.

"We shall have hot work for this job before the week is over," he said. "It was a foolish shot, but keep a good heart, my lad, for, hang me, if I should not have done the same thing if the red devil had sent a bullet so near my head. Come, we will go and bury the fellow the best way we can."

Jones led the way to the fall, but they found only a few scattered locks of black hair, and a pool of blood half washed from the rock by the spray. The body of the savage and his rifle had disappeared—how, it was in vain to conjecture.

One of the largest log houses in the settlement had been appropriated as a kind of tavern, or place of meeting for the settlers when they returned from their hunting excursions. Here a store of spirits was kept under

the care of John Fellows, and pretty Martha Fellows, his daughter, the maiden before mentioned. As the sun went down, the men who had gone to the woods in the morning, began to collect with their game. Two stags, rackoons and meaner game in abundance, were lying before the door, when the three hunters came in with the slain bear. They were greeted with a hoisterous shout, and the hunters crowded eagerly forward to examine the prize; but when Jones cast the Indian's scalp on the pile, they looked in each others faces with ominous silence, while the young hunter stood pale and collected before them. It was the first time that Indian life had been taken by any of their number, and they felt that in the shedding of red blood, the barriers of their protection were broken down.

"It is a bad business," said one of the elder settlers, waving his head, and breaking the general silence. "There'll be no clear hunting in the woods after this; but how did it all come about, Jones—let us know how you came by that scalp—did the varmint fire at you, or how was it?"

The hunters gathered around Jones, who was about to account for his possession of the scalp, when the door of the house was opened, and he happened to look into the little room thus exposed. It was scantily furnished with a few benches and stools; a bed was in one corner, and Martha Fellows, his promised wife, stood by a rough deal table, on which were two or three tin drinking cups, a couple of half-empty bottles, with a pitcher of water, backed by a broken mug, filled to the fractured top with maple molasses. Nothing of the kind could have been more beautiful than pretty Martha as she bent forward, listening with wrapt attention to the animated whisper of William Danforth, who stood by her, divested of his coarse frock, his cap lying on the table before him, and his athletic figure displayed to the best advantage by the round-about buttoned closely over his bosom. A red silk handkerchief, tied like a scarf round his waist, gave a picturesque gracefulness to his costume, altogether in harmony with his fine proportions, and with the bold cast of his head, which certainly was a model of masculine beauty.

A flash of anger shot athwart Arthur Jones' forehead and a strange jealous feeling came to his heart. He began a confused account of his adventure, but the Englishman interrupted him, and took it upon himself to gratify the clamorous curiosity of the hunters, leaving Jones at liberty to scrutinize each look and motion of his lady-love. He watched with a jealous feeling the blush as it deepened and glowed on her embrowned cheek; he saw the sparkling pleasure of her hazel eyes, and the pretty dimples gathering about her red lips, like spots of sunlight flickering through the leaves of a red rose, and his heart sickened with distrust. But when the handsome hunter laid his hand on hers, and bent his head, till the short curls on his temples almost mingled with her glossy ringlets, the lover could bear the sight no longer. Breaking from the little band of hunters, he stalked majestically into the house, and approaching the object of his uneasiness, exclaimed, "Martha Fellows;" in a voice which caused the pretty

culprit to snatch her hand from under the hunter's, and to overturn two empty tin cups in her fright.

"Sir," said Martha, recovering herself, and casting a mischievous glance at Danforth, which was reciprocated with interest.

Mr. Arthur Jones felt that he was making himself ridiculous, and suppressing his wrath, he finished his magnificent commencement. "Will you give me a drink of water?" At which Martha pointed with her little embrowned hand to the pitcher, saying,

"There it is," then turning her back to her lover, she cast another arch glance at Danforth, and taking his cap from the table, began to blow upon the yellow fur, and put it to her cheek, as if it had been a pet kitten she was caressing, and all for the laudable purpose of tormenting the man who loved her, and whom she loved better than anything in existence. Jones turned on her a bitter, contemptuous look, and raising the pitcher to his lips left the room. In a few minutes the other hunters entered, and Jason Fellows, father to Martha, announced it as decided by the hunters, who had been holding a kind of council without—that Arthur Jones and William Danforth, as the two youngest members of the community, should be despatched to the nearest settlement to request aid to protect them from the Indians, whose immediate attack they had good reason to fear.

Martha, on hearing the names of the emissaries mentioned, dropped the cup she had been filling.

"Oh, not him—not them, I mean—they will be overtaken and tomahawked on their way!" she exclaimed, turning to her father with a look of affright.

"Let Mr. Danforth remain," said Jones, advancing to the table, "I will undertake the mission alone."

Tears came into Martha's eyes, and she turned them reproachfully to her lover; but full of his heroic resolution to be tomahawked and comfortably scalped on his own responsibility, he turned majestically, without deigning to meet the tearful glance which was well calculated to mitigate his jealous wrath.

Danforth on being replied to, requested permission to defer his answer till the morning, and the hunters left the house to divide the game, which had been forgotten in the general excitement.

Danforth, who had lingered to the last, took up his cap, and whispering good night to Martha, left the house. The poor girl scarcely heeded his departure. Her eyes filled with tears, and seating herself on a settee which ran along one end of the room, she folded her arms on the board which served as a back, and burying her face upon them, wept violently.

As she remained in this position, she heard a familiar step on the floor. Her heart beat quick, fluttered a moment, and then settled to its regular pulsations again, for her lover had seated himself beside her. Martha wiped the tears from her eyes and remained quiet, for knew that he had returned, and with that knowledge, the spirit of coquetry had revived; and when Jones, softened by her apparent sorrow—for he had seen her parting with Danforth—put his hand softly

under her forehead and raised her face, the creature was laughing—laughing at his folly, as he thought.

"Martha, you are doing wrong—wrong to yourself and to me," said the disappointed lover, rising indignantly and taking his hat, with which he advanced toward the door.

"Don't go," said Martha, turning her head till one cheek only rested on her arm, and casting a glance, half repentant, half comic, on her retreating lover, "don't go off so—if you do, you'll be very sorry for it."

Jones hesitated, she became serious, the tears sprang to her eyes, and she looked exceedingly penitent. He returned to her side. Had he appealed to her feelings then—had he spoken of the pain she had given him in her encouragement of another, she would have acknowledged the fault with all proper humility; but he did no such thing—he was a common sense man, and he resolved to end his first love-quarrel in a common sense manner, as if common sense ever had any thing to do with lover's quarrels. "I will reason with her," he thought. "He will say I have made him very wretched, and I will tell him I am very sorry," she thought.

"Martha," he said, very deliberately, why do I find you on terms of such familiarity with this Manhattan fellow?"

Martha was disappointed. He spoke quite too calmly, and there was a sarcastic emphasis on the word fellow, that roused her pride. The lips, which had just begun to quiver with repentance, worked themselves into a pouting fullness, till they resembled the rosebud, just as it bursts its leaves. Her rounded shoulder was turned pettishly toward her lover, with the air of a spoiled child, and she replied, that "He was always finding fault."

Jones took her hand, and was proceeding in his sensible manner to convince her that she was wrong, had acted wildly, foolishly, and with a careless disregard to her own happiness.

As might be expected, the beautiful rustic snatched her hand away, turned her shoulder more decidedly on her lover, and bursting into tears, declared that she would thank him if he would stop scolding, and that she did not care if she never set eyes on him again.

He would have remonstrated. "Do listen to common sense," he said, extending his hand to take hers.

"I hate common sense!" she exclaimed, dashing away his hand, "I won't hear any more of your lecturing—leave the house, and never speak to me again, as long as you live."

Mr. Arthur Jones took up his hat, placed it deliberately on his head, and walked out of the house. With a heavy heart, Martha watched his slender form, as it disappeared in the darkness, and then stole away to her bed in the garret.

"He will call in the morning before he starts—he won't have the heart to go away without saying one word—I am sure he won't," she repeated to herself over and over again, as she lay sobbing, and weeping penitent tears on her pillow that night.

When William left the log-tavern, he struck into the woods, and took his course toward the Pond. There

was a moon, but the sky was clouded, and the little light which struggled to the earth, was too faint to penetrate the thick foliage of the wilderness. Danforth must have been familiar with the track, for he found his way without difficulty through the darkness, and never stopped till he came out on the northern brink of the Pond. He looked anxiously over the face of the little lake. The fitful moon had broken from a cloud, and was touching the tiny waves with beauty, while the broken, rocky shore encompassed it with shadow, like a framework of ebony. No speck was on its bosom—no sound was abroad; but the evening breeze as it rippled on the waters, and made a sweet whispering melody in the tree-tops.

Suddenly a light as if from a pine torch, was seen on a point of land jutting out from the opposite shore. Another and another flashed out, each bearing to a particular direction, and then a pyramid of flame rose high and bright, illuminating the whole point, and shooting its fiery reflection like a meteor, almost across the bosom of the waters.

"Yes, they are preparing for work," muttered Danforth, as he saw a crowd of painted warriors range themselves around the camp fire, each with his fire-lock in his hand. There was a general movement. Dark faces flitted in quick succession between him and the blaze, as the warriors performed the heavy march, or war-dance, which usually precedes the going out of a hostile party.

Danforth left the shore, and striking out in an oblique direction, arrived after half an hour of quick walking, at the Indian encampment. He threaded his way through the cluster of bark wigwams, till he came to one standing on the verge of the enclosure. It was of logs, and erected with a regard to comfort, which the others wanted. The young hunter drew aside the mat which hung over the entrance, and looked in. A young Indian girl was sitting on a pile of furs at the opposite extremity. She wore no paint—her cheek was round and smooth, and large gazelle-like eyes gave a soft brilliancy to her countenance, beautiful beyond expression. Her dress was a robe of dark chintz, open at the throat, and confined at the waist by a narrow belt of wampum, which, with the bead bracelets on her naked arms, and the embroidered moccasins laced over her feet, was the only Indian ornament about her. Even her hair, which all of her tribe wore laden with ornaments, and hanging down the back, was braided and wreathed in raven bands over her smooth forehead. An infant almost naked, was lying in her lap, throwing his unfettered limbs about, and lifting his little hands to his mother's mouth as she rocked back and forth on her seat of skins, chaunting in a sweet, mellow voice, the burthen of an Indian lullaby. As the form of the hunter darkened the entrance, the Indian girl started up with a look of affectionate joy, and laying her child on the pile of skins, advanced to meet him.

"Why did the white man leave his woman so many nights?" she said in her broken English, hanging fondly about him, "the boy and his mother have listened long for the sound of his moccasins."

Danforth passed his arm round the waist of his Indian wife, and drawing her to him, bent his cheek to hers, as if that slight caress was sufficient answer to her gentle greeting, and so it was; her untutored heart, rich in its natural affections, had no aim, no object but what centered in the love she bore her white husband. The feelings which in civilized life are scattered over a thousand objects, were in her bosom, centered on one single being; he supplied the place of all the high aspirations—of all the passions and sentiments, which are fostered into strength by society—and as her husband bowed his head to hers, the blood darkened her cheek, and her large liquid eyes were flooded with delight.

"And what has Malaeska been doing, since the boy's father went to the wood?" inquired Danforth, as she drew him to the couch, where the child was lying, half-buried in the rich fur.

"Malaeska has been alone in the wigwam, watching the shadow of the big pine. When her heart grew sick, she looked in the boy's eyes and was glad," replied the Indian mother, laying the infant in his father's arms.

Danforth kissed the child, whose eyes certainly bore a striking resemblance to his own; and parting the straight black hair from a forehead which scarcely bore a tinge of its mother's blood, muttered—

"It's a pity the little fellow is not all white."

The Indian mother took the child, and with a look of proud anguish, laid her finger on its cheek, which was rosy with English blood.

"Malaeska's father is a great chief—the boy will be a chief in her father's tribe; but Malaeska never thinks of that when she sees the white man's blood come into the boy's face." She turned mournfully to her seat again.

"He will make a brave chief," said Danforth, anxious to soften the effects of his inadvertent speech; "but tell me, Malaeska, why have the warriors kindled the council-fire? I saw it blaze by the Pond, as I came by."

Malaeska could only inform him that the body of a dead Indian had been brought to the encampment about dusk, and that it was supposed he had been shot by some of the whites from the settlement. She said that the chief had immediately called a council to deliberate on the best means of revenging their brother's death.

Danforth had feared this movement in the savages, and it was to mitigate their wrath that he sought the encampment at so late an hour. He had married the daughter of their chief, and consequently was a man of considerable importance in the tribe. But he felt that his utmost exertion might fail to draw them from their meditated vengeance, now that one of their number had been slain by the whites. Feeling the necessity for his immediate presence at the council, he left the wigwam and proceeded at a brisk walk to the brink of the Pond. He came out of the thick forest which fringed it a little above the point on which the Indians were collected. Their dance was over, and from the few guttural tones which reached him, Danforth knew that they were planning the death of some particular individuals, which was probably to precede their attack on the settlement.

The council fire still streamed high in the air, reddening the waters and lighting up the trees and foreground with a beautiful effect, while the rocky point seemed of emerald pebbles, so brilliant was the reflection cast over it, and so distinctly did it display the painted forms of the savages as they sat in a circle round the blaze, each with his weapon lying idly by his side. The light lay full on the glittering wampum and feathery crest of one who was addressing them with more of energy than is common to the Indian warrior.

Danforth was too far off to collect a distinct hearing of the discourse, but with a feeling of perfect security, he left the deep shadow in which he stood, and approached the council fire. As the light fell upon him, the Indians leaped to their feet, and a savage yell rent the air, as if a company of fiends had been disturbed in their orgies. Again and again was the fierce cry reiterated, till the woods resounded with the wild echo rudely summoned from the caves. As the young hunter stood lost in astonishment at the strange commotion, he was seized by the savages, and dragged before their chief, while the group around furiously demanded vengeance, quick and terrible, for the death of their slain brother. The truth flashed across the hunter's mind. It was his death they had been planning. It was he they supposed to be the slayer of the Indian. He remonstrated and declared himself guiltless of the red man's death. It was in vain. He had been seen on the mountain by one of the tribe, not five minutes before the dead body of the Indian was found. Almost in despair the hunter turned to the chief.

"Am I not your son—the father of a young chief—one of your own tribe?" he said, with appealing energy.

The saturnine face of the chief never changed, as he answered in his own language, "The red man has taken a rattle snake to warm in his wigwam—the warriors shall crush his head!" and with a fierce grin, he pointed to the pile of resinous wood which the savages were heaping on the council fire.

Danforth looked round on the group preparing for his destruction. Every dusky face was lighted up with a demoniac thirst for blood, the hot flames quivered into the air, their gorgeous tints amalgamating and shooting upward like a spire of living rainbows, while a thousand fiery tongues, hissing and darting onward like vipers eager for their prey, licked the fresh pine-knots heaped for his death-pyre. It was a fearful sight, and the heart of the brave hunter quailed within him as he looked. With another wild whoop, the Indians seized their victim, and were about to strip him for the sacrifice. In their blind fury, they tore him from the grasp of those who held him, and were too intent on divesting him of his clothes to remark that his limbs were free. But he was not so forgetful. Collecting his strength for a last effort, he struck the nearest savage a blow in the chest, which sent him reeling among his followers, then taking advantage of the confusion, he tore off his cap, and springing forward with the bound of an uncaged tiger, plunged into the lake. A shout rent the air, and a score of dark heads broke the water in pursuit. Fortunately, a cloud was over the moon, and the

fugitive remained under the water till he reached the shadow thrown by the thickly-wooded bank; when, rising for a moment, he supported himself and hurled his cap out toward the centre of the pond. The ruse succeeded, for the moon came out just at the instant, and with renewed shouts the savages turned in pursuit of the empty cap. Before they learned their mistake, Danforth had made considerable headway under the friendly bank, and took to the woods just as the shoal of Indian's heads entered the shadow in eager chase.

The fugitive stood a moment on the brink of the forest, irresolute, for he knew not which course to take.

"I have it; they will never think of looking for me there," he exclaimed, dashing through the undergrowth, and taking the direction toward the "Straka." The whoop of his pursuers smote his ear as they made the land. On, on he bounded with the swiftness of a hunted stag, through swamp and brushwood, and over rocks. He darted till he came in sight of his own wigwam. The sound of pursuit had died away, and he began to hope that the savages had taken the track which led to the settlement.

Breathless with exertion, he entered the hut. The boy was asleep, but his mother was listening for the return of her husband.

"Malaeska," he said, catching her to his panting heart, "Malaeska, we must part; your tribe seek my life; the warriors are on my track now—now! Do you hear their shouts?" he added. A wild whoop came up from the woods below, and forcing back the arms she had flung about him, he seized a war-club and stood ready for the attack.

Malaeska sprung to the door and looked out with the air of a frightened doe. Darting back to the pile of furs, she laid the sleeping child on the bare earth, and motioning her husband to lie down, heaped the skins over his prostrate form; then taking the child in her arms, she stretched herself on the pile, and drawing a bear-skin over her, pretended to be asleep. She had scarcely composed herself, when three savages entered the wigwam. One bore a blazing pine-knot, with which he proceeded to search for the fugitive. While the others were busy among the scanty furniture, he approached the trembling wife, and after feeling about among the furs without effect, lifted the bear-skin which covered her: but her sweet face in apparent slumber, and the beautiful infant lying across her bosom, were all that rewarded his search. As if her beauty had power to tame the savage, he carefully replaced the covering over her person, and speaking to his companions, left the hut without attempting to disturb her farther.

Malaeska remained in her feigned slumber till she heard the Indians take to the woods again. Then she arose and lifted the skins from off her husband, who was nearly suffocated under them. When he had regained his feet, she placed the war-club in his hand, and taking up the babe, led the way to the entrance of the hut. Danforth saw by the act, that she intended to desert her tribe and accompany him in his flight. He had never thought of introducing her as his wife among

the whites, and now that circumstances made it necessary for him to part with her for ever, or to take her among his people for shelter, a pang, such as he had never felt, came to his heart. His affections struggled powerfully with his pride. The picture of his disgrace—of the scorn with which his parents and sisters would receive his Indian wife and half-Indian child, presented itself before him, and he had not the moral courage to risk the degradation which her companionship would bring upon him. These conflicting thoughts flashed through his mind in an instant, and when his wife stopped at the door, and looking anxiously in his face, beckoned him to follow, he said, sharply, for his conscience was ill at ease:

"Malaeska, I go alone; you and the boy must remain with your people."

His words had a withering effect on the poor Indian. Her form drooped, and she raised her eyes with a look so mingled with humiliation and reproach, that the hunter's heart thrilled painfully in his bosom. Slowly, and as if her soul and strength were paralyzed, she crept to her husband's feet, and sinking to her knees, held up the babe.

"Malaeska's heart will die, and the boy will have no one to feed him," she said.

That beautiful child—that young mother kneeling in her humiliation—those large dark eyes, dim with the intensity of her solicitude, and that voice so full of tender entreaty—the husband's heart could not withstand them. His bosom heaved—tears gathered in his eyes, and raising the Indian and her child to his bosom, he kissed them both again and again.

"Malaeska," he said, folding her closer to his heart, "Malaeska, I must go now; but when seven suns have passed, I will come again—or, if the tribe still seek my life, take the child and come to the settlement. I shall be there."

The Indian-woman bowed her head in humble submission. "The white man is good. Malaeska will come," she said.

One more embrace, and the poor Indian wife was alone with her child.

Poor Martha Fellows arose early, and waited with nervous impatience for the appearance of her lover; but the morning passed, the hour of noon drew near, and he came not. The heart of the maiden grew heavy, and when her father came in to dine, her eyes were red with weeping, and a cloud of mingled sorrow and petulance darkened her handsome face. She longed to question her father about Jones, but he had twice replenished his brown earthen bowl with pudding and milk, before she could gather courage to speak.

"Have you seen Arthur Jones this morning?" she at length questioned, in a low, timid voice.

The answer she received, was quite sufficient punishment for all her coquettish folly of the previous night. Jones had left the settlement—left it in anger with her, without a word of explanation—without even saying farewell. It really was hard. The little coquette had the heart-ache terribly, till her father frightened it away by telling her of the adventure which Danforth

had met with among the Indians, and of his departure with Arthur Jones in search of aid from the nearest settlement. The old man gloomily added that the savages would doubtless burn the houses over their heads, and massacre every living being within them, long before the two brave fellows would return with men. Such, indeed, were the terrible fears of almost every one in the little neighborhood. Their apprehensions, however, were premature. Part of the Indian tribe had gone out on a hunting-party among the hills, and were ignorant of the fatal shot with which Jones had aroused the animosity of their brethren; while those who remained, were dispersed in a fruitless pursuit after Danforth.

On the afternoon of the fifth day after the departure of their emissaries, the whites began to see unequivocal symptoms of an attack; and now their fears did not deceive them. The hunting-party had returned to their encampment, and the detached parties were gathering around "the Straka." About dark, an Indian appeared on the skirts of the clearing, as if to spy out the position of the whites. Soon after, a shot was fired at the Englishman before mentioned, as he returned from his work, which passed through the crown of his hat. That hostilities were commencing, was now beyond a doubt, and the males of the settlement met in solemn conclave to devise measures for the defence of their wives and children. Their slender preparations were soon made; all were gathered round one of the largest houses, in gloomy apprehension; the women and children within, and the men standing in front, sternly resolving to die in the defence of their loved ones. Suddenly there came up a sound from the wood, the trampling of many feet, and the crackling of brushwood, as if some large body of men were forcing a way through the tangled forest. The women bowed their pallid faces, and gathering their children in their arms, waited appalled for the attack. The men stood ready, each grasping his weapon, their faces pallid, and their eyes kindled with stern courage, as they heard the stifled groans of the loved objects cowering behind them for protection. The sound became nearer and more distinct; dark forms were seen dimly moving among the trees, and then a file of men came out into the clearing. They were whites, led on by William Danforth and Arthur Jones. The settlers uttered a boisterous shout, threw down their arms, and ran in a body to meet the new comers. The women sprang to their feet, some weeping, others laughing in hysterical joy, and all embracing their children with frantic energy.

Never were there more welcome guests than the score of weary men who refreshed themselves in the various houses of the settlement that night. Sentinels were placed, and each settler returned to his dwelling, accompanied by three or four guests; every heart beat high save one—Martha Fellows—she, poor girl, was sad among the general rejoicing; her lover had not spoken to her, though she lingered near his side in the crowd, and had once almost touched him. Instead of going directly to her father's house, as had been his custom, he accepted the Englishman's invitation, and departed to sleep in his dwelling.

Now this same Englishman had a niece residing with him, who was considered by some, to be more beautiful than Martha herself. The humbled maiden thought of Jones, and of the bright blue eyes of the English girl, till her heart burned with the very same jealous feelings she had so ridiculed in her lover.

"I will see him, I will see them both," she exclaimed, starting up from the settle where she remained full of jealous anxiety, since the dispersing of the crowd, and unheeded by her father, who was relating his hunting exploits to the five strangers quartered on him, she dashed away her tears, threw a shawl over her head, and taking a cup, as an excuse for borrowing something, left the house.

The Englishman's dwelling stood on the outward verge of the clearing, just within the shadow of the forest. Martha had almost reached the entrance, when a dark form rushed from its covert in the brushwood, and rudely seizing her, darted back into the wilderness. The terrified girl uttered a fearful shriek; for the fierce eyes gazing down upon her, were those of a savage. She could not repeat the cry, for the wretch crushed her form to his naked chest with a grasp of iron, and winding his hand in her hair, was about to dash her to the ground. That moment a bullet whistled by her cheek. The Indian tightened his hold with spasmodic violence, staggered back, and fell to the ground, still girding her in his death-grasp—a moment he writhed in mortal agony—warm blood gushed over his victim—the heart under her struggled fiercely in its last throes; then, the lifeless arms relaxed, and she lay fainting on a corpse.

To be continued.

Original.

T O A L A D Y

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A FADED ROSE.

LADY, thy little gift I prize;

'Twill soothe me 'mid my many woes—

For any gift from thee is dear.

Though it be but a faded rose.

That faded rose! a moral sad

Its dried and blighted leaves disclose;

And many a lesson may be learned,

By gazing on a faded rose.

When parted from its parent stalk,

That flow'ret withered, drooped and died;

So Love will wither, fade and droop,

Unless sweet Hope be by his side.

So life shall fade; a few short years

Of joy and sorrow here are known;

A few bright smiles, a few sad tears—

And Death has marked us for his own.

So beauty fades; the fairest cheek,

That with the loveliest color glows,

Before the heavy hand of Time,

Must wither like that faded rose.

But, like that rose, shall never fade

While Heaven vouchsafes a breath to me,

My heart's deep feelings, warm and true,

Which centre, dearest, all in thee. H. B. D.

THE BRIDE,---A BALLAD.

Written By Charles Jeffreys;

COMPOSED BY S. NELSON.



ANDANTE

p

Oh! take her but be faithful

pp

still, And may the bridal vow Be sacred held in after years, And

musical score for the first system of "The Bride". It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "warmly breath'd as now. Remember 'tis no common tie That binds her youthful". The piano accompaniment includes markings for "A TEMPO", "RITARDO", and "CRES" (crescendo), followed by three "p" (piano) markings.

musical score for the second system of "The Bride". The vocal line continues with the lyrics "heart: 'Tis one that only truth should weave, And only Death can part." The piano accompaniment includes markings for "AD LIB:", "Ritardo", and "CRES" (crescendo), followed by a "p" (piano) marking.

musical score for the third system of "The Bride". This system shows the continuation of the piano accompaniment, featuring "p" (piano) and "p p" (pianissimo) markings, and ending with a double bar line.

2. The joys of Childhood's happy hour,
The home of riper years,
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears;
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free,
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

3. Her lot in life is fix'd with thine,
Its good and ill to share,
And well I know 'twill be her pride,
To soothe each sorrow there;
Then take her and may fleeting Time
Mark only Joy's increase,
And may your days glide sweetly on
In happiness and peace.

Original.

TAM-O'-THE-DEE.

THE maid from the cot, and the lady from bower,
The lad from the plough, and the lord from his tower,
The huntsman whose horn winds the mort of the deer,
The ranger, so trim in his bow and his gear;
Oh! come ye to wildwood and listen a glee
Of Nora, the lassie, of Tam-o'-the-Dee.

Oh! now the Earl Dacre, of Arkendale lord,
Has come to fair Nora, to prate a love-word;
He has ballads enew, and of minstrels a host,
And all gallant they shine, for he spares not the cost;
And tho' he is old, like a younker speaks he
To Nora, the lassie of Tam-o'-the-Dee.

"The brisk sun of summer is not half so fair
As the gems which shall glint in thy bridal hair;
Forty vassals at will, and maids aye at call,
Thou shalt still walk the lady of bower and hall:"
"Without maid or vassal, 'twere better," thought she,
"To run the sweet wildwood with Tam-o'-the-Dee."

"And to each lord and lady thou shalt be the peer,
Not a knight but will take, at thy bidding, the spear,
Not a minstrel of Prévence, the soft land of lays,
That will not be harping thy beauty's praise."
"It would please me far better to hear," thought she,
"In wildwood the whistle of Tam-o'-the-Dee."

So she thanked Lord Dacre never a word,
Tho' he sung till each vassal fleered at his lord;
"He had better be bidding his beads," say they,
"And leave trolling to lasses a love roundelay."
"For than all his broad lands far dearer," thinks she,
"Is one lock of the hair of Tam-o'-the-Dee."

When Lord Dacre found that his suit it was cold,
He sent to her home all his gear and his gold;
"Here is gold for a Duchess," the father then cried,
"And here," quoth the mother, "is brave gear for a bride."

"He may send all his gold and his gear," thought she,
"But still I'll be lassie to Tam-o'-the-Dee."

Scarce an hour hath past by since Lord Dacre hath
gone,

And Nora now sits in her bower all alone,
And again ye may hearken a voice on the air,
Yet naught boots it me the Bard's name to declare,
For the blush on her cheek, and the blink of her e'e,
Both tell she is listening to Tam-o'-the-Dee.

"I come to thee, love, neath the broad bonnie night,
And tho' gallant yon star is, I know what's as bright;
'Tis thine own merry eye, Love, so cunning of hue,
That it still keeps me thinking and thinking of you:
Tho' ye hear it not, lad," with a blush, thought she,
"I'm sure I'm the lassie of Tam-o'-the-Dee."

If you ask of my home I must point to the wood,
If you wish for my wine, 'tis the blue mountain flood,

My wealth is a hawk, and a jolly brown steed,
My comrades are yeoman who draw at my need;"
"A hawk and a steed, and a yeoman for me
For still I'll be lassie of Tam-o'-the-Dee."

"Your mother I met her, but she pass'd me by,
With one flirt of her head and one troll of her eye;
Whilist your father did stoop with a bound to play,
And he never looked up but he said me nay:"
"'Tis the gold and the gear of Lord Dacre," thought she,
"But still I'll be lassie to Tam-o'-the-Dee."

"Never more to your father read I my love tale;
Never more to your mother my bonnet I veil;
Yet never loved lad with a heart more true,
For still it is thinking and thinking of you;"
"It is much my own plight, dear lad," thought she,
"For sure I'm the lassie of Tam-o'-the-Dee."

"Good cheer and high mirth was in Lord Dacre's hall,
And forty brisk yeoman stept forth at his call,
Now boot ye, good men, to my bridal to ride;
And they rode to the church, yet found never a bride;"
But as they shrank home was a laugh on the lea,
'Twas Nora the lassie, with Tam-o'-the-Dee. B.

THE MUFFLED KNOCKER.

GRIEF!—Grief!—'tis thine emblem so mute and drear,
Yet it hath a voice to the listening ear,
Of the nurse's care, and the curtained bed,
And the baffled healer's cautious tread,
And the midnight lamp with its flickering light,
Half screened from the restless sufferer's sight;
Yes,—many a sable scene of woe,
Doth that muffled knocker's tablet show.

Pain!—Pain!—art thou wrestling here with man,
For the broken gold of his wasted span?
Art thou straining thy rack on his tortured nerve
Till his firmest hopes from their anchor swerve?
Till burning tears from his eyeball flow,
And his manhood melts in a cry of woe?
Methinks thy scorpion arts I trace,
Through the mist of that sullen knocker's face.

Death!—Death!—do I see thee with weapon dread?
Art thou laying thy hand on yon cradle-bed?
The Mother is there with her sleepless eye
To dispute each step of thy victory;
She doth fold the child in her soul's embrace,
Her prayer is to be in her darling's place;
She hath bared her breast to thine arrow's sway,
But thou wilt not be bribed from thy babe away.

Earth!—Earth!—thou dost stamp on thy scroll of bliss
The faithless seal of a traitor's kiss;
Where the bridal lamp shone clear and bright,
And the dancer's foot through the maze was light,
Thou biddest the black-rob'd weeper kneel,
And the heavy hearse roll its lumbering wheel;
And still to the heart that will heed its lore
True Wisdom doth speak from the muffled door.

L. H. S.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Since our last number was published, *Mr. Sargent's* tragedy, "Velasco," has been performed five or six times with much success. *Miss Alexina Fisher* personated *Izidora* in a highly creditable manner, although we think she mistakes that line of the dramatic art for which she is formed by nature. We were generally pleased with her efforts, but she lacks power, and should be careful in future to enunciate more distinctly. We regret to be obliged to notice her habit of never sounding the final letter in words terminating in *ing*. Such enunciation belongs exclusively to Yorkshire. Care and study may eventually render this young lady a favorite with the public.

Mrs. Shaw's engagement succeeded *Miss Fisher's*. *Knowles'* play, "The Maid of Mariendorp," was produced in an agreeable manner, and the character of *Meeta* was beautifully personated by *Mrs. Shaw*. The interest of the play flags at the end of the fourth act, and we cannot say that it was highly successful. Its success at the Haymarket theatre, London, is undoubtedly to be attributed to the support given to it by the wealthy Jews residing in that neighborhood, since the author has attempted a defence of their character, as honorable to his head as to his heart. *Mrs. Shaw* appeared, also, as *Hero*, in *Knowles'* "Woman's Wit," a play, the language of which is so inverted and affected as almost to baffle the study of any artist. To study such a play is like working upon a rocky mine which contains no ample store of riches. *Mrs. Shaw* did not succeed in attracting larger audiences than others who preceded her. But the apathy of the public toward this theatre is gradually diminishing, and we have no doubt that the season will wind up with brilliancy. The company is certainly full of talent, and has gained much in strength through *Mr. Field*—a very capable, although not always, a careful actor. He is a great favorite, however, and we have every reason to think that he will maintain a high position upon the boards.

Miss Cushman, upon her benefit-night, appeared as *Romeo*, and enacted the part to general satisfaction. This young lady is worthy of much praise; but she should not overstep that department upon the stage, the neglect of which renders many of the artists of the theatre open to censure. Too much familiarity with an audience, or with the persons of the drama, not called for by the scene, usually has a bad result. A young gentleman made a powerful impression in the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," acting twice—the first time at *Miss Cushman's* benefit. We were much pleased with his evidences of discrimination and judgment, and we shall not be surprised to hear of his early advancement in the profession.

Opera has revived, with *Mrs. Bailey* as the *prima donna*. The engagement was opened with "La Sonnambula." "Cinderella" followed, and after that came "La Gazza Ladra." This opera contains some exquisite music, but is somewhat tedious; too heavy for the story. *Mrs. Bailey* is a sweet, but not a powerful vocalist. She is one of the most pleasing singers which it has been our fortune to hear; and the frequent applause and acclamation bestowed upon her exertions show that she is much esteemed by the lovers of music. Her execution is easy and graceful, and the vast improvement perceptible since she performed here before, has struck the public with surprise and admiration. As an actress, she is tame and spiritless, although, at times, she exhibits such fine touches of nature as induce us to hope that she will study to improve as an *artiste*. *Mr. Brough*, *Mr. Hughes* and *Mr. Jones* were the chief assistants of *Mrs. Bailey*, although we ought, perhaps, to include *Mr. Richings*, who played excellently, to say the least. *Mr. Brough* in the concerted music satisfied and delighted all. By care and study, he may become one of the best singers in the country. His gestures are too redundant and graceless. A little more nature would improve his acting vastly. *Mr. Hughes* surprised all by his perfect ease and familiarity with the music—his voice, however, has some defects, natural or acquired, which mar the grace of melody. Although competent to act his part well, in consequence of his confidence—yet he failed to exert himself to personate the *Podesta* to the satisfaction of the au-

dience. *Mr. Jones* is an uncertain singer. On one or two evenings he sang with good taste and power, but sometimes so differently that we were astonished. He should mend his acting, if possible. *Mrs. Hughes* and *Mrs. Richardson* appeared in two of the minor characters, but they have too little power to deliver with effect the music of *Rossini*.

We should not forget to remark that *Mrs. Gibbs* has appeared as *Don Giovanni* at this theatre. We wonder that a lady of her character and power, formerly the celebrated *prima donna* of Drury-lane, and one of the most popular vocalists on the English stage, should not be engaged for some nights. She would more than fill the place which *Madame Vestris* has left unoccupied—because, as a vocalist, and in personal charms, she is superior to that *artiste*. *Mrs. Gibbs* was first engaged by *Mr. Caldwell*. We should really like to know whether this fact has had any influence with managers in direct correspondence with London managers? If this be the case, the public ought to know it.

NATIONAL.—"The Last Days of Pompeii," a scenic play, founded on *Bulwer's* novel of that name, was revived early in the month—*Mr. Hamblin* personating *Arbaces*. The play is by no means perfect; yet, from the splendor of its pageantry and scenery, it is popular. One of the most palpable faults in it is where the blind-girl, *Nydia*, is told she shall never see *Glaucus* again! Every actor pronounced *Athenian* as if it were spelled *Athenean*, placing the accent on the last syllable but one. It seems to us that the stage-manager ought to know better than to tolerate such a barbarism. We were astonished to hear *Mr. Hamblin* adopt it. As the play was produced under his direction it may be that all the censure should fall upon him. We have, however, no means of judging. *Mr. Hamblin* was cheered each night of his engagement by the presence of large and fashionable audiences, and his acting was deserving of the deafening applause it continually received.

Madame Celeste has again appeared, and produced "The Spirit of Air," which merits no commendation, except so far as the mere scenery and machinery are considered. As a literary work it is miserable; and, as an acting play, bad; for *Celeste* appears not to the very best advantage. It is too plain that the piece was prepared expressly for her, and that the idea that the public would like to see some other artist in company with *Celeste* was wholly disregarded by the author. *Madame Celeste* is fully entitled to all the praise we have heretofore bestowed upon her, but she owes it to herself and to the drama to present the public with more satisfactory pieces than she has yet performed in. There are authors enough in the country who would furnish her with better plays than she possesses, both for her success and for the credit of the theatre.

Madame Stephan has, also, terminated a very successful engagement. She is, in the strongest sense of the phrase, a splendid dancer. The variety and newness of her steps and figures make her exhibitions among the richest of the kind ever witnessed in this country. We saw her with much pleasure in the several plays in which she appeared, and our first impressions of her capability we have found to be borne out by her great success and the admiration which she has excited. We trust that she may be speedily engaged, for no one, we think, in her department of art, can be more popular or give more ample satisfaction to the public. They who have seen her in "La Bayadere," must ever remember how exquisitely she seemed to exhibit the spirit of *Terpsichore* herself—how like a fairy she skimmed over the ground, reminding us of *Pope's* swift Camilla.

We learn that an Italian opera is soon to be played at this house, with one of the strongest casts ever known in this country. The admirers of music will hail the announcement with pleasure.

FRANKLIN.—This establishment has been closed during the month, in order that it might undergo some changes. It is now open, and the interior is much more neat than formerly. It has been painted with some taste, and offers a pleasant sight to the auditors. By attention among the artists, the house will become popular in that quarter of the city.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE HUGUENOT; a Tale of the French Protestants, by G. P. R. James: *Harper & Brothers*.—To one who is desirous of becoming familiar with the state of France at the period when persecution for religious opinions was in the ascendant, this work will be read with interest and profit; but the novel-reader, who has nothing in view except mere amusement, will be apt to pronounce these volumes dull. We have read a large portion of the work, and have become so desirous of finishing it, that we regret the lateness of the day obliges us to express an opinion before we have matured our judgment by a more thorough acquaintance with its character. The style of the work is rich and glowing, and the sentiments and imagery show that the author is a man of genius and a master of his art.

LETTERS TO MOTHERS, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney: *Harper & Brothers*.—The subjects embraced in this work could not be better treated than they have been in this volume. The work has been so justly and so highly praised by the press generally, that we are at a loss for new words of commendation. We bespeak for it the attention of every mother, as a production well fitted to suggest views highly important to the welfare of the youthful members of society.

TRAVELS in the Three Great Empires of Austria, Russia and Turkey: Lea & Blanchard.—The author is a close observer, and these volumes contain a vast amount of accurate information respecting the character of three empires but little known except by name. Mr. Elliott has so minutely gleaned from the fields over which he has passed, that he has presented the world with, probably, the very best accounts of Austria, Russia and Turkey as yet published. Any one at all interested in either of these countries, will be almost sure to find any object of his inquiry answered by turning to the pages of this work. The style is lucid and simple, and we anticipate many pleasant hours in perusing it.—*Wiley & Putnam*.

TALES, ILLUSTRATING THE PASSIONS, by G. P. R. James: *Lea & Blanchard*.—These stories are written in a felicitous style by one of the best of novelists. The workings and effects of Remorse, Jealousy, Revenge, Love, Despair and Hatred, are painted with strength and feeling. The pictures are all gloomy, more or less; yet they will be examined with avidity. The author seems to have taken the hint for forming this volume from the works of Joanna Baillie.

ROB OF THE BOWL: Lea & Blanchard.—We regret that it has been out of our power to peruse these volumes with the attention which they deserve, and which we ever feel disposed to bestow on works emanating from the author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson." We have, however, found time to look into them—here and there glancing over a page or two in one place, and a detached sentence in another, till we are satisfied of its merit, and that the author has added another green leaf to the laurels which he has so ably won, and which no American author keeps more greenly on his brow. *Rob of the Bowl* is a tale of Maryland. We have read enough to convince ourselves that the author has preserved his usual vigorous and free style of narration, and that his characters have lost nothing of their distinctness and originality.—*G. & C. Carvill*.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY: Lea & Blanchard.—This work, issued in monthly numbers, has more claim to the name of a novel than any other production from the pen of Boz. There is some slight exaggeration of character, but this is a point which the general reader will care little about. The satire is good-humored—never malignant. The author looks at life and describes it with much truth—laughs at folly and wonders that the world should be made up of such queer materials!

ADDRESS AND POEM, delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, at the Celebration of the Eighteenth Anniversary.—The address is from the pen of Edward Everett, and contains lucid views on accumulation, property, capital and credit. The poem is well written—of a humorous character—by James T. Fields.

THE EXPOSITOR; a new weekly paper.—We have read with sincere pleasure the several numbers of this work which have been issued. It is conducted in a masterly and dignified manner by *Louis Fitzgerald Tassiro*, a gentleman eminently qualified for the important and arduous task. The Reviews in this work are freighted with thought and knowledge, the miscellany is selected with good judgment, and the lighter articles, both editorial and communicated, are such as impress us with a very high opinion of the editor's skill. The work must prosper.

THE CORSAIR, is to be the title of a new weekly paper, which is to appear about the last of the month. It is to be edited by *N. P. Willis* and *T. O. Porter*; and, from the high opinion we hold of the editors, we are induced to think that the character of the periodical will be such as to gain for it an immediate circulation. The readers of the *Boston American Monthly* cannot but remember how excellently that work was conducted by Mr. Willis. In a weekly paper he will have a greater field for his peculiar and agreeable style.

THE MUSEUM of Literature and the Arts.—This work is published by *Brooks and Snodgrass*, Baltimore. It is conducted with zeal and ability, and arrays a list of well known contributors. The three or four numbers which we have received are enriched with entertaining, and, oftentimes, with learned articles. Much of the poetry in the work is of a high order.

EDITORS' TABLE.

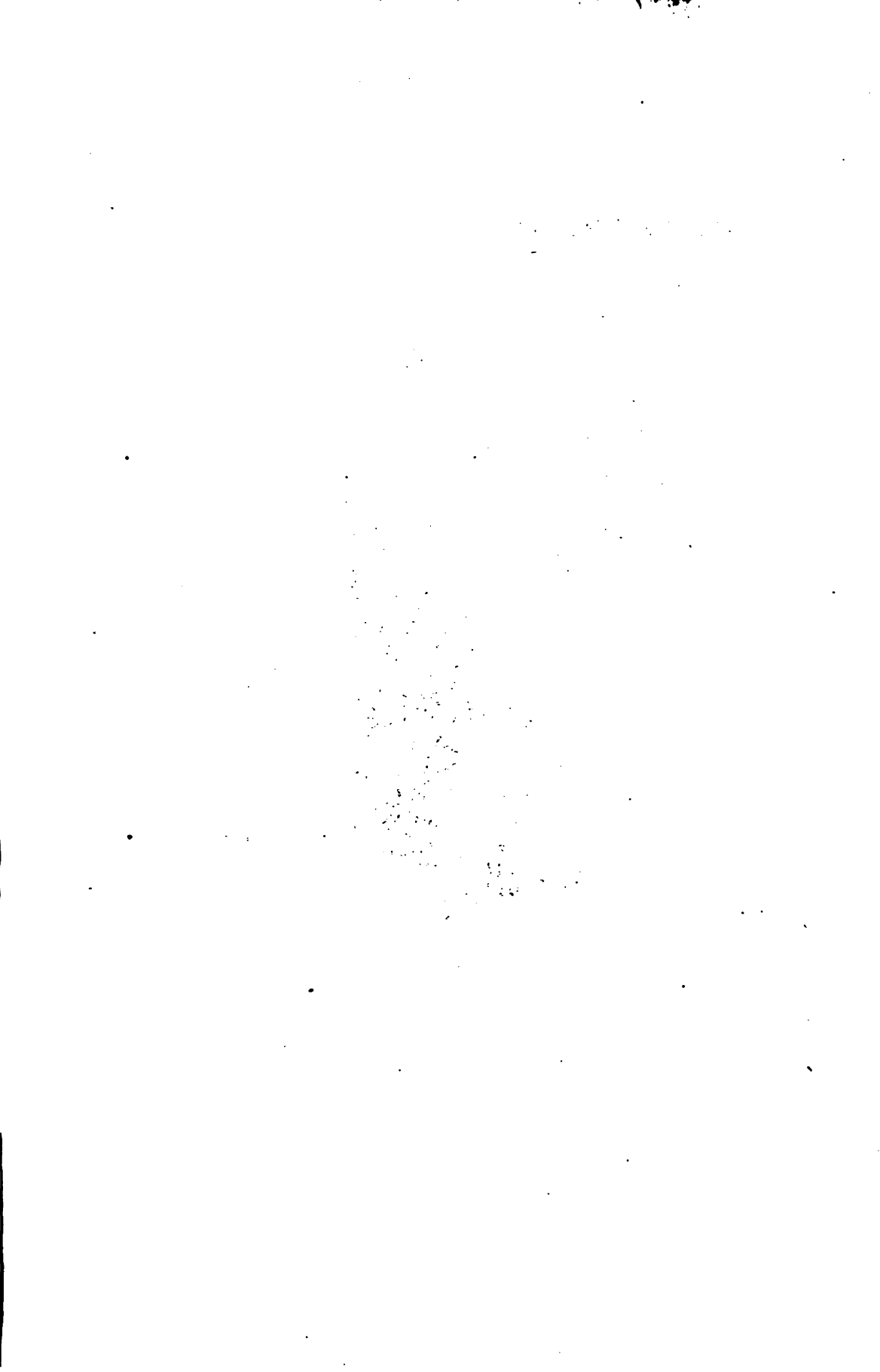
We learn the paragraph, in which Professor Ingraham was mentioned as a contributor to this magazine, has been construed as an announcement of his association in the editorship. That this mistake may be rectified, we find it necessary to assert that Professor Ingraham is not an editor, but a contributor to the work. We have purchased nineteen articles from his pen, which will be published during the next two years, at the discretion of the editors.

PLATES OF FASHIONS.—Our arrangements for the Plates of Fashions having been completed, we have the pleasure of stating, that in the next number we shall present the first of the series. They will be engraved upon steel, in the finest style of the art—not in outline, but with a finish surpassing any thing of the kind ever attempted in this country.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.—We learn that *Mrs. Watson* intends to retire from the theatre and devote her time and talents to instruction in music, provided she can make it an object by gaining a sufficient number of pupils. We trust, however, that she will occasionally be found in the concert-room, for the public cannot be deprived entirely of her pleasant voice. Good instruction in music in this city is much required, in consequence of the increased taste for it.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.—*Mr. David R. Barker*, 343 Broadway, has a large collection of portraits, by his own hand, which are daily gaining admirers. We are happy to learn that he is continually employed in copying "the human face divine." The rapid progress of Mr. Barker—his superior talent—his ability as a colorist—and his success in gaining perfect semblances, place him upon an eminence as gratifying to his friends as it is encouraging to artists of genius.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—This institution, which is a valuable association in such a city as this, has secured some excellent lecturers this season; but we have listened to no one with more delight than to *John O. Sargent, Esq.* His subject was *Mirabeau*, and powerfully was it illustrated by the talents and eloquence of the lecturer. It was one of the happiest specimens of oratory that we have heard for a long time. We hope Mr. Sargent will repeat or publish the lecture, as it is too good to be lost.





A. Beck

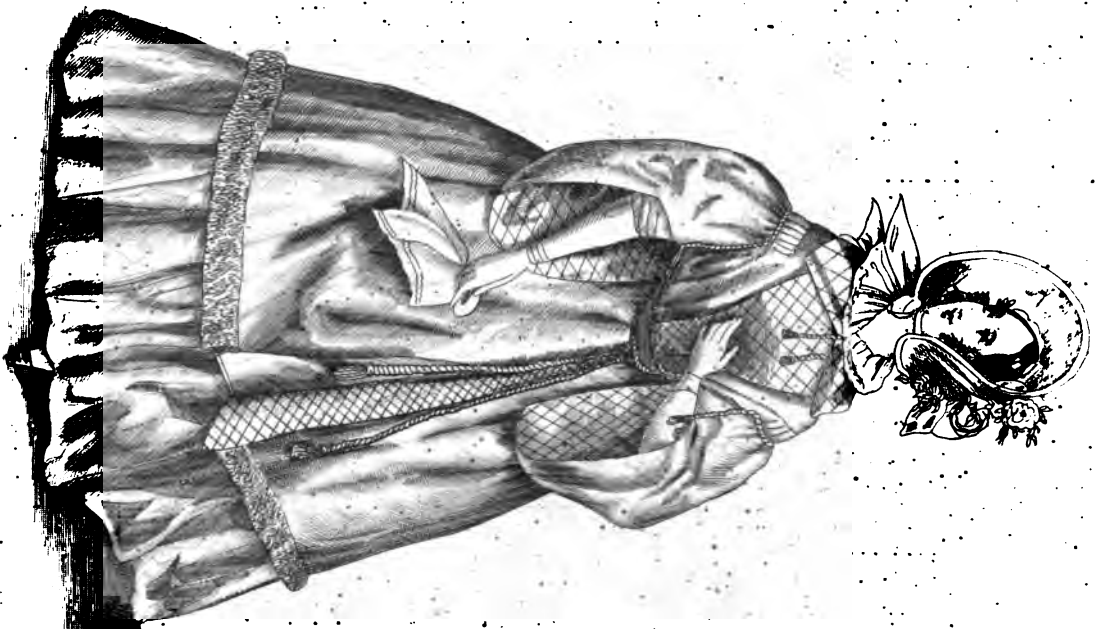
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THE SLEDGE.

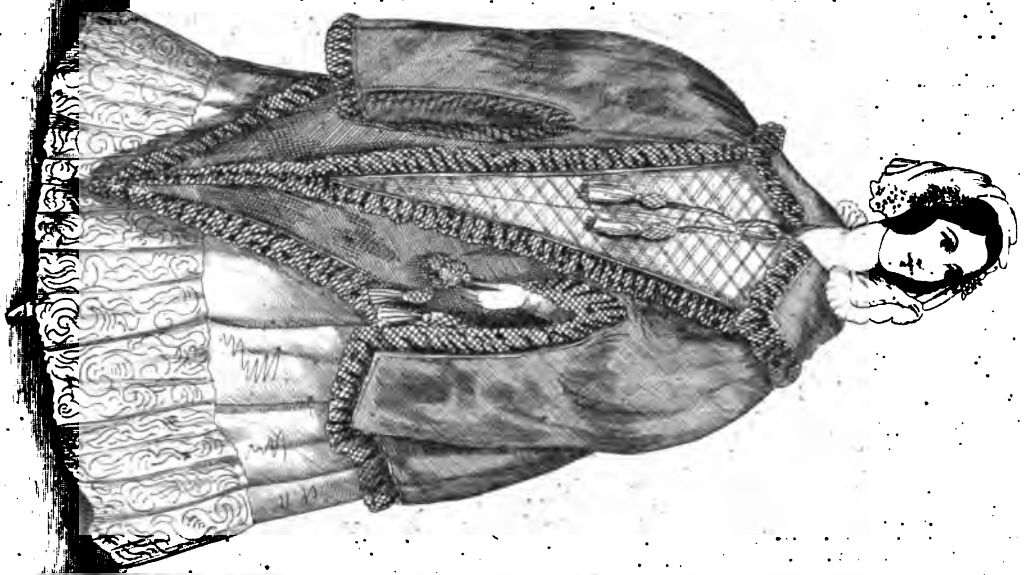
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Robing Dress



Evening & Morning Dress



Promenade Dress



THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MARCH, 1839.

Original.

THE SLEDGE;

OR, THE POETRY OF A WINTER SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE Spring is full of poetry—the sweet, “unwritten poetry” of nature. The singing birds have set it to music, and the south wind and the rivulets join in the symphony. It slumbers in the blue depths of an April sky—it nestles in the azure bosom of the violet—trifles with the fragrant breath of the May-flower, and glows in the pearly beauty of the snow-drop. It settles upon the branches when the first tender foliage sheds over them a delicate green, and on the hawthorn bush when its buds unfold like a shower of bursting pearls. When the trees spread their blossoms to the warm sunshine—when the orchards are laden with fragrance, and the deep forest is tangled together in a woof of flowers—when meadows are thrifty with rich grass, and the very turf blossoms as it is trod upon, then is the earth, indeed, full of poetry—rare, glorious poetry, breaking over the face of nature in a flood of loveliness, written out by the finger of the Almighty in the beautiful language of flowers, light, and music—a language that makes the pulse leap, and the heart thrill as with a sweet melody.

There is poetry in Summer. It lingers in the warm sunset of a July evening, and in the ripe, heavy foliage, laden with the crimson and golden fruit of August. It mingles with the dew that bathes the queenly bosom of the damask-rose, glows in the bloom which clings to the ripening grape, and is visible in the myriads of tiny wild-flowers that flush the pasture-lands, and are haunted by the hum of the roaming insects. It is heard in the low of cattle, at nightfall, and swells in the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will as he breathes his melancholly song amid the darkling leaves of the forest. There is a vein of rich poetry which melts with the summer into the gorgeous magnificence of autumn, which steals to the ripe foliage with the first hoar-frost, and kindles among it the dyes of the rainbow. The trees fling their regal drapery to the breath of coming winter, and then a sad, sweet poetry, like that which lingers about the grave, is abroad.

Wild and chilling is the Autumn as it merges into Winter; but with it comes the poetry of home, the associations which gather about the hearth-stone which embrace family and friends, and which keep the affections warm. The out-door world, too, is not without its interest; there is the bright clear morning with its icicles and its fairy frost-work—the day of wintry sunshine, when the glittering and crusted snow lies, a sheet of burnished silver, over the earth—the calm, pleasant snow-storm, when the flakes fall thick and large, like

tufts of down through the still air. There is stirring poetry in the soul-like dirge of the winter winds as they sweep through the mighty forest, with their wild and quivering howl—as they swell into a thundering chorus, and rush by with their terrible melody—and in their deep and more solemn lull as they mutter and sing through the leafless trees and awaying branches. When the clouds darken and thicken, the winds grow louder and fiercer in their wailings, and the storm begins to lash the earth with its fearful and boding wrath; when the doors creak, and the windows clatter, and the very houses seem to quake upon their foundations with the fierce and reiterated attacks of the winter wind; when the mingled hail, snow and rain, dash against our windows with fitful violence, now and then hushing their wild muttering, as if in sullen wrath at being thwarted in their attempts to besiege our dwellings, and again, as if summoning up all their strength into one effort of mad desperation, pouring a shower of pelting fury upon our trembling casements—when we sit in a hushed and awed stillness, listening to the unearthly music of the element, and rocked into a strange but beautiful lullaby, a meditative and poetic feeling, by their angry clashings, we feel that there is beauty and wild, sweet poetry in it all.

But the most cheering poetry lies in the merry, merry sleigh-ride. Each tone of the dancing bells is replete with life and animation. Each merry peal, ringing out its anthem upon the clear air, sends a thousand joyous sensations trooping up from the sanctuaries of our bosoms, like fairies from their lily homes.

Do you ask, reader, where is the poetry of a sleigh-ride? A fine body of snow has just fallen; go with me to any of the country villages down-east, and if we do not find something of it, things will have changed remarkably within the last five years.

Well, suppose yourself magnetized, my gentle reader, and sit down in the heart of some bustling country village, where the younger inhabitants are just preparing for a sleigh-ride. Mark that group of girls wrapped to the chin in cloaks and furs, their bright eyes peering roguishly out from their closely-drawn hoods, and the rosy lips parted with smiles as they stand in the piazza of that public house, waiting for the sleighs to draw up. They fold their cloaks tighter, and gather the furs to their pretty faces as the cutting air penetrates their apparel, sends a shiver through the frame, and calls up a brighter glow to their dimpling cheeks. There come the young men, bringing up the sleighs—and a fine set of fellows they are, each equipped in his Sunday's gear, his surtout thrown wide open to expose the snow-white linen and the collar nicely starched by the hand of some kind mother or fair young sister, for this especial occasion. Mark the expression of their brown honest faces—the triumphant pleasure which beams over them,

quicken the warm energetic blood upon their cheeks, and lending a vigor and buoyancy to every step and motion. They mingle with the girls on the piazza, now, and a happy group they are; each in the blooming spring-tide of life, in the first flush of their bright anticipations—without a care or a thought, save how they may best enjoy themselves. There is something beautiful in the inspiration reigning over the whole group, irradiating the faces and kindling up the eyes of all as they seat themselves amid the pile of furs and Buffalo robes spread for their reception. There is a tightening of reins and a cracking of whips; the horses bound away, animated and inspired as thoroughly as their masters. The merry, merry bells send out a crash of gladdening music. Sweet voices, mellow laughter and bright glances chime with the ringing melody! It is visible music—you can read every note and discern every swell and pause. On, on they go for a mile or more, like a train of railway cars, then the horses begin to find breathing time. The gentlemen forget their whips, and are partially absorbed by the pretty faces peeping out from their envious hoods; each, at last, becomes mindful only of his companion; we can guess at the conversation passing between that foremost couple. They have no thought for the snow-capped mountain, looming in the clear distance against a background of cold blue sky, nor of the quiet valley at their feet, cradled in a drapery of glittering silver. The youth grasps whip and rein in one hand, while the other is searching beneath his companion's cloak for a little hand which will not be coaxed from its nestling-place in the jennet-skin muff. The maiden's cheek is glowing to a rich crimson, and there is a look of mischievous triumph in her saucy black eyes as they sink beneath his too intense gaze. There is poetry in that scene which we need not interpret—a picture, too, with a lover's declaration in the foreground, and a wedding in the perspective.

Observe the ludicrous position of that couple who bring up the rear. To avoid a circuitous route, they have heedlessly plunged into a snow-drift, and their struggling horse is wholly unable to extricate them. They call in vain for help—their companions are dashing merrily on, casting no look behind, nor dreaming of the laughable plight the luckless couple have fallen into. Their mishap chanced on the edge of a pine grove. The trees bend over them, laden with a rich, white drapery, and the breeze sends down whole showers of powdered icicles and feathery snow into their shrinking faces. A little rural abode stands near, pouring out its rich curling columns of smoke into the still air. Its snow-wreathed roof is bathed in the silvery sunlight, its rude porch embowered in sheltering snow-drifts, and a caged canary sends forth its melting warblings from the closed window. The rose bushes and leafless shrubs, growing near the cottage, have just shaken off their beautiful burthen of snow and ice, and are lifting their slender twigs to the sun; the few scattered evergreens distributed thickly among the robeless trees, tower up in their sombre drapery, as if in triumph that winter with all his frost and storms cannot rob them of one summer gift, nor steal one tint from their garlands of eternal green.

Every thing—the cottage in its rustic beauty—the shrubs in their slender and delicate leaflessness—the caged canary with its melody, and the evergreens shrouded in their gloomy foliage, is full of poetry. But our unlucky pair have no eyes for the scene. Their companions are distancing them each moment, the ringing music of the sleigh bells grows fainter and fainter, and the sweet sound of laughter is no longer echoed back from the party. They are left alone in their mishap, annoyed and perplexed.

"Shall I get out?" inquires the lady of her companion, who stands, half sunk in the drift, shaking his reins, cracking his whip and striving to encourage the poor horse to fresh exertion. The gentleman replies by taking her in his arms and setting her down in the beaten track, where she remains stamping her pretty little feet to keep from freezing, and casting anxious glances, now at the struggling horse and then at the train of sleighs winding up the hill a mile distant. Relieved of its burthen, the sleigh is soon extricated, and with a careless laugh at the accident, they dash on again. We need not follow them, they will soon overtake the train, and all will end in a dance and supper at some public house.

There may be poetry in a city sleigh, with a mixture of mud, water and dirty snow to glide over, a troop of omnibusses and hackney coaches to elude, and a row of brick houses by way of prospect; but for my part I could never extract anything but the most disagreeable kind of prose from a winter ride through the town, unless it ended in a friendly visit, or a stroll through Mr. Hogg's hot-houses when his japonicas are in flower, his roses and geraniums full of blossoms, and his oranges so large and ripe, that one is sadly tempted to follow the example of our illustrious Mother Eve with regard to them. With all the poetry of flowers and fruit in perspective, one can afford to endure the mockery of a muddy sleigh ride in the city, but only with an excuse, that "the end sanctifies the means."

The plate before thee, reader, is not without its poetry. It is a creation of the artist, and the sledge is more fitted for the Winter-king or the Ice-spirit, than for man—although many of our race would like to be possessors of a similar one. To what country the sledge might be peculiar, we are at a loss to decide. It cannot be of our own nation, for though the scenery may be of any land, nothing so unique and magnificent as that sledge has ever presented itself in Broadway, or even in the imagination of the author of Norman Leslie. It may be of Canada, but far more likely, it belongs to some of the northern countries of Europe, to Denmark or Sweden, or perchance to the imperial court of Russia. It would have been a fit appendage to the haughty Catharine's palace of ice, and even her august self might not have disdained to seek amusement in a conveyance so elaborately designed and ornamented. It may belong to the court of Vienna, where fanciful vehicles of this description abound, and where sledge-riding is a favorite amusement—but it is useless to conjecture. "The Sledge" is a beautiful one, and we leave it to the imagination of the reader to decide what it is intended to represent.

Original.
SABINA POPPÆA.

A PASSAGE FROM THE REIGN OF NERO.

BY EDWARD MATURIN.

"With all my heart I hate thee."—RICHARD III.

CHAPTER I.—THE PANDER.

THE sun's last ray had streaked the east, and evening was casting her shades around the palace of the Tyrant. In an ante-chamber, overlooking the palace-gardens, and connected with them by a sloping terrace, was Nero. The impatient rapidity of his gait, as he paced it to and fro, and the anxiety with which he looked through the increasing gloom, evidenced his desire for the arrival of some one, or the receipt of some intelligence. As he walked, he muttered to himself, contemptuously: "Fool! to tell me of his love—knew he not I was powerful in my will, and reckless as to the means of its fulfilment? Seated at my board day after day, her beauty and accomplishments have ever been the theme. Dotard! the words which kindled curiosity, inflamed passion." He stopped for a moment and rushing to the door, which opened on the garden, bent his ear to catch some approaching sound. "Not yet, not yet," he continued, turning away with impatience; "no tidings from her yet. I marvel, Tigellinus, but thou shalt miss thy sesterces." He resumed his pace through the chamber, and with it the thread of his soliloquy. "Otho, thou hast been prodigal and luxurious, and like a Paris hast thou stolen thy fair Helen from another; but thou shalt find thy king is not to be outdone. Victor in the circus and on the stage, I need but one more laurel for my brow; the conquest of Sabina Poppæa. Fool! thou hast wanted for the last time." He was interrupted by the arrival of the expected messenger.

"How now, good Tigellinus! Hast thou prospered in thy suit?" asked Nero, hurriedly; forgetting the evil of his designs in the pleasure of success.

"The servant of Cæsar has done his will," replied the Pander, bending his knee to the ground.

"Rise, rise, trusty fellow," said Nero, "and tell me all. The purse is not lost that wins a mistress." And as he spoke, he thrust it into his minion's hand.

"It was difficult," said Tigellinus, "to gain access to one, whose hours are occupied with knights and gallants. However, I framed a tale of urgency, and was admitted to her presence. The *command* you gave me for an interview," continued the man, with the air of one experienced in matters of intrigue, "I changed to a *request*, for vanity would comply with the entreaty of a king, where pride would rebel against command."

"Thou hast judged rightly, fellow," answered Nero, as he hung intently on the words of his messenger. "What said she to that?"

"What could she say," replied the man, as a smile struggled through his grim and guilt-worn features, "but accede to the proposals of a prince, whose accomplishments have won the praise of all." As he spoke, he cast a furtive glance on Nero, to see if the flattery were well-timed to one whose vanity had frequently led

him to degrade his own person, and the empire he ruled. Observing a smile of satisfaction on Nero's countenance, he proceeded. "This very night she has appointed the meeting at her own villa; Otho sups with some dissolute companions, and she will be alone."

"Thanks, thanks, good fellow," cried Nero, as he strode the apartment in rapture. "Thou hast exceeded even the hopes of a lover." He stopped short as though some obstacle had occurred to mar success, and subdue his rapture. "Otho, Otho," he muttered, "how shall he be disposed of? Poison—the dagger." As the words gradually died on his lips, a convulsive shudder ran through his frame. The Pander bent forward to catch the mutterings of the Tyrant, and as he heard the instruments of death pronounced, like one whose heart had been seared in the service of guilt, his eyes glowed with a fearful and unnatural light.

"Spoke my lord of *death*?" asked the minion.

"Who heard me?" shouted Nero, starting as the word rang in his ears, like the echo of his own thoughts. "The very ground I tread on is vocal with the cry of blood." The guilty wretch clasped his hands to his forehead, as though to check the thoughts which goaded and stung him, like the whip of the furies. As memory opened and read her catalogue of crime, each one writ with the "pen of iron," and blazoned in fearful characters of blood, the Tyrant trembled, and extending his hands to repel some terrific image, he muttered indistinctly; "Not blood! not blood! my very banquet-board is stained. The shade of Britannicus haunts me there."

The Pander, anxious to dispel these fears, as their indulgence might interfere with his trade, and retard his advance in the imperial favor, moved cautiously to the side of the Tyrant and whispered, while his keen malignant eye rested full on Nero,

"The poisoned lip never speaks." The Emperor started as though an adder had stung him.

"My very slaves are parties in my guilt," he said to himself; he paused for a moment, as revolving devices for the removal of Otho. "Wouldst thou do it?" he inquired, suddenly turning on the Pander.

"When Cæsar commands, Tigellinus obeys," rejoined the man obsequiously.

"Out on thee, slave," cried Nero, stamping in one of those ungovernable fits of passion, to which Tyrants are subject, when stumbling-blocks lie in the path of their guilt. "But for thee, and minions such as thou, conscience would be silent, and night would have no terrors. Crime never presents her poisoned chalice, but she hath ministers to distil her potion." The Pander met his rebuke in silence, knowing that on the slightest opposition to Nero, the same fate would most probably befall himself, which he desired to mete to others. As his keen eye rested on the Tyrant absorbed in his own thoughts, meditating the difficulties which marred his will and the possibility of their removal, the latter started from his reverie and clasping his hands in rapture, exclaimed—

"Thank the Gods! they have not deserted me yet!"

"The worshipper is not forgotten, who pours liba-

tions freely," rejoined the Pander, with well-timed adulation.

"Peace," cried Nero, approaching him hastily, and speaking in a subdued tone. "It were not safe to seize the wife in the very gaze of the husband. He must away from Rome. His absence will not excite suspicion, and I fear to tamper too much with the patience of the rabble. I tell thee, when roused, they are a Hydra; and they would watch with greater joy the burning pile of their prince, than the sacrifice consuming on the altar. We might send him to a Province. Hold! Is not the Prætor of Lusitania dead?" Tigellinus rejoined in the affirmative. "Yes," he continued, "we will appoint him there. We will, as it were, hold him in displeasure, forbid his appearance in our train or within the walls of the palace." He paused for a moment, as in contemplation of his design. "Yet—the Empress—Octavia," fell brokenly from his lips. The Pander lost not a word, as the obstacle presented a chance for his hellish employment. He approached the Tyrant and whispered in his ear—"Agrippina."

"Owl!" shrieked Nero, as the daggers of his mother's assassins flashed before his eyes, "thy note is ever one of death. Repeat that tale again, and by Jupiter, thou shalt be torn asunder by wild horses." The wretch, poisoned as he was by the atmosphere of a murderer's palace, and habituated to scenes of horror, trembled as he saw the workings of passion, which might single himself as a victim. The manner of Nero, with the vacillation of one who shapes it to his ends, on the instant forsook its sternness. "Serve me in this, good fellow," he said, "and thou shalt name thine own reward. I tire of Octavia, even though she have Cæsar's blood, and is mine own kinswoman. Sabina must be Empress. Ha! what sayest thou to that?" The Pander bowed in silence. I could divorce her—but mark thee, not without cause—I fear the people. Like children, they must be humored at the very moment we would chastise them. Come, work thy brains, fellow, I must have a pretext for divorce."

"Intrigue," rejoined the Pander, with the readiness of one whose ingenuity was most fertile when catering for the Tyrant's lust.

"Good," replied Nero, the brightness of his eyes testifying satisfaction; "but—with whom?"

"Her slave."

"His name," hastily rejoined the Tyrant.

"Anceitus," answered the Pander, doggedly, and fearful even to broach his name; "he hath served Cæsar, *once*." The individual named, was the assassin of Nero's mother.

"I pardon thee," said Nero, "for the readiness of thy wit. This night on my return from Sabina, have him within call of Octavia's chamber." Tigellinus bowed, and had scarcely withdrawn, when Nero distinctly heard the sound of footsteps within his chamber. Ever suspicious of some ambush for his life, his sword was instantly unsheathed. Turning towards the quarter whence the sound proceeded, he started, on seeing the curtain move which concealed a door, communicating with the Empress' apartment. "Ho! who goes there?"

he cried, in a tone subdued by fear. There was no answer. He advanced and raised the curtain. None lurked behind it.

CHAPTER II.—SABINA POPPÆA.

The Moon and her "starry host" were bright in heaven, as Nero checked in his horse before the Villa of Otho. Accustomed to the midnight brawl, and collision with the lowest phases of human life, and aware of the perils to which they exposed him in case of discovery, disguise was no stranger to him. He tied his steed to a tree, and wrapping round him a mantle, whose folds concealed the splendor of the Imperial robes, he advanced to the house.

Ascending the steps, he entered the hall. None met him. Silence prevailed around, save the gentle murmur of the trees as it harmonized with the playing of a distant fountain. As he looked on the spacious hall, surrounded by marble statues, whose cold and spotless white pallidly reflected the moon which gleamed on them, he trembled as he seemed to stand in the company of the dead. He hurried onwards, and passing through an opposite entrance, descended a terrace opening into a spacious lawn intersected with walks, and ornamented with fountains whose waters, sparkled in the moon-beam. The path he struck into, terminated in a white marble cove, where faintly twinkled a solitary light through the vine-branches which encircled it. He advanced, and entering, beheld the object of his passion.

At the first interview, conscious of the rank of her paramour, and the high stake for which she played, she neglected no personal attraction, or winning grace of manner, to ensure her conquest over the heart of the voluptuary. Abandoned in character, her libertinism was always subordinate to her interest, and where that lay, her favors assuredly followed. Elegant in manner and person, and endowed with refined wit, her charms appealed equally to the eye as the intellect. Love had no share in her heart, where it clashed with interest. She had abandoned her former for her present husband, Otho, who then enjoyed the Emperor's favor. Her present lover was that Emperor, and his addresses, while they flattered her vanity, excited the pride of success.

As he entered, Nero paused in rapture to gaze on her. She reclined on a silver couch, whose purple covering glittered with stars of gold. Her white robe, contrasted with the purple, developed the exquisite symmetry of her form. Her dark hair fell loosely on a neck which vied in whiteness with the marble which surrounded her.

As Nero entered, she rose rapidly from her couch, and with well-affected humility knelt, forgetting not the homage which gratifies a prince, even in his hour of familiarity.

"Nay, rise, lady," said Nero, extending one hand, while the other circled her waist. "If it be the captive's part to kneel, then what should I, whose heart and throne are even now at thy feet?"

"Thy throne! my lord," echoed Sabina, with that studied surprise, which by affecting ignorance of the

Emperor's designs, was only meant the more fully to develop them. "Alas!" she continued, "should I, the servant of Cæsar dare to aspire to a throne whose Empress is of Cæsar's blood?"

"The hand which wove that tie," answered Nero with impatience, "can dissolve it only to re-unite it in the person of one more lovely."

"Alas!" retorted Sabina, playfully, "I fear me the same hand which broke one tie would not spare another."

"That tie," replied Nero, "shall endure as long as I away the Roman sceptre. Think not, Sabina, I woo thee as a boy whose love is not of the heart, but tinged with the gay and fickle colors of his day-dreams. Think not," he continued, pressing her hand to his lips, and kneeling, "that like him, my love is the mere breath of a moment, like the wind, wandering from flower to flower, and treasuring the sweets it steals as it flies. No, Sabina, I love thee as *man* can only feel, who, like the tree, bends beneath the storm he cannot resist. For thee would I relinquish the diadem which binds the brow of the Cæsars, and end my days with thee in retirement such as this."

To one so ambitious in her aims, the proposed dereliction of the crown was by no means pleasing; having so strong a proof of his attachment, she resolved therefore to ensure the divorce of the Empress, and base her advancement on injustice and usurpation. She saw the object of her ambition within her grasp, and with dissimulation, feigned reluctance to seize it. She cunningly framed obstacles for their union, which she well knew would only accelerate success, by inflaming passion; and lastly, when the Emperor had conquered objections as speedily as they were advanced, she professed extreme attachment to her husband. "Ask me not," she said, "my lord, to leave one whose every act and wish are but the fulfilment of mine. Bounteous even to prodigality—his life is a continued round of pleasures." She paused for a moment, and added in an under tone, "which rivals even the splendors of his prince." The comparison was opportune, and accomplished what she desired, viz: to effect a hostility between her husband and Nero. However, Otho's fate had been already decided.

"Ha! exclaimed the Tyrant, with difficulty subduing the rage which burned within; "my rival! It shall not long be so. We will curtail his purse and train, since both are used to fling contempt upon his prince." Turning to Sabina, his hurried and indignant tones were quickly changed to an amatory softness. "Fairest, our love hath even outstripped objection, and our power removed it. Orders have been already taken for Otho."

Wanton as she was in character, and bent on her own welfare even through the ruin of others, she trembled in the embrace of the Tyrant as she heard his ominous words. The deeds perpetrated by order of Nero throughout the city, were bruited in the mouths of all, and the ambitious beauty shuddered when she thought, that even while they were speaking, the Imperial mandate had gone forth for his death. "What means my lord?" she inquired, timidly.

"Fear not for him, Sabina," returned Nero, "we

will appoint him to a Province, thus will our loves be as secure as they are secret."

"But the Empress?" urged Sabina.

"Shall be no longer so," rejoined Nero, hastily. "The throne of Rome shall be filled by another, and Sabina shall be Empress."

CHAPTER III.—OCTAVIA.

It was midnight ere the Emperor dismounted at the palace. The fervor of his passion had blinded him to the arts of his ambitious favorite, and what he mistook for the promptings of love, were merely the suggestions of a spirit which aspired to the pride of sovereignty. The more he dwelt upon her charms, and the indifference of satiety he felt towards Octavia, the more confirmed was his resolution to wed the former, and divorce the latter.

As he entered the chamber, the Empress lay on a couch in tears. "How now!" he cried, in a voice whose brutality half revealed his design; "in tears? Weep on. Ere long thou shalt have cause to weep."

"My lord, in what is my offence?" replied Octavia, in the convulsiveness of grief. "Have I not been to thee loving and faithful? Have I not regarded the sanctity of thy person, and the honor of thy throne? Flows not in my veins the Cæsars' blood? Have I done aught to deserve this of thee?"

Nero regarded her with a stern and malignant frown. "You do not please me," he said, in a tone which blended indifference with irony.

"Oh! my lord," cried the wretched woman, rushing to his feet, "say not that I displease thee, or that my love for thee is nought. Rather would I that my pile were lit, than meet that frown which awes tenderness, or hear the sternness of those words which gives Hope and Love the chill of despair. My lord—my lord, let me hear thee say I am still thy queen."

He flung from him with a rude disdain the hand which had seized his own in the ardor of entreaty. "Away!" he cried. "Thou art no longer queen. Why should the majesty of the sceptre be defiled by one who denies not her smiles to slaves? Faithless and corrupt. Thou hast dishonored me and broken thy compact with the people."

"'Tis false," exclaimed Octavia, starting to her feet, her majesty of mien and the innocence of fame lending eloquence to her words. "'Tis false—false as the tongue that framed it. Better," she continued, "that the poison which removed my sire and brother had been prepared for me also, than thus to live slandered in mine honor, and despised in my love."

The Tyrant started as she unexpectedly revived the memory of the murders of Claudius and Britannicus. The allusion only gave ferocity to his manner. "Traitor!" he cried, "on thy life we charge thee silence. Add not reproach to faithlessness." He stamped with violence, and shouting, "Ho! without there!" The Pander, accompanied by Anicetus, entered.

"Now the Gods preserve me!" ejaculated Octavia, as she sank upon the couch.

A quick and significant glance passed between the Tyrant and his minions, as the former pointed to the Empress. "You confess?" said Nero, in an audible voice.

"I do," replied the other, firmly.

"Hearst thou that, my queen?" exclaimed Nero, with dissembled indignation. "Now by the gods!" he continued, "if such crimes be not punished, Rome herself shall soon become an Augean stall, that even a Hercules cannot cleanse. Hearst thou that, and hast thou not a word to silence thine accuser?"

A long silence succeeded the question, and so perfectly motionless was Octavia, that she seemed to have swooned beneath the magnitude and falsehood of the charge. "She denies it not. Leave us!" said Nero to his minions.

"Not till they have heard the words of their Empress," said Octavia, rising with a dignity and collectedness of manner which contrasted strongly with her previous excitement; "not till they have heard the daughter of Claudius, true, as she is slandered, repel the charge they are sworn to maintain."

"Ha!" cried Nero, "wilt thou add falsehood to faithlessness?"

"Not I, but *thou*, my lord," she said, approaching Nero with a coolness which almost daunted his purpose. "*Thou* who addest falsehood to calumny; *thou* who forgettest, in the ardor of thy passions, the dignity of thy sceptre, and the compact with thy people; *thou* who insultest the Cæsars' blood by raising a plebeian to the throne; *thou* who slanderest thy queen by thy desire for Sabina."

"Ha! who told thee so?" asked Nero, his lip white and quivering at the dread of discovery, and the probable defeat it boded to his designs.

"There is a guardian power around the throne," replied Octavia, mildly, "which protects the sceptre, even though the monarch sleep, or wanton in the hour of unguarded mirth. A power which spreads its *Ægis* to guard it from pollution, or the shaft of treachery. Such was the power which this night led me to the door of thy chamber, and revealed to me in secret the plans thou hast laid to slander me, and the perjury with which thou seekest to support them."

"Traitor! another word, and thou diest!" shouted Nero, drawing his sword and presenting it to her bosom.

"Strike!" exclaimed Octavia, falling on her knees, and bearing her breast to the blow. "Strike! and thou addest one more victim to the pile of Sire and Son!" The sword fell from the Tyrant's hand.

CHAPTER IV.—INNOCENCE AND CRIME.

The will of a Tyrant is absolute, when the National council connives at guilt, and their flattery changes vice into virtue. The crimes of the Emperor were regarded by the Senate only as opportunities for decrees of adulation, and sacrifices to the Gods; while the semblance of honor and virtue which marked their proceedings, were calculated to deceive a people insulted by that body, and oppressed by their monarch. The Empress was banished to Campania under a military guard, and a proclamation issued stating the charge, and justifying the severity of the measure. Otho had unsuspectingly obeyed the commands of his Emperor,

and was already in Lusitania. The Tyrant had accomplished his designs with impunity, and Sabina Poppæa was Empress.

Who is he that watches by that sleeping infant with a care and tenderness which speak it an only one? Tears for the first time moisten that stern and furrowed cheek, as he parts from its fevered brow the silken hair, and gazes on the hectic stain of death. Its deep and gentle breathings come like voices from the world of its dreams, and as he watches the playful smile upon the lip which death shall ere long seal for ever, its innocence, "trumpet-tongued," rebukes the guilt of its sire. As he looks upon that child, and deems it a pilgrim, bound on a bright and sunny journey, one, for whose innocence death has no terrors, but rather comes to release from pain, how retraces he the Past, and weeps and trembles as its slumber speaks of thoughts which are imaged in its smile? As he looks upon that deepening stain, and hears its fevered breathing, the more fervently does he clasp its fairy hand, and press its lips, as loth to lose the only tie which binds him to its own bright world.

"Augusta!" exclaimed the Tyrant, in tones of sorrow to which his voice had long been a stranger. "Augusta! the Gods preserve thee, my child! Let not mankind say, the Gods spared not the babe of him who knew no throb of mercy for others!"

He flung himself frantically beside the child—he pressed it to his heart, and lavished upon it kisses. It was vain; he heard a convulsive respiration; he felt it beat against his own heart; he gazed on its face—the paleness of death had succeeded the hectic of disease.

Augusta was the offspring of Nero's union with Sabina Poppæa. Nothing could exceed the general joy of the people, and the adulation of the Senate. Votive offerings were made to the Gods, for Sabina's safety; days of supplication were appointed, temples were erected to those Gods whose tutelage her situation required, athletic sports were instituted, and golden statues erected on the throne of Jupiter Capitolinus to the Goddess of Fortune.

But neither joy nor flattery could avert the infant's doom. A curse rested on the marriage-rite of its mother, and the short space of four months witnessed the dissolution of a child whose birth had caused such general exultation. But even the solemn array of death could not wake the degenerate Senate to sobriety of thought, or dispel that strain of flattery which hung like a charm around their decrees and public addresses. The deceased infant was canonized as a Goddess, and a temple decreed to her worship with an altar, a bed of state, and a priest.

CHAPTER V.—SABINA'S FATE.

The popular odium and discontent which had been so long suppressed upon the divorce of Octavia, burst forth at length with a degree of energy which spurned the anger of the Tyrant, and made him tremble on his throne. Their clamors for the recall of the Empress from banishment were loud and fearless, and the appre-

ensions of Nero acquiesced in a measure, sanctioned neither by affection nor repentance. The expression of public sentiment assumed the anarchy of revolution. Some rushed to the Capitol, supplicating the favor of the Gods upon Octavia, while others in a tumultuous body beset the gates of the palace. The statues of Poppæa were dashed to the ground as objects of indignity and insult, while those of Octavia, wreathed with flowers and borne on the shoulders of the mob, were placed in the Forum and the temples. Military force was requisite for the restoration of order, and at the point of the sword, the statues of Poppæa were rescued from their insulters, and once more erected.

While these things were passing without, not less turbulent were the scenes within the palace. The feelings to which Octavia had fallen a victim, were now commencing to operate against Sabina, and as she heard the shouting without, and the clamors of the populace, still echoing the cry, "The Empress—Io! Honor to Octavia. Down with the statues of Sabina!" They seemed the signal for her downfall, and the knell to her ambition.

Nor was the Tyrant less perplexed, as he stood, uncertain how to act, divided between rage and terror. "Ha! wanton," he exclaimed, rudely thrusting her from him, "it is thou and thine accursed spell have wrought this! Ay, hearest thou that shouting?" he continued, as she sank trembling on her knees; "well mayest thou tremble. 'Tis well if they do not seize and tear thee from that very throne thou hast ascended by thy vile arts."

"I do not now contend for the honor of the nuptial rite, even though thou hast avowed me thine Empress. Life is all the boon I crave. Save me, my lord, from the vengeance of Octavia's followers."

"Save thyself," shouted Nero, deridingly; "he who has willingly sought the precipice, must retreat ere the earth crumble beneath his foot."

"Nay, taunt me not, my lord," she replied, while her hands were locked in earnestness, and the clamors of the people were heard in the pauses of her entreaty. "My ambition was not greater than my love. I loved not the *Emperor*, but *Cæsar*. Let not, then, that love turn to accusation and reproach. I ask thy pardon and protection. Should Octavia return and show herself to the people—"

"Sorceress," cried Nero, interrupting her, "I tell thee she is on her way even now. Think'at thou I *dare* oppose that monster, whose yells and groans are denouncing thee for vengeance. Ah!" he continued in a tone in which sorrow struggled with passion; "the Gods have indeed marked me for their anger. The people rebellious to the throne—not slaves but kings. And thou, my child, my Augusta, whose death I have watched with eyes that never wept before. Away with tears! they wound, even while they soothe."

"Then by that child," cried Sabina, seizing his hand as he passed her, "whose memory is canonized in our own hearts, and who sits among those Gods who guard Rome and her Emperor; I adjure thee, despise not the mother. Shut not thine ear against her prayer, but

think that even in that mother's voice, thou hearest the entreaties of her child."

"Unhand me, traitress!" cried Nero, vainly endeavoring to extricate himself from her grasp, "or by the Gods I smite thee to my feet!"

"Not till thou hast promised me thy pardon," answered Sabina. "Speak, speak my lord, pardon and save me!" He struggled to disentangle his hand. She rose from her knees and in the agony of fear and grief was about to fling herself on his breast, when a blow from the Tyrant laid her at his feet.

"Gods!" he exclaimed, as he heard the heavy and lifeless fall, but feared to look on the momentary work of rage, "spare me not in your vengeance! Even where I stand blast me with your lightnings! So let the deed be yours not mine.

A fearful yell from without answered the invocation. "Away with Sabina! Down with her statues to the dust again! Io! Octavia! Io! Octavia!" While these shouts of vengeance, which the Tyrant himself had unconsciously anticipated, were still ringing in his ears, as he stood in stupor by the body of Sabina, the door of the apartment burst open, and Tigellinus rushed in.

"The Empress," he cried.

"Is—" rejoined Nero, starting from his reverie.

"In Rome," answered the Pander. "The people surround her chariot with acclamations, and the Capitol resounds with their prayers."

"The Gods must be appeased," said Nero. Away, thou to the temple of Saturn.* Tell them to disburse bribes to the soldiery. If they stand firm, Rome is safe." He pointed to the lifeless form of Sabina, and rushed from the apartment.

CHAPTER VI.—THE AUGUR.

It was a dark and stormy night, as Nero, terrified by the return of Octavia, and haunted by the death of Sabina, left the palace for the College of the Augurs. So great was their influence on Roman superstition, that no affair of moment was undertaken without consulting them, and no event, involving public interest, could happen without demanding through them an interpretation of the will of the Gods as to its probable result. Superstitious beyond others, from the very excess of his crimes which threw a gloom over the future, the coincidence of Octavia's return, the deaths of Sabina and her child, and the rebellious clamors of the people, all conspired to strengthen that feeling through the very fear which trembled at futurity.

"Hast thou done my bidding, Spurina?" asked the Tyrant, trembling, as he entered.

The man whom he addressed, was one whose dignity and dress were calculated to add solemnity to his office, and inspire the superstitious with awe. His robe, or *trabea* of scarlet striped with purple, and embroidered with cabalistical characters, inwrought with gold, hung loosely round a figure tall and athletic; his cap was high and conical, interwoven with the same

* The Treasury was in this temple.

augural emblems; while his beard, long and flowing, lent a sacerdotal dignity to his appearance. In his right-hand he bore the Lituus, or Augural staff, used in the observation of the Heavens.

"The Book of Fate we would open," replied the Augur, "is dark with fear and omen. Ha! hearest thou that peal? Speaks not the Olympian, in that fearful echo, his wrath and displeasure?"

The thunder died sullenly in the distance, and a death-like silence reigned throughout the chamber. In terror the Tyrant clasped his hands, and extending them to Spuria, exclaimed:

"Can the Gods be appeased?"

"I know not, my son," replied the Augur. "Their will is dark, even as the Heavens which reveal its signs to mortals. Thrice this night have I essayed Divination, even through the blackness of the tempest, and marked out the *Templum*, and turning to the East, have awaited the omen that would give safety to thy throne. But it was vain; the lightnings flashed brightly for a moment, and left the Heavens in darkness. Yet, while I looked, I saw a sign which betokened the approach of a stranger, one whom thou hast wronged, and who returns for the purpose of vengeance."

"Vengeance!" reiterated the Tyrant, shuddering at the mention of an instrument he had so frequently employed against others.

"Even so," replied the Augur. "The sign portended an unsheathed sword."

"The will of the Gods be done!" ejaculated Nero.

"Wifeless—childless! Can vengeance strike more deeply?"

"Wifeless?" rejoined Spuria.

"Sabina is at rest," replied Nero; "and by my hand."

As he spoke, a fearful flash illuminated the apartment, and the building trembled with the reverberation of the thunder.

"Tis a fearful night," replied Spuria, "and speaks of crime. Comest thou thus with unclean hands to ask the will of the Gods, or raise the veil of the Future? Away! away! Let not thine altars need sacrifice or incense. Propitiate the Gods thou hast insulted, if yet they may hear and pardon thee."

CHAPTER VII.—THE DEAD AND LIVING.

Notwithstanding the brutality which resulted in the death of Sabina, it was asserted that Nero was violently attached to her. A difference of opinion prevailed as to the method of her death; some imputing it to poison (an instrument of frequent use in his court) and others to a blow he gave her in a moment of passion. He resolved, however, to obliterate the memory of cruelty by the attachment he exhibited during her obsequies, delivering in person her funeral panegyric: "while," says an ancient author, "all Arabia did not produce in one year as much myrrh and frankincense as was consumed at the funeral of Poppæa." Contrary to the general custom, she was embalmed after the fashion of the East, and her remains consigned to the monument of the Julian family. Strange inconsistency of her mur-

derer. After her death, a temple was erected to her memory, bearing the inscription—"To Sabina, the Goddess Venus."

The funeral procession was characterized by all the pomp worthy of the rank of the deceased, and the attachment the Emperor professed towards her. Boys and virgins preceded it, strewing flowers in its path, chaunting the praises and beauty of Sabina, and perfuming the air with the incense they scattered from censers. Descended from ancestors of rank, one of whom had been honored with a triumph, their statues were borne before the bier, which was immediately followed by Nero, his hands folded on his breast, and his appearance indicative of sorrow and dejection.

At the entrance to the monument the bier was lowered, and the Emperor pronounced the funeral oration, in which he eulogized her beauty, virtues, and accomplishment, but above all, expatiated on the honor of being the mother of a child which was then enrolled among the Gods.

The lustration with pure water from an olive-branch was concluded, and they were about to enter the tomb, when the foremost fell back as a voice issued from it. "Hold!" it cried. The attendants retreated as though it had been a voice from the dead, when Otho rushed from the monument.

It was a moment of terror to the Tyrant, as his eyes met those of the betrayed husband. His guilt borrowed a deeper dye from the superstition which witnessed in the return of Otho the fulfilment of the Augur's words—"A stranger approaches," while the sword which glittered in his hand, denoted the purpose of revenge.

"What dost thou here?" muttered Nero, trembling at the enraged expression of Otho.

"What dost thou here?" retorted the stranger. "Methought thy bounty was a proof of favor, not the purchase of dishonor. Makest thou thy power thus the pander to thy lusts? Tyrant, she whom I left a wife, lies now polluted as a mistress. Away with the honors thou conferest in mockery on the dead, when thou hast defied their memory and name."

"Whence hast thou thy secret?" said Nero, looking round in terror as he beheld the surprise of guards subside into pity.

"The Empress," rejoined Otho, "thy wronged and honored queen; she, who was too weak to avenge her own insult, and the perjury thou called'st to support it; she who overheard thy plan for her ruin, and my dishonor, had pity for the injured husband to speak the secret."

"Away with him!" exclaimed Nero, in one of those violent transports of rage which so often sealed the doom of those he hated or envied.

"The dead must first be avenged," exclaimed Otho, rushing upon him. The blow was intercepted by the spear of a soldier, and the sword struck from his hand. He was seized, and in prison awaited the pleasure of the Tyrant.

The Empress Octavia was afterwards banished to the Island of Pandataria, and beheaded by order of Nero. Otho was shortly after crowned Emperor.

Original.

W O M A N .

BY ALBERT PIKE,

AUTHOR OF "POEMS AND PROSE SKETCHES."

Oh, WOMAN! Star of life's unclouded heaven!
 I dedicate myself to thee again.
 Oh, woman, for man's guardian-angel given,
 Thou to the heart art like the summer rain,
 Or gentle dew unto the flower at even—
 Soother of woe—remover of all pain!
 Beauteous and changing, like the sunset hue!
 I dedicate myself again to you—

Myself—my pen—my hand—my heart—yea, all,
 All that I have, though all be valueless—
 Despise it not though that the gift be small.
 I pledge my worship by the floating tress,
 The rain of light that from thine eye doth fall,
 Soothing the heart in its dim loneliness—
 By every thing, ethereal and human,
 Which goes to make that witching thing—a woman.

Man fell for thee, oh, woman, it is said;
 And when I look on thee, it looks but slight,
 E'en loss of Eden. For thee, too, man hath bled,
 And sunk, unmurmuring, in eternal night;
 For thee he hath from fame and honor fled,
 And courted shame, disgrace and woe but light,
 So he might hold thee, woman, to his heart,
 And be consoled by all thy gentling art.

Thou hast inspired the poet's sweetest songs,
 And he who hath not bowed before thy shrine,
 Glowed in thy love and fired to bear thy wrongs,
 Is no fit slave of poetry divine:
 To thee the warrior's scimitar belongs,
 And leaves the scabbard when the call is thine;
 And thou hast kingdoms, empires overthrown,
 By that strange magic which is all thine own.

Thou art the soother of the sad man's dreams:
 Thou comest to him when the night is still,
 Laying thy fingers, like ethereal beams
 Of sunshine, on his brow of pain, until,
 Beneath their influence, again he deems
 That he is happy—and glad tears distil—
 Away the sadness of his wasted soul;
 Even when the daylight on his eyes doth roll,

The memory of the vision still is sweet,
 And makes his sorrows more benign and calm.
 Thou to the weary traveller's aching feet
 Addest new strength, where'er with open palm,
 Fair Fancy comes, and woman seems to greet:
 Then will he hear, unmoved, the thunder-psalm,
 And the stern wind's storm-gathering lament,
 Feeling a pleasure with its terror blent.

So thou hast been to me: when I have stood
 Upon the eternal mountains' snowy peak,
 In upper ether's noiseless solitude,
 Where I have felt most lonely and most weak—
 Amid the snows which there all seasons brood,
 Nursing the streams which far below outbreak,
 Then thou hast filled the troubled eye of the mind,
 And cheered the heart which was before so blind.

When I have stood my long and weary guard
 Upon the dark, illimitable plain,
 'Neath the eternal mountains thunder-scarred,
 While not a star peered out behind the mane
 Of the grey clouds—then, from the world debarred,
 Then Fancy has upon me bound her chain,
 And I have seen again the planet eyes,
 To gain whose love life were small sacrifice.

And since I've left my houseless wandering
 And come again to live among mankind,
 To toil and toil, and to my fetters cling,
 Groping my grave-ward path like one heart-blind;
 Sure then, oh, woman, thou hast been the thing,
 That hath upheld my heart and braced my mind,
 Keeping me struggling onward with the world,
 Like a lone wave amid the breakers hurled.

For, far amid the aisles of memory,
 I see the shrines that I did bow before,
 While standing on the brink of life's gay sea,
 And playing with its waves—the loved of yore
 They yet have their enthralling tyranny
 Over the heart like a rich gem they wore—
 The loved, the lost, the beautiful, the bright,
 The eyes of heaven, and the souls of light.

And sooth to say, there are some azure eyes,
 And shapes delicious I have seen of late,
 That might tempt one the world to sacrifice,
 And dare the worst of that old wizard, Fate—
 Orbs that would rout the precepts of the wise—
 So large, so lustrous, so affectionate,
 Laughing like Venus when she hath her will,
 And melting in their own delicious thrill.

Even while I write, there stands a-near a form,
 That almost tempts me from my sober task;
 So round, so rife, so glowing and so warm,
 She seems almost for love's fond kiss to ask;
 Poising herself upon one foot—her arm
 Shading those eyes where love delights to bask,
 And glittering in the sun—her hand so fair,
 Is tangled in a tress of auburn hair.

And by her side, with modest, downward look,
 And head aslant, like some arch fairy, is
 Another tempter. Oh, in Love's bright book
 Of deep and most delicious mysteries,
 How deeply could I read, in some still nook,
 With thee—filling the moments up with bliss—
 Forget the world while circled in thy arms,
 And count it all well lost for thy sweet charms.

And woman is most lovely, most adored,
 For gentleness and sweet humility;
 She seems most sweet, and is most dearly stored,
 When, like a lily floating on the sea,
 Whose fragrance upon every wind is poured,
 Or like a vine, clasping the rugged tree,
 She is all fragile and all delicate—
 We best love what is most affectionate.

But there should be within her heart a pride
 To flash sometimes up into the eye;
 Even as streams that do most gently glide,
 Will foam when rocks within the current lie.
 This is it which some few hath deified,
 Working on men for love and them to die;
 And this, in time of old and quaint romance,
 Put unto rest the warrior's proven lance.

I like to see a woman know the world—
 But she should keep her knowledge to herself—
 I like to see a pretty nose up-curl'd—
 It adds more zest to winning such an elf—
 I like to see a lover's hopes down hurled—
 Too many slighted lays upon the shelf
 The loveliest, until she biddeth fair
 Hereafter to lead monkeys, you know where.

I like to look a pretty one i' the eye,
 But hate to have her stare. I like a white
 And delicate hand, and moist too, and a sigh
 Beneath the stars of slumbering moonlight—
 I like to see a woman arch and shy,
 But not a romp—hoydens soon learn to fight;
 I like a ring or two, but not too many—
 Better than four on each hand, not have any.

Love in a cottage is a pleasant thing,
 With honeysuckles and Venetian blinds,
 Where odorous flowers to every crevice cling,
 And round Corinthian pillars ivy winds;
 Where all the air is full of birds that sing,
 And bees that hum, and where one always finds
 Beautiful groves, trimmed fields and hawthorn hedges,
 And silver brooks running amid grey sedges.

Love in a log-house is another matter,
 In some deep "bottom," all an Irish bog,
 Whene'er the rain a notion takes to patter—
 Where at each step one tumbles o'er a log,
 And cattle o'er his prostrate *corpus* clatter—
 And every now and then is *tread* by hogs—
 Or cuts a bee-tree thirteen miles from home,
 And finds no honey and but little comb.

I like to see a pretty woman, who
 Can read and write, at least, or something more;
 But most ferociously I hate a *blue*,
 She's such a most abominable bore.
 I like to see one to a lover true,
 But not by kissing him my face before—
 In short, I like to see a little sense,
 And if not manners, manner-like pretence.

Woman is often like some fragrant flower,
 Fed by the night-winds with their gentle dew,
 Yielding the sun her heart at his first hour,
 But when he seems more constant and more true,
 And rains into that heart his noon-tide shower,
 Full of his wild and fiery passion-hue,
 Then doth she close again her heart so bright,
 And turn, ungrateful, from the God of Light.

And thus oft-times comes woman's deepest blot,
 Luring man on and then deceiving him;
 A pretty simile of mine, is 't not—
 Although the meaning be a little dim?
 And now, as mariners that home are got,
 And sing the Virgin Queen their evening hymn,
 I leave you, woman! for a passing while,
 Asking no other guerdon than a smile.

Original.

TO AN OLD FAMILY-CLOCK.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

THOU tireless monitor, still dost thou stand,
 On the same spot where first my infant eye
 Thy glittering pendulum caught, and stealthy hand
 That notes the moments as they hurry by:

Ay, and hast stood, counting the seasons o'er,
 While naught thy up-raised finger ever feared;
 Till thou hast numbered up the years, three score,
 Since thy monition "tick" was earliest heard.

Thou'st many a scene recorded, faithful one,
 Of childhood's mirth, and joy's more chastened flow;
 And ever kept thy solemn sentry lone,
 Through birth and bridal, and funereal woe!

And thou hast noted bitter partings, too,
 At the dear parent-threshold, oft, with tears,
 While some who went, and uttered their adieu,
 No more returned to gladden after-years.

And never didst thou falter in thy round,
 Save once—'twas when the master laid him down
 In the still midnight, while the cords that bound
 Him here, asunder burst, and show'd a heavenly crown.

Then didst thou pause and from thine office shrink,
 Still pointing to the moment when he died;
 As suddenly endued with power to think,
 And that occasion fit't of all beside!

Oft as I think of thy enamelled face,
 Scenes thou hast noted on my memory free,
 Rise thick; again in that familiar place,
 I seem to stand, holding companionship with thee.

Thou wast as one among the household band,
 And "fair befall" thee, whatsoe'er thy lot;
 Beneath the parent-roof e'er didst thou stand,
 But soon that place, like man's, may know thee not.

But "fair befall" thee, long familiar one,
 Hold fast the secrets thou hast ne'er revealed;
Servant of Time! when thou'st thine errand done,
 'Mong sacred relics may thy form be sealed!

Original.

MY FIRST PLAY.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

I HAVE many pleasant memories; but no one of them more charms me than that of the manner in which my first play was performed. In the event itself there was nothing to delight—no, by my stars! On the contrary, it was the occasion of the veriest agony it has been my lot to endure. I wouldn't pass another *two such hours*, though 'twere to buy a world of happy days. But memory seldom dips her brush in vivid tints. Her chiefest charm is in her sweet and filmy shading, and the blending harmony of her hues. She has no delight in startling asperities, and softens the sternness of reality. Therefore, though the performance of my first play was a cup filled with the bitterest ingredients, it is pleasant to contemplate it on the canvass of memory; and if my fair readers will pardon the apparent egotism of my sketch, they may perchance, reap some small modicum of enjoyment from it.

My first play was to be performed in the year 183— at the Tremont theatre in Boston, at the benefit of a young but promising actor. I had no kind and experienced friend at my elbow, to hint to me, what and where were the quicksands I might encounter; that managers care not one snap of their finger for a piece, "got up," for a benefit, unless it might be their own; that, as "all the world is a stage, and all its men and women merely players," so stage-players are merely men and women, with the attributes of every-day humanity; benevolent and considerate it may be, but envious, jealous and selfish, as like to be; and therefore, to be warily approached. But, perhaps, it is better for me that I had not; my lessons have been, it may be, more lasting and enduring, taught by harrowing experience itself.

I have said that the memory of this experience is pleasant; nay—for as I sit and recall its direful features, and array them before me, I feel a spasm of the very misery I endured, when, in diabolical nonchalance, or more diabolical intent, they were murdering my first play! Murder! it was inhuman butchery! There was I, with every letter at my tongue's end—condemned to sit and hear scenes mangled, or hear them not at all; find ideas or what I thought ideas, misunderstood; words mispronounced—sentences turned topsy turvy; character misrepresented; delicate thoughts made savage, and savage, delicate; plain things made "confusion worse confounded," and obscurities rendered doubly obscure! I have belied myself to say it is a pleasant memory! The drops stand on my forehead.

I have, thank my stars, a good temper! I forget an injury twenty four hours after I receive it. I bear no malice—no, I bear no malice! I speak it, advisedly, there dwells not the man on earth who has injured me, whom I do not grieve for, rather than hate; whom I do not from my soul forgive; and whose hand, were it freely and heartily offered, I would not shake as freely and heartily as that of my best friend! But I have an old score to settle with certain fellows; a good-natured

one—and now they shall have every item! My account book is out and there shall be no deduction. They are clever fellows, as I have discovered since—but they did barbarously murder my play!

Nor, I hope, do I forget a kindness. There were a few, alas, a piteous few, who sympathized with me—yes, put their feet into my very shoes, and labored for me, and saved my play from utter damnation! I have an old score to settle with them too, and it will take me longer to get out of their books, than to square accounts with my delinquents. I shall never forget them—never!

Now for it. The name of the play was *Gastano*. Prythee, reader, make no effort to pronounce it. In truth it has no pronunciation; for it has been torn to fritters. Every man on that night of nights, accented it in a style peculiarly and decidedly his own—but more of that hereafter. The young actor, Mr. E—, for whose benefit it was to be produced, was to sustain the principal character; and the rôle was completed by Messrs. S—, A—, J—, G—, and L—, and Mrs. B—.

As I have said, I had no one to warn me, that a manager cares not a fiddle-string for a play got up for a benefit; and if the captain-general be delinquent, who shall be at his post? Day after day passed, and nothing was done. The eventful night, Thursday, approaching; it was already Tuesday, and the parts were not yet distributed. Here's a beginning, thought I. Two days to commit, rehearse and prepare a tragedy! But I consoled myself with the thought that many who begin in confusion, come out in glorious perspicuity in the end. This may be a striking example of that truth. The play certainly was magnificently cast. The best actors in the company were concerned; and one of the most beautiful and accomplished actresses in the country, accepted the first female character. Such actors, thought I again, by way of administering a second dose of comfort to myself, will do well for their own sakes. So I feasted on dreams through Tuesday and Wednesday.

Thursday morning came. There had been no rehearsal as yet, and this one I was assured should be a *multum in parvo*—a ne plus ultra of a rehearsal, leaving nothing to be desired. Thank my stars I was not there! The cloven foot began to show itself even then. Scarcely a man knew a word. Scarce one, if one, seemed to have read it. They were innocent of all knowledge of either exits or entrances; and some of them had, however, determined, it was apparent, that that rehearsal should be the entrance to the final exit of the play. These made rank fun of everything throughout, and Mr. E— came to me in the afternoon, with despair in his countenance, and the shaking palsy in his hand. "The piece is going to the devil," said he, "as fast as the groutiness of some, and the sickness of others can carry it!" Thankful am I, that I was not at the rehearsal, and that I have a good temper!

The night came. I sat in the stage-box. The house was a good one. The fiddles scraped—the bell rung—the fiddles stopped—the bell rung again, and up went

the curtain. Mr. S—— and Mr. L——, came on. Mr. S—— had to open with two lines and a half. He only gave the half. Here was a beginning—and with such a beginning, thought I, Heaven save the ending! Mr. L—— answered. He was perfect, and I breathed freely again. Then Mr. S—— had a set speech to repeat. He didn't know a word of it. Out came something as near akin to the play and sense, as a hand organ is to music; glossed over with sundry emphatic gestures, and closing with a magnificent dash from the back of the stage to the front into a splendid position. There he changed his tune. He launched out a medley of tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, tragi-comedy and what not, but alas for me, not a word of the play. Mr. L—— replied where there was nothing to reply to. Mr. S—— thundered out another medley, closing with a quotation from Richard III. Now, thought I, the papers will baste me for an impudent plagiarist! I ran at every pore. Then Mr. L—— answered to nothing again. Mr. S—— again muttered and strutted, and—reader, that scene, which should have consumed fifteen minutes, was condensed to two and three quarters!

I wiped the perspiration from my forehead, rung the moisture out of my handkerchief, and spread it on the railing to dry. I felt that the play must be damned! The play! we had heard scarce a word of it yet!

The scene changed. Mr. A—— came on. Mr. A—— personated—nay, pretended to personate, the comic character of the tragedy. It had been made to approximate in the original as near to a fool as possible, and required strict correctness not to prove one indeed. Oh, that Mr. A—— may observe Hamlet's advice, thought I. He laughed as he came on; that was right, and I indulged hopes. He spoke—oh, universe, how he spoke! He went on with a rigmarole, so far beyond any thing I had ever heard in the shape of absurdity, that language has no term to describe it. The word nonsense will not reach within a league of it. It was a character to excite a laugh—but this stuff for me to father! Laugh! no one laughed—no one could laugh; and as for me, I couldn't have smiled, had the announcement been made to me at the moment, that I had received a legacy of a million of dollars!

Finally, to my inexpressible satisfaction, he went off. Oh, reader, I will not particularize throughout that shocking barbarity. Mr. E——'s best speeches were cut out, because he had no cues. Mr. S—— continued his transplantations from tragedy, comedy, etc. I listened in vain for scenes which I knew to be in the play, and I listened, too, in inexplicable agony to more that I knew were *not* in the play. Some things were said and some actions committed, under cover of my paternity that night, which, not to be profane, I did not recognize to be like any thing in the heavens or the earth or the waters, and every now and then my ears were greeted with a quotation, thundered forth so that every soul in the house could hear it with especial ease. And then the changes that were rung on the word, Gaetano, whenever it was uttered. Some placed the accent on the first syllable, some on the second, some on the third, and some made four of it, with an accent on each of

them. Some made the *a* broad—some short, some close—some pronounced the *e* like the Italian, some the English, and some the Numidian, for any thing that I could designate. That poor word!

Mr. E—— had grown utterly desperate; and in his despair had forgotten all that he ever remembered of the last scene; Mr. S——, as I have before said, knew nothing about any of it, and the dialogue was to be maintained between them! They bungled on somehow or other, and I listened in wondering misery, for it was all *new* to me. By and by Mr. E—— seized Mr. S—— and strangled him. I was rejoiced to see him die, although the play might die with him, for I could not have sustained my feelings much longer. After he had kicked a sufficiency, and breathed his last to all intents and purposes, Mr. E—— was to go crazy, and in his closing speech, imagine that he saw his mistress—fancy her dead—and all that. Oh, if he will only do that well, thought I, for the last time, now that he has all the game to himself, it will wind the matter up roundly, and drive the past from remembrance. He thrust out his arms delightfully; he made up precisely the right tragic face. Grand—grand—said I to myself. Alas—poor fellow! every word had slipped his mind. Exhausted with anxiety, he had to supply the language from his own brain, ad libitum. Creation! out it came—and here's a bona fide specimen—here's a sample of what I had to father. Here is the paraphrase of my beautiful end! It almost proved to be my end indeed.

"Oh, I see her! I see her! No, no I don't! Yes I do—no I don't. She's gone again! Now I see her again! All in white! There, there she is! No she ain't! Yes, she is! Yes, I've got her! Yes! yes! yes! yes! And to my inexpressible relief he fell back and died!

They gave me three cheers—through pity, thought I!

Original.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

SWEET flowers droop, and weep their dew-drop tears,
And mournful waves the tall grass blade,
O'er thy lone grave; whilst too, the mandrake rears
Its head—its death-forboding head.

The vagrant swallow builds his clay-mixt nest,
Upon thy dreary silent tomb;
And there the moody owl seeks cheerless rest,
And shrieks his notes amid night's gloom.

How sorrowful the wind that o'er thee sighs!
The fleet, the sad complaining gale,
How sweeps it murmuring by! how feebly dies,
Its passing, melancholy wail!

Thy spirit flower, the cumb'rous hours now pass,
With Mem'ry's joys, which knew no dread,
And mark'd thy bud and bloom; yet now alas!
They speak thee dead—they speak thee dead.

S. F. G.

Original.

THE NORMAN'S VENGEANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

"God and good angels fight on William's side,
And Harold fall in height of all his pride."—SHAKESPEARE.

Edward, the confessor, was dead; and dying, had bequeathed the crown of merry England to Harold, son of Godwin, destined, alas! to be the last prince of the Saxon race, who should possess the throne of the fair Island. The oath which he had sworn to William, Duke of Normandy, engaging to assist him in obtaining that same realm, which had now fallen to himself, alike by testament of the late King, and by election of the people, dwelt not in the new Monarch's bosom! Selfishness and ambition, aided, perhaps, and strengthened by the suggestions of a sincere patriotism, that whispered to his soul the baseness of surrendering his countrymen, their lives, their liberties, their fortunes, and his loved native land into the stern hands of a foreign ruler, determined him to brave the worst, rather than keep the oath, which, with its wonted sophistry, self-interest was ready to represent involuntary and of no avail. Not long, however, was he allowed to flatter himself with hopes that the tempest, excited by his own weak duplicity, might possibly blow over. The storm-clouds were already charged with thunder destined to burst almost at once on his devoted head. The cry of warfare had gone forth through Christendom; the pope had launched the dreadful bolt of interdict and excommunication against the perjured Saxon, and all who should adhere to him in his extremity; nay more, had actually granted to the Norman Duke, by virtue of his holy office as God's vicegerent and dispenser of all dignities on earth, the sovereignty of the disputed islands. In token of his perfect approbation of the justice of his cause, the Roman pontiff had sent, moreover, to the Duke, a ring of gold, containing an inestimable relic, a lock of hair from the thrice-mitred temples of St. Peter, the first Roman bishop; a consecrated banner blest by himself—the same which had been reared, in token of the greatness and supremacy of holy church, by those bold Normans, Raoul and William of Montreuil, above the captured battlements of every tower and castle through the bright kingdom of Campania. Thus doubly armed, once by the justice of his cause, and yet more strongly by the sanction of the church, the bold Duke hesitated not to strive by force of arms to gain that rich inheritance, which he had hoped to win by the more easy agency of guile and of persuasion.

A herald, sent with a most noble train, bore William's terms to the new Monarch. "William, the Duke of Normandy," he said, boldly, but with all reverence due to his birth and present station, "calls to your memory the oath, which you swore to him by your hand and by your mouth, on good and holy relics!"

"True it is," answered Harold, "that I did so swear; but under force I did so, not by free will of mine. Moreover, I did promise that which 'twas not mine to grant. My Royalty belongs not to myself, but to my people, in trust of whom I hold it. I may not yield it

but at their demand; let them but second William, and instantly the crown he seeks for, shall be his! Farther, without my people's leave, I may not wed a woman of a stranger race. My sister, whom he would have espoused unto the noblest of his barons—she hath been dead a year. Will he, that I should send her corpse?"

A little month elapsed, and during that brief interval, Harold neglected nothing that might preserve the crown he had determined never, except with life, to yield to his fierce rival. A powerful fleet was instantly appointed to cruise upon the Downs, and intercept the French invaders; a mighty army was collected on the coast, and each and all the Saxon landholders, nobles, and thanes, and franklins, bound themselves by strong oaths "never to entertain or truce, or treaty, with the detested Normans, but to die freemen, or freemen to conquer."

A second time the herald came in peace, demanding, in tones fair and moderate, that Harold, if he might not keep *all* the conditions of his oath, would fulfil part, at least, and wed Adela, his betrothed bride already, the daughter of the puissant Duke, who, thereupon, would yield to him, as being his daughter's dower, all right and title to the crown, which he now claimed as his by heritage.

Harold again returned a brief and stern refusal: resolved, that as he would not yield the whole, he would not, by conceding part, risk the alienation of the love—which he possessed in an extraordinary degree—of the whole English people. Then burst the storm at once. From every part of Europe, where the victorious banners of the Normans were spread to the wind of heaven, adventurers flocked to the consecrated standard of their kinsman.

Four hundred vessels of the largest class, and more than twice that number of the transports of the day, were speedily assembled in the Frith of Dive, a stream which falls into the sea between the Seine and Orne. There, for a month or better, by contrary winds and furious storms, they were detained inactive. At length, a southern breeze rose suddenly, and by its aid they made the harbor of Saint Valery; but there, again, they were detained by times more stormy than before; and, superstitious as all men of that period were, the soldiers soon began to tremble and to murmur; strange tales of dreams, and prodigies were circulated, and the spirit of that vast host, of late so confident and proud, sank hourly. At length, whether at the instigation of their own fanatical belief, or as a last resource, or hoping to distract the minds of men from gloomier considerations, the Norman chiefs appointed a procession round the harbor of Saint Valery; bearing the holiest relics, and among them, the bones of the good Saint himself, the patron and nomenclator of the town; and ere the prayers were ended, lo! the wind shifted once again, and now blew steadily and fair, swelling the canvass with propitious breath, and driving out each vane and streamer at full length, toward their destined port.

The same storm, which had held William on his Norman coast, windbound and motionless, which he had cursed as unpropitious and disastrous, fifty times

every day, for the last month, had been, in truth—so little is the foresight, and so ignorant the wisdom even of the most sagacious among mortals—had been, in truth, the agent by which his future conquest was to be effected. Those gales which pent the Norman galleys in their harbors, had forced the English fleet, shattered and storm-tost, to put in for victuals and repairs, leaving the seas unguarded to the approach of the invaders. Nor was this all! Those self-same gales had wafted from the Northward another fleet of foemen, the Norwegian host of the bold sea-king, Harold Hardrada, and the treacherous Tosti, the rebel brother of the Saxon monarch. Debarking in the Humber, they had laid waste the fertile borders of Northumberland and Yorkshire; had vanquished, in a pitched battle, Morcar and Edwin, and the youthful Waltheof—who had made head against them with their sudden levies, raised from the neighboring countries—had driven them into the walls of York, and there were now besieging them with little hope of rescue or relief. Meanwhile, the King, who had, for months, been lying in the Southern portion of the realm, in Essex, Kent, or Sussex, awaiting, at the head of the best warriors of his kingdom, the arrival of his most inveterate foeman—summoned by news of this irruption, unexpected, yet, as it seemed most formidable, into his Northern provinces, lulled into temporary carelessness by the long tarrying of his Norman enemy; and hoping, as it indeed seemed probable, that the prevailing wind would not change so abruptly, but that he might, by using some extraordinary diligence and speed, attack and overpower the besieging force at York, and yet return to Dover in time to oppose, with the united force of his whole nation, the disembarkation of the Duke—had left his post and travelled with all speed toward York, leading the bravest and best disciplined of his army against the fierce Norwegians, while the shores of Sussex remained comparatively naked and defenceless. A bloody and decisive battle, fought at the bridge of Staneford, over the River Derwent, rewarded his activity and valor—a battle in which he displayed no less his generalship and valor, than the kind generosity and mercy of his nature. Riding, himself, in person, up to the hostile lines, before the first encounter, sheathed in the complete armor of the Norman chivalry—which, since his visit to the continent, he had adopted—“Where,” he cried, in his loudest tones, “is Tosti, son of Godwin?”

“Here stands he,” answered the rebel, from the centre of the Norwegian phalanx, which, with lowered spears, awaited the attack.

“Thy brother,” replied Harold, concealed by the frontlet of his barred helmet from all recognition, “sends thee his greeting—offers thee peace, and friendship, and all thine ancient honors.”

“Good words!” cried Tosti, “mighty good, and widely different from the insults he bestowed on me last year! But if I should accept the offer, what will he grant to Harold, son of Sigurd?”

“Seven feet of English earth,” replied the King, “or, since he be gigantic in his stature, he shall have somewhat more!”

“Let Harold, then, address himself to battle,” answered Tosti. “None but a liar ever shall declare that Tosti, son of Godwin, has played a traitor’s part to Harold, son of Sigurd!”

There was no more of parley. With a shock, that was heard for leagues, the hosts encountered; and in the very first encounter, pierced by an arrow in the throat, Hardrada fell, and to his place succeeded that false brother and rebellious subject, Tosti, the Saxon. Again the generous Harold offered him peace and liberal conditions! again his offers were insultingly rejected! and once again, with a more deadly fury than before, the armies met, and, this time, fought it out, till not a leader or a chief of the Norwegian host was left alive, save Olaf, Harold’s son, and the prince bishop of the Orkneys—Tosti, himself, having at length obtained the fate he merited so richly. A third time peace and amity were offered, and now they were accepted; and swearing friendship to the English King for ever, the Norsemen left the fatal land, whereon yet weltered in their gore their King, the noblest of their chiefs, and twice five thousand of the bravest men of their brave nation. But glorious as that day was justly deemed—and widely as it was sung and celebrated by the Saxon bards—perfect as was the safety which it wrought to all the Northern counties—and freely as it suffered Harold to turn his undivided force against whatever foe might dare set hostile foot on English soil inviolate—still was that day decisive of his fate!—decisive of the victory of William, whose banners were already floating over the narrow seas in proud anticipation of their coming triumph!

It was a bright and beauteous morning in September, when the great fleet of William put to sea, the galley of the grand Duke leading. She was a tall ship, of the largest tonnage then in use, well manned, and gallantly equipped; from the main-topmast streamed the consecrated banner of the Pope, and from her peak, a broad flag with a blood-red cross. Her sails were, not as now, of plain white canvass, but gorgeously adorned with various colors, and blazoned with the rude incipient Heraldry, which, though not then a science, was growing gradually into esteem and use. In several places might be seen depicted the three Lions, which were even then the arms of Normandy; and on her prow was carved, with the best skill of the French artist, a young child with a bended bow, and a shaft quivering on the string. Fair blew the breeze, and free the gallant ship careered before it—before the self-same wind which at the self-same moment was tossing on its joyous pinions the victorious banners of the Saxon King. Fair blew the breeze, and fast the ship of William sped through the curling billows—so fast that, ere the sun set in the sea, the fleet was hull down in the offing, though staggering along under all press of sail. Night sank upon the sea; and faster flew the Duke; and as the morning broke, the chalky cliffs of Albion were in full view, at two or three leagues, distance. William, who had slept all that night as soundly and as calmly as a child, stood on the deck ere it was light enough to see the largest object on the sea, one mile away. His

first glance was toward the promised land, he was so swiftly nearing; his second, toward the offing, where he hoped to see his gallant followers. Brighter and brighter grew the morning, but not a speck was visible upon the clear horizon. "Up to the topmast, mariners," cried the bold Duke; "up to the topmast-head! And now what see ye?" he continued, as they sprang up in rapid emulation to that giddy height.

"Nought," cried the first—"nought but the sea and sky!"

"Anchor, then—anchor, presently; we will await their coming, and in the meanwhile, Sir Seneschal, serve us a breakfast of your best, and see there be no lack of wines, the strongest and the noblest!" and, on the instant, the heavy plunge was heard of the huge anchor in the deep; the sails were furled; and like a living creature endowed with intellect, and moving by volition, the gallant ship swung round, awaiting the arrival of her consorts.

The feast was spread, and, from the high Duke on the poop to the most humble mariner upon the forecastle, the red wine flowed for all in generous profusion. Again a lookout was sent up, and now he cried, "I see far, far, to seaward, the topsails of four vessels." A little pause consumed in revelry and feasting, and once again the ship-boy climbed the mast. "I see," he said, the third time, "a forest on the deep, of masts and sails!"

"God aid! God aid!" replied the armed crew—"God aid!" and, with the word, again they weighed the anchor, and, ere three hours had passed, the whole of that huge armament rode at their moorings off the beach at Pevensey.

There was no sign of opposition or resistance; and on the third day after Harold's victory at Staneford, the Norman host set foot on English soil. The archers were the first to disembark—armed with the six-foot bows, and cloth-yard shafts, then, for the first time, seen in England, soon destined to become the national weapon of its stout yeomanry. Their faces closely shorn, and short-cut hair, their light and succinct garments, were seen by the affrighted peasantry, who looked upon their landing from a distance, with equal terror and astonishment. Next came the men-at-arms, sheathed in their glittering hauberks and bright hose of mail, with conical steel helmets on their heads, long lances in their hands, and huge two-handed swords transversely girt across their persons. After them landed the pioneers, the laborers, and carpenters, who made the complement of that immense array, bearing with them, piece after piece, three fortresses of timber, arranged before-hand, and prepared to be erected on the instant, wherever they should come to land. Last of the mighty host, Duke William left his galley, and the long lines fell into orderly and beautiful array, as he was rowed to land. In leaping to that wished-for shore, the Norman's right foot struck the gunwale of the shallop, and he fell headlong on the sand, face downward. Instantly, through the whole army, a deep and shuddering murmur rose—"God guard us—'tis a sign of evil!"

But ere the sounds had passed away, he had sprung to his feet. "What is it that you fear?" he shouted,

in clear and joyous tones. "Or what dismays you? Lo! I have seized this earth in both mine hands, and, by the splendor of our God, 'tis yours!"

Loud was the cheer of gratulation which pealed seaward far, and far into the bosom of the invaded land, at that most brilliant and successful repartee—and with alacrity and glee—confident of success, and high in daring courage—the Norman host marched, unopposed, in regular and terrible array, toward Hastings. Here on the well-known heights, to this day known by the commemorative name of Battle, the wooden fortresses were speedily erected; trenches were dug; and William's army sat down for the night upon the land, which was thenceforth to be their heritage—thenceforth for evermore.

The news reached Harold as he lay at York, wounded and resting from his labors, and on the instant, with his victorious army, he set forth, publishing, as he marched along, his proclamation to all the chiefs of provinces and shires, to arm their followers, and meet him with all speed at London. The Western levies came without delay; those from the North, owing to distance, were some time behind; and yet, could Harold have been brought by any means to moderate his fierce and desperate impatience, he would, ere four days had elapsed, have found himself, at least, in the command of twice two hundred men. But irritated to the utmost by the sufferings of his countrymen, whose lands were pitilessly ravaged, whose tenements were burned for miles around the Norman camp, whose wives and daughters were subjected to every species of insult and indignity, the Saxon King pressed onward. And though his forces did not amount to one fourth part of the great Duke's array, still, he resolved to encounter them, precipitate and furious as a madman.

On the eighteenth day after the defeat of Tosti and Hardrada, the Saxon army was encamped over against the fortified position of the invaders. On that same day, a monk, Sir Hugues Maigrot, came to find Harold, with proposals from the foe, offering him peace on one of three conditions—either that he should yield the kingdom presently—or leave it to the arbitration of the Pope—or, finally, decide the matter by appeal to God in single combat.

To each and all of these proposals, the Saxon answered bluntly in the negative. "I will not yield my kingdom! I will not leave it to the Pope! I will not meet the Duke in single combat!"

Again the monk returned. "I come again," he said, "from William. 'Tell Harold,' said the Duke, 'if he will hold him to his ancient compact, I yield him all the lands beyond the Humber; I give his brother Gurth all the demesnes his father, Godwin, held. If he refuse these my last proffers, tell him before his people, he is a perjured liar, accursed of the Pope, and excommunicated.—He, and all those that hold to him!'"

But no effect had the bold words of William on the stern spirits of the English. "Battle," they cried—"no peace with Normans. Battle—immediate Battle!" and with that answer, did the priest return to his em-

ployer; and either host prepared for the appeal to that great arbiter—the sword!

Fairly the morning broke, which was to look upon the slaughter of so many thousands—broad and bright rose the sun, before whose setting one of those two magnificent and gallant armies must necessarily be involved in utter ruin. As the first rays were visible upon the eastern sky, Odo, the bishop of Bayeux, William's maternal brother, performed high mass before the marshalled troops, wearing his cope and rochet over his iron harness. The holy rites performed, he leaped upon his snow-white charger, and with his truncheon in his hand, arrayed the cavalry, which he commanded. It was a glorious spectacle—that mighty host arrayed in three long columns of attack, marching with slow and orderly precision against the palisaded trenches of the Saxons. The men-at-arms of the great Counts of Boulogne and Ponthieu, composed the first—the second being formed by the auxiliar bands of Brittany, Poitou and Maine—and in the third—commanded by the Duke in person, mounted on a superb Andalusian charger, wearing about his neck the reliquary on which his rival had sworn falsely; and accompanied by a young noble, Tunstan the White, bearing the banner of the Pope—were marshalled all the flower and strength of Normandy. Scattered along the front of the advance, were multitudes of archers, lightly equipped in quilted jerkins, with long yew bows, and arrows of an ell in length, mingled with cross-bow men with arbalasts of steel and square, steel-headed, quarrels. Steadily they advanced, and in good order; while, in their entrenched camp, guarded by palisades of oak, morticed together in a long line of ponderous trellice-work, the Englishmen awaited their approach—drawn up around their standard, which blazoned with the White Dragon—long both the ensign and the war-cry of their race—was planted firmly in the earth, surrounded by the dense ranks of heavy infantry which formed the strength of their array. Just as the charge began, William rode out before the lines; and thus addressed his soldiery:

“Turn your hearts wholly to the combat! set all upon the die, either to fall or conquer! For if we gain, we shall be rich and glorious! That which I gain, shall be your gain; that which I conquer, yours! If I shall win this land, ye shall possess it! Know, too, and well remember this, that not to claim my right, have I come only—but to revenge! Aye! to revenge our gentle nation, on all the felonies, the perjuries, the treasons of the English! The English, who, in profound peace, upon Saint Brice's eve, ruthlessly slew the unarmed and defenseless Danes—who decimated the bold followers of Alfred, my kinsman, and *your* countryman, and slew himself by shameless treachery! On, then, with God's aid! Normans! On! for revenge and victory!”

Then out dashed from the lines the boldest of his Vavasours, the Norman Taillefer, singing aloud the famous song, well known through every province of proud France—the song of Charlemagne and Rollo! tossing aloft the while his long two-handed war-sword, and catching it adroitly as it fell; while at each close of that

proud spirit-stirring chaunt, each warrior of that vast array thundered the burthen of the song—“God aid! God aid!” Then like a storm of hail, close, deadly and incessant, went forth the volleyed showers from arblast and long-bow; while infantry and horse charged in unbroken order against the gates and angles of the fort. But with a cool and stubborn hardihood the Saxon infantry stood firm. Protected by the massive palisades, from the appalling volleys of the archery, they hurled their short and heavy javelins with certain aim and deadly execution over their stout defences; while their huge axes, wherever they came hand to hand, shivered the Norman spears like reeds, and cleft the heaviest mail, even at a single blow! Long, and with all the hot, enthusiastic valor of her race, did the assailants crowd around the ramparts; but it was all in vain, they could not scale them in the face of that indomitable infantry; they could not force one timber from its place; and they at length recoiled, weary and half-subdued, toward the reserve of William! After a short cessation, again the archery advanced, but by the orders of the Duke their volleys were no longer sent point blank, but shot at a great elevation, so that they fell in a thick galling shower, striking the heads and wounding the unguarded faces of the bold defenders. Harold himself, who fought on foot beside his standard, lost his right eye at the first fight, but not for that did he desert his post, or play less valiantly the part of a determined soldier and wise leader. Again with that tremendous shout of “Notre dame, God aid! God aid!” which had, in every realm of Europe, sounded the harbinger of victory, the horse and foot rushed on to the attack; while from their rear that heavy and incessant sleet of bolt and shaft and bullet, fell fast and frequent into the dense ranks of the still undaunted English. At no point did they force their way, however, even when fighting at this desperate advantage! At no point did a single Norman penetrate a gate, or overtop a palisade; while at one entrance so complete was the repulse of the attacking squadrons, that they recoiled, hard pressed by the defenders, to a ravine at some considerable distance from the trenches, deep, dangerous, and filled with underwood and brambles; these, as they fell back in confusion, their horses stumbling and unable to recover, were overthrown, and slain pell-mell, and half defeated. One charge of cavalry, one shock of barbed horse would have ensured the total rout of the invaders—but wo! for England on that day—cavalry she had none, nor barbed horse, to complete gloriously the work her sturdy footmen had commenced so gallantly. Still, great was the disorder—great was the diarray and peril of the foreign soldiery. The cry went through the host, that the great Duke was slain! and, though he flung himself amid the flyers, with his head bare that they might recognize his features, threatening, cursing, striking at friend and foe with indiscriminating violence—it was well nigh an hour before he could restore the semblance of any discipline or order. This, once accomplished, he advanced again; and yet a third time, though he exerted every nerve, was he repulsed at every point in terrible disorder, and with tremendous loss. Evening was

fast approaching, and well did William know, that if the following morning should find the Saxons firm in their unforced entrenchments, his hopes were vain and hopeless! The country, far and near, was rousing to the Saxon war-cry; and to the Normans, not to conquer, was to be conquered utterly! and to be conquered was to perish one and all! Valor or open force, it was too evident, could effect nothing against men as valiant and as strong, posted with more advantage. Guile was his last resource—and guile, as usual, prevailed! A thousand of his cavaliers advanced, as though about to charge the trenches at full speed, with lances lowered, and with their wonted *ensenzie*, "God aid!" But as they neared the palisades, by preconcerted stratagem, as if they had lost heart, they suddenly drew bridle, all as a single man, and fled, as it appeared, in irretrievable disorder back! back! to the main body! Meanwhile, throughout the lines, the banners were waved to and fro disorderly, and the ranks shifted, and spears rose and fell, and all betokened their complete disorganization! The sight was too much even for the cool hardihood of Saxon courage; with one tremendous shout they rushed from their entrenchments—which, had they held to them, not forty fold the force of William could have successfully assailed—and wielding with both hands their bills and axes, plunged headlong in pursuit. That instant all was over! For, at a moment's notice, at a concerted signal of a single trumpet, the very men they deemed defeated wheeled into line, and with their spears projecting ten feet, at the least, before their charger's poitrails, their long plumes floating backward in the current caused by their own quick motion, the chivalry of France bore down on their pursuers, breathless, confused and struggling. It was a massacre, but not a rout; for not a man turned on his heel, or even thought to fly; but back to back, in desperate groups, they fought after their ranks were broken, hewing with their short weapons at the mail-clad lancers who securely speared them from the backs of their barbed horses—asking not, nor receiving quarter—true sons of England to the last, annihilated, but not conquered! Night fell, and Gurth, and Leofwyn, and Harold, lay dead around their standard—pierced with innumerable wounds, gory, and not to be discerned, so were their features and their forms defaced and mangled, by friend or foe. Yet still, when all was lost, without array, or order, standards, or chiefs, or hopes, the Englishmen fought on—till total darkness sank down on the field of slaughter, and utter inability to slay caused a brief pause in the unsparing havoc! Such was the vengeance of the Norman!

H.

REASON.

WITHIN the brain's most secret cells,
A certain lord chief-justice dwells,
Of sov'reign power, whom one and all,
With common voice, we Reason call:

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Original.

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.*

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ride home with her father, that dreadful night, was to Isabelle a season of overpowering agony. Her father had been almost forced into the carriage she had afterwards entered. He would not speak a word; and she dared not. Now and then, the glare of a street-lamp, or the stronger brilliancy from the illuminated apartments where pleasure was still holding its reign, shone through the carriage windows, and enabled her to discern that his brow was gloomily knit, and his face of ashy paleness; but when the rolling vehicle removed them from the light, his broken and fearfully audible breathing was the only token of his existence. Isabelle's reflections upon the painfulness of her situation, created by her father's discovery of her intercourse with Howard—for the little he had now gathered, would, with certainty, excite him to question farther—and the consequent deprivation of that delightful and dearly prized confidence which he had thus far extended to her, with the more harrowing thought that his fond and trusting affection had been wounded to the quick, were enough to inspire her with the bitterest sensations, setting aside the necessity she was now under, of witnessing the misery she was conscious of having been the means of inflicting. The two sources of pain exerting a combined action, were more than she could bear—tender, sensitive, truth-loving as she was; and although the whole distance was scarce half a mile—occupying in its passage but a few minutes, each moment seemed an hour. She thought herself to be stifling as she rode; but though faint, and gasping with emotion, she had enough of resolution to drop the window. Were they not there? No, it was but Golden Square; half way. The fresh breeze blew across her face, but it did not relieve her; for that anguished father was still beside her. At length the carriage stopped before the door of their home. Her father slowly and silently descended, and offered his hand to assist her. It was cold and trembling, and its touch went to her heart, and caused her involuntarily to glance at his face. Its expression forced from her a scream of mingled terror and agony; and she fell forward, senseless, into his arms. In the same speechless silence, he raised her; and bore her to her room.

She had been really ill previous to this last fatal event; for her consuming love for Howard, burned to have free license; and as the caged bird frets itself against the bars of its prison, that love in the confinement of its impediments, wasted away her strength. It had lain, too, like a load at her heart, the consciousness that she was deceiving her father's love, in the concealment of her relations to another; and the present shock, operating upon her weakness of body, and mental anxiety and pain, induced a wandering of her senses.

* Continued from page 177.

from which she was not relieved for many days. When she recovered her reason, after a tardy slumber, the first object which met her eyes, was her father, pacing her chamber with folded arms, his wan look betraying the conflict that had been raging within him. The past, the dreadful past, boding so fearfully of the future, rose before her in that first moment of thought, and with an impulse to throw herself at her father's feet, she extended her fair and delicate arms from the bed, with a feeble cry, in her prostration, like the moaning call of an infant. The Count started at the sound, and advanced on tip-toe to the bed. The eye on which he gazed, and which timidly and tearfully returned his glance, betokened, in its collected and subdued expression, the return of sense. "Thank Heaven," he said, in an earnest whisper—while, at the same time, a smile of encouragement began to wreath his face, and he inclined forward, as though he would stoop and kiss his daughter. But the deep and vital love that had made him the lonely watcher by her couch while danger menaced her, had rendered his hand quick and ready to perform the offices demanded by her state; had sharpened his ear to catch the smallest sound that came from her, though it were but the rustling of the bed-clothes as she feverishly turned; and had made his heart weep at the incoherent exclamations, not wild—for Isabelle could do nothing wild, even in the deprivation of her sweet sense—but sad and saddening; was dammed in its current by the remembrance of the past, now that Isabelle was herself again, and flowed back upon itself. He arrested the gesture while yet half executed; the incipient smile gave place to its lowering antagonist, and turning away without a word or further sign, he beckoned an attendant from an inner apartment, and left the room.

The mind diseased, quarrels with the prescriptions of the physician, and makes slow the body's recovery. Isabelle gained in strength by almost imperceptible degrees for some time, during which, her father never greeted her with his presence. She discovered, however, by questioning her maid, that he regularly inquired for her with solicitude, and she remembered his look and action at her bedside, and felt that though clouded, his love was not extinct. But when she cast her thought towards her lover, so chilling, so black and hopeless was the prospect, that she was glad to turn away from it, and strive to bury it in forgetfulness. But as often, it rose again before her, more dark, more desperate than before. She heard nothing from Howard. His quarrel with her father, which, public as it was, she knew must be the theme of conversation abroad, and, of course, was known to the servants, was a sufficient excuse for her to question respecting him, without exciting peculiar suspicions. But she could gain nothing definite. She was informed that he was yet in London. This was the limit of the information elicited. A new sorrow was now to be added to her catalogue of griefs.

It will be remembered that when Estelle made her debut in London society, at Lady Landon's ball, her cousin Isabelle acted partially as her chaperon for the evening, and was not separated from her until its close. She was deeply interested by Estelle's bright

and joyous beauty, and her artless and childlike vivacity. The friendship then begun, had become more strongly cemented by frequent intercourse thereafter, especially, until both Estelle and Isabelle began, at almost the same period, to feel interested in Howard. Then their communion slackened, and finally, as their loves progressed, ceased altogether in so far as its confidence was involved, although their relationship brought them still often together. But during Isabelle's illness, Estelle had made frequent applications for admittance to her, without effect, so long as her alienation of mind and subsequent weakness rendered it unsafe for her to be visited by any save her necessary attendants. But when she was able to sit up for two or three hours every day, Estelle was gratified when she called, with the answer, that her coming should be announced to her cousin, and if she should be inclined to see her, there would be no objection made. Of course, Isabelle leaped in heart to greet her; and the cousins were soon together; Estelle, with that half instinctive half thoughtful reserve and caution inspired by a sick room, subduing her ardent and characteristic manner, as she returned Isabelle's fond kiss and welcome, and sat down by her side.

"Come, Estelle," said Isabelle, "remove your bonnet. I shall not spare you for an hour, at least. I am weak, sweetest, therefore cannot say much; but I am wholly ignorant of what has been in progress in the gay world these three weeks, and you shall be my gazette. I know you must have news. But first of aunt and your sisters?"

"Are all well, Isabelle. But, indeed, I shall be a poor gazette. Like yourself, I have had little to do, of late, with the gay world."

Estelle's voice faltered as she progressed hesitatingly with this short reply, and Isabelle, who had been deceived by the flush on her cheek occasioned by her walk, assuming the hue of health, now noticed that the lustre was gone, and paleness had usurped its vacated throne; while, at the same time, the look of her sweet cousin beamed not with the airy serenity that had been so attractive a passport to her affection.

"Estelle, my dear Estelle, you have been ill, too. That careworn look and hollow eye, should be strangers to my cousin. You have been ill?"

Estelle hung her head—from which she had thrown back her bonnet—at Isabelle's question, and she played a moment with her glove, in evident embarrassment. Then the silence that succeeded, indicating Isabelle's pause for a reply, the more overthrew her self-possession—poor girl, she had never much, at best—and the blood stole up over her neck and face and forehead, enrobing all in its crimson mantle, while her frame shook violently, until she betrayed the unsustainable climax of her emotion by turning away from her cousin, springing to the window, and burying her face in the curtains, convulsive sobs meanwhile breaking from her, that grew stronger and stronger, and more and more frequent, until they gave place to uncontrollable weeping. Isabelle's nature made her keenly alive to the impulses of sympathy; and her present state laid her

tender heart the more open to commiseration. Despite her weakness, she followed Estelle, and silently twining one arm about her neck, she lifted with the other the long ringlets that hung luxuriantly down, and kissed her cheek. What so opens the suffering heart as heaven-born sympathy—blessed—blessed tie! Isabelle's action operated upon Estelle with electric effect. She raised her head, checked her tears, and turned fondly to her, pressing her in turn to her bosom, and thus embracing, the two slowly returned to the seats they had quitted. But Estelle only a moment occupied hers; sinking down upon the stool on which Isabelle's foot rested, and laying her cheek softly on her knee, there the ardent, guileless, and now despairing girl wept long—like a very child.

"Estelle, dear Estelle," said Isabelle, "what is it? Where is your sorrow? We have been somewhat estranged of late, I know not why; but I love you, Estelle, as fondly as ever; and there is no effort of my poor weak power that shall not be exerted for you. Will you let me be your friend? Pray, pray open your heart to me!"

But Estelle's tears only flowed the faster. The only evidence she gave to the pleading Isabelle, that she appreciated her love and sympathy, was a pressure of her hand. Doubting whether it might not be some woe that she had not the courage to give utterance to, Isabelle continued her beseeching words, hoping to strike upon a chord that should calm the sufferer, and incline her to that confidence which so rarely fails to relieve the oppressed bosom.

"Does my dear Estelle grow weary of the sights and sounds of the city—is there a pain in the glitter and gewgaw blazonry that is round her, and a desolation in the tumult of the crowd? Have you panted, dear Estelle, to break away from the restraints of society, and dreamed and mused on the green fields and clear blue sky, deserted for so long, until your bosom has so yearned to be back again, that your heart has grown thus sad? Is it this, Estelle?"

"I have yearned to see the blessed country again. I have grown sick of the selfish parade about me, but it—it is not that, dear cousin!"

"No ill has befallen you—no friend gone for ever?"

"No—no!"

"Perhaps it is that keener sorrow of the soul that grieves for joy that is fled—for hope that is deferred or lost?"

"Oh, Isabelle, Isabelle!" answered Estelle, while her sobs became more painfully violent, "there is no hope for me more!"

"No hope," echoed Isabelle, softened herself, even to tears—"no hope for one, than whom, but two short months ago, there was none brighter, or more glad-some? What bitterness of sorrow has cast so dreadful a blight? No, no, Estelle, not so. Say not there is no hope!"

Estelle sprang up from the stool where she had still been reclining, and tossing back the hair that had broken from the ribbon that secured it, and strayed across her face, she knelt down by the side of her

cousin, seizing her hand with passionate energy. She felt that Isabelle did truly love her. She had penetrated the cautious dissimulation and machinations of her mother and sister, and could not fly to the heartless authors of her grief, to seek from them a balm; and here was not a soul that could control the anguish that consumed her, and restrain it from sympathy, pent up in the concealment of her own bosom, slowly, yet surely, to burn and burn, with a flame never dimming, never dying, to expire only with the last of the ruin that it had made. The true, unalloyed love of man to woman, and oh! far more, of woman to man, is the most sacred of human affections. The heart would treasure it up in its hidden recesses, and feast upon it there, its secret in darkness from other eyes. It recoils in horror from the thought that it should be revealed to the careless stranger, as though the act were sacrilege; and it was with a pang that Estelle, though she so panted for sympathy and counsel in her anguish, had resolved to open all to Isabelle. But she had nerved herself to the effort; and there, on her knees, never releasing her hold of her cousin's hand, she told the woeful story of her love—its rise, its progress, the delusive phantoms of hope that had flattered her, and the circumstances that had stolen that hope away, and offered to her lips the chalice of despair. As she progressed, never once naming the object of her devotion, Isabelle's thoughts ran over the whole range of their mutual acquaintance, in conjecture who it might be; but in all, the suspicion never once occurred to her, that her own Howard had made the wreck of joy beside her. When the tale was ended, that had been told without a pause, as though a pause would be fatal to her resolution, Estelle released Isabelle's hand, that she had pressed almost to pain, and sunk down upon the floor, covering her face with her hands, over which her dishevelled hair fell, while renewed sobs agitated her whole frame. Isabelle was silent for a moment, wrapped in the conflicting thoughts and feelings that such a tale would naturally excite; then murmuring "Poor Estelle," half in thought, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and a mournful shake of her head, she bent toward Estelle, and gently and affectionately putting her arm around her waist, said—

"Are you sure he does not love you?"

"Oh, yes, yes! There is no hope! He only played with me when he came so often and spoke so kindly to me!"

"And his name, Estelle?"

"How can I speak it! you cannot think!"

"I have tried, and cannot."

"Oh, Isabelle, it is Howard. Colonel Elthorpe's friend!"

"No, Estelle! Oh, Heaven, no!" cried Isabelle, starting to her feet. "He is—"

She checked herself by a violent effort, but while her mind sustained itself under its pain, her body yielded; and making an effort to reach the bed, she fell prostrate upon the floor. Estelle's shrieks summoned the attendants, whom Isabelle had beckoned away on her cousin's entrance, hastily to her side. The pallid and senseless Isabelle was laid upon the bed, and Estelle

did not leave her until consciousness resumed its control. When she stooped to kiss her and bid farewell, Isabelle's boundless benevolence triumphed over all thought of self, even under such agonizing circumstances, and she softly said, "Be comforted—be comforted, my sweet Estelle!"

CHAPTER XII.

On the morning after the rencontre, Elthorpe hastened at an early hour to Howard's lodgings in Pall Mall, anxious, yet fearing to see his friend. The passion he had witnessed in him on the occasion of his former fracas with the Count, when the extent and nature of the outrage upon him bore no proportion to the present, inspired the boding inference that now he would chafe like the bitted war-horse, and listen to no argument; be soothed by no endeavors of friendship. He was ushered to his parlor in a state of mind akin to trepidation; but what was his surprise to be greeted by Howard with a placid smile, behind which no lingering signal of gloom or passion was apparently shrouded. His toilet, too, was studiously completed—his whole appearance and manner bearing a striking contrast to that exhibited in the former and similar occasion referred to.

"Ah—ha! Ah—ha! Elthorpe. Upon my word, you honor Pall Mall early, after your exertions in the dance last night. Do you come for inquiry or communication? If the latter, what from Berwick Street? If the former, dash away. I am in a mood to hear and answer a world of questions; serious, comical, or serio-comical."

"And upon my word, Howard," answered Elthorpe, gazing full in his face with a stare of astonishment, "you are an enigma, beyond my faculty to solve. Is last night so soon forgotten by you? I have been fearful to witness the vividness of your memory of it. This hilarity—this brusquerie—I am confounded! You are pot—"

"Ha, ha!" interrupted Howard, laughing, "do you fancy I evaporated my spleen in the fumes of some gin-shop—in the purlieus of Drury-lane or Covent Garden—or drowned it in choice nectar in St. James' Street? No, I warrant me! I came home and slept; soundly, too, and did not even dream. Is it so wonderful? Why, Elthorpe, I thought you knew me! Am I a child to be maddened at the poor reptile, whose instinct of self-defence prompts it to turn and bite me, when, perchance, I tread upon it? Am I to fume and rage because a madman frowns at me? No, no! The Count, poor fellow, is irresponsible. I have been angry as far as becomes me. Now I pity. Anger is too unhealthful a potion to be swallowed when it may as well be dispensed with. Why look you, my amazement-stricken son of Mars, so much do I pity, that I would allay this towering frenzy which racks the Count, if it may be done. Look there, on my escrutoire, behold, read, and stand the more agape!"

Colonel Elthorpe turned to the place designated, where an unfolded letter was lying. It was addressed to Count Rebierra, deprecating his unceasing opposition, and demanding in the most generous and respectful, and yet not servile language, what sacrifice could

be made by its victim to appease it. Elthorpe's cheeks glowed with the enthusiasm of friendship when he had perused it; and Howard, as he stood smiling before him, seemed elevated above mortal frailty. He could easily have excused him for fierceness and implacability, he more than honored him for the god-like spirit he seemed to manifest.

"Howard!" he finally exclaimed, extending his hand and grasping that of his friend, "I know not what to say to you. This is above—"

"A truce, a truce to compliments, my dear boy! It is but a rough sketch. Pray you, will it answer? Will it touch the right chord? Well then, let it lie, and we'll talk of something else. Where do you ride to-day?"

"To Greenwich, with Sir John, to dine."

"May I go? Will he tolerate me? There's promise of a glorious day! When shall you be for the saddle? At four? Grace Pall Mall as you ride, and I'll join you here. By the bye, I'll walk to Piccadilly with you. I'm for Bond Street. Advance! I'm at your heels!"

Elthorpe descended the stairs, while Howard lingered a moment. Elthorpe had no sooner turned his back, than Howard's countenance assumed a demoniac expression of triumph, and he muttered as he drew on his gloves—"Caught, fairly caught! It works by ——" but when he rejoined Elthorpe at the door, his face was bland again, and his smile that of a fate all sunshine.

CHAPTER XIII.

The limit circumscribed to us, forces us to hurry on. Count Rebierra sought an interview with Isabelle, soon after the confession of Estelle, and in deadly agony of soul, she was impelled by her horror of further and her misery at past deceit, to reveal to him all. It made the Count gloomy to hear the unexpected tale, but it did not soften him. He extorted from Isabelle, on pain of his everlasting displeasure, to hold no further communication with Howard. She obtained permission to make her promise known to him, but was to forbid reply or any communication. She resolved, let it cost what it would to her happiness, to adhere strictly to her plighted faith. Her explanation to Howard was full of love, but he was at no loss to interpret the spirit in which she laid her injunctions upon him to make no effort to see her or in any manner to commune with her, and he acquiesced in silence; though his love burned the more fiercely, from the resistance to its progress. Estelle and Isabelle were in the meantime, often together. Their chief topic of conversation was the being most interesting to both. Their minds and thoughts were freely opened to each other, and each was to the other a friend and comforter. But while Isabelle was supported by the consciousness that it was her precious boon to enjoy the affections of the beloved of both, and hope that lingers is long beckoned smilingly forward, Estelle, shut out from every hope, faded day by day. Her mother could not induce her to mingle in the slightest degree in society. Neither commands nor

entreaties, favors and frowns could avail. She sat through the entire day alone in her chamber, except when she was with Isabelle, often weeping hour by hour in her solitude. Pains began to prey upon her, but she made no complaint. And then a hectic flush grew bright upon her cheek, and a ceaseless cough foretold the ravages of disease upon her frame. Her mother became alarmed for the results of her own stony-hearted projects; she sent her into the country; Lady Fordyce chaperoned her to Brighton, and Tunbridge, but in vain. The country had lost its power to delight, or rather its beauty added keener woe by recalling hallowed associations that could not charm again; and she was re-conveyed to the city a drooping invalid, sinking into an early grave, the victim of a mother's ambition and guile.

We must retrace our steps to follow the course of our hero. The regiment to which he was attached had been ordered home, and being stationed in London, he was at full liberty to pursue the career he had marked out. His first object was to obtain a situation for one bribed to his interests in Count Rebierra's dwelling, as a servant, that he might be master of all the acts and intents of the father and daughter. That accomplished, he next proceeded to train Mathew Leggetson for the part he was to act. He supplied him liberally with money; spread before him every temptation to indulge in the sensualities in which he delighted; benumbing still more his already torpid conscience. He, himself, meanwhile, collected about him a wide circle of high-born society, to which he triumphed in having elevated himself. His former difficulties with the Count seemed forgotten by him, as they were by the world around.

Summer was advancing, the season of fashion was over, and its votaries scattered themselves through the country, at their own or the seats of noble friends, or at watering-places, to while away the interregnum. It was one morning announced to Howard by means of his emissary, that the Count and his daughter had accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with Earl Fordyce at Hampstead; and that the Count would proceed thither that very afternoon, preceding his daughter to be present at a dinner-party on the next day; that he would go in his own coach, and that the informant, who served in the capacity of footman, was to accompany him. The information was given by Mathew Leggetson, who concluded its delivery by a demand for money, professing himself in his rough manner, to be much in need of that valuable adjunct. Howard paid no attention to the closing fraction of his communication, for the tenor of the previous portion had set every faculty of his mind into the intensest action. Every circumstance was favorable to the execution of the terrible deed that he had been brooding over and maturing from that fatal period—long, long ago—when the Count barred the gates of reconciliation and forgetfulness, and wove for himself a web, to be died in blood alone. The day was propitious. It was a hazy, sullen atmosphere, which portends one of those dense and almost embodied fogs, which often render it necessary in the metropolis to employ lamps when the sun is in the very zenith.

The place would be favorable. There was not a dwelling within a mile of a spot in the cross road, which the Count must needs pass over to arrive at the Earl's country-seat; and more than all, Fletcher, the emissary referred to, a fellow who had been a follower of the camp—was steeped to the very hair in depravity, was familiar with scenes of carnage, had gazed on thousands of prostrate bodies, weltering in their blood, and would never quail at the sight of one. He might be bought with gold—yes had been bought, in advance, to execute whatever Howard might dictate, was to be his companion. But then the time to plan and to execute the deed was as nothing, a few short hours. Howard paced the room, without a word to Mathew in reply, now pausing to gaze from the window, now fixing his eyes upon the floor in the intensest thought. "Oh, that the time were but longer!" he said to himself, again and again biting his lip in vexation. But if to some minds, anticipation of pleasure, equals if it do not exceed, the reality, to all minds, the suspense previous to the commission of an unholy deed, that the mind has determined to execute, inflicts agony cumulated on agony, as though each moment of it were the witness of the very deed. Howard, with the unwavering determination within him, to make life the forfeiture of injury, shrank from longer endurance of this fell intent, since its fruition was extended to him under such favorable chances. A stamp of his foot and a snap of his fingers, announced the climax of his cogitations, and his conclusion to make the "be all and the end all" then.

Recalling Mathew's request for money at this juncture, he resolved to make it the prelude to a call upon his servant for services of a darker nature than any he had yet performed.

"Sit down, sit down, Mathew," said he to the uncouth and abhorrent creature that stood, striking one foot against the other, by the door. Whereupon Mathew sidled into a chair.

"You asked for money, Mathew. Is all gone that I gave you on Friday?"

"Deil tak it, not a ha'pence is left. What wi' the cheat o' a black bearded Jew, curns light on his pow, that played wi' me Saturday night, and—ha, ha! a skin full of Mac Birnie's gin ilka night; it's gane, the deil kens where?"

"Mathew, do you love me?" asked Howard, turning short round and eying his astonished servitor with a fixed glance. Mathew's obtuse intellect could not fathom any object in this abrupt inquiry, although he instinctively gathered that it had relation to something more than ordinary matters. He drew up his lank limbs and thrust them out again repeatedly, and repeatedly scratched behind his protuberant ear, before he answered with a grin—

"Ye may think sae, an' be nae more, at maist, than a stane's thrōw-off. It was nae for no' that I stickit till ye like a-plaster sin' ye cam' frae hame, and if it werena sae, I'm nae sic a doiled gomeril as to tell of it, wi sic an errand as mine."

Mathew winked at his master with the familiarity to which he was accustomed, at this stroke of humor,

and broke into a slight laugh. Howard proceeded without attention.

"How can you show that you love me?"

"Aweel, aweel, Maister Howard, try me. Here's a lang leg to rin, and a stalwart arm to grip, and say ye wherefore to rin and what to grip, and Mathew's the man for ye."

So far, so good. Howard now changed his method, and sitting down, said with a smile—

"We have had many a frolic together, Mathew."

"Troth have we, Maister Howard," answered Mathew, his eyes kindling with the recollection. Howard continued—

"You remember the old bridge?"

"Weel enough, weel enough!" was the Scotchman's reply, in a subdued tone of exultation.

"And Mike Alsted, the beggar?"

"Weel enough, weel enough!" repeated Mathew, rubbing his hands in the very ecstasy of recollection. "The gyte gaberlunzie, wi' what a growgome graw he rowed frae the blink, and grat and rowt; skirling for help, as he doukit i' the deil's linn. 'Twas a braw reek!"

"There was old Margery, too?"

"I ken weel! A routing skellock she set up, deil tak her; an' how we loupit the dyke, rinnin for gude life through the loan, wi' the gyre carling at our heels. I've aye cursed mysel that I didna' ding her ower, and thraw her thrapple, the rudas!"

This exhibition of ferocity was certainly a fair foundation for Howard, on which to build the hope of an easy conquest over Mathew's tenderness of conscience, if indeed it were not in every respect callous to emotion. He resolved, at least, to suspend further preliminaries, and enter at once, upon the avowal of his wishes.

"Mathew," said he, "you remember well my several conflicts with Count Rebierra. One was the result of interference for your protection. I hate him. He has injured, insulted and wronged me; he has spit upon me—yes, by heaven—that I should live to say it—spit upon me! and I have had no revenge! That revenge I pant for, and must have! You say you love me. Tell me then, what shall I do for revenge?"

"Gin it were mysel he had noited and misca'd in sic a fashion, forgie me, Maister Howard, but I wud has grippit his hause or knockit out his harns, and no left him till I had seen the dead-thraw and heard the ruckle, and that lang syne."

This was decisive of Mathew's disposition, and availableness for Howard's purposes. Disguising and tampering no longer, the latter signified plainly his intentions and his wishes that Mathew, in conjunction with Fletcher, should execute them. Mathew heard without any evidence of emotion, and his only objections were in relation to the danger of discovery; for he suggested that he "woudna relish owermuch to be traiking frae a tow." But the liberal promises of money made by Howard, prevailed in a short time over these fears; and he professed his readiness to receive instructions. The trio were shortly closeted together with locked doors, and in low whispers the arrange-

ments were completed. When all was ready, Howard laid a well-filled purse before each of his fell ministers, as an earnest of the future; and they departed to prepare for the fiendish deed they were soon to achieve. In the meantime, Howard, with a recklessness of all disguise which he never indulged in when mortal eyes were present to take note, gave a loose to the dark exultation of passion, anticipating the gratification of its most hellish machinations, and unchecked by one wavering of fear, or one shrinking of the soul.

CHAPTER XIV.

As the day wore on, the presages of the morning were gradually fulfilled. The haziness deepened into a fog, and the shades rolled forward, growing deeper and deeper, until night seemed to have usurped the empire of day. In many of the shops, the gas-lights were lighted, and link-boys were seen with their flaring links, dancing here and there in search of employment. Howard gazed upon the dismal scene in gratification, for he would have cursed the sunlight. Hour after hour passed. He endeavored to compose himself, to read, to write; but every few minutes he drew out his watch with an oath, at the laggard step of time. Fletcher had promised to delay the carriage by some excuse or other, until between four or five. It was now near to four, and Howard's nervous impatience had become scarcely endurable. He could fix his mind upon nothing. An agonizing fear took possession of him, that by some mischance, his assassins might but half complete their purpose. Guided by an irresistible impulse, he seized his hat and descended to the street. A drizzling rain fell lazily through the fog, rendering the aspect of nature yet more desolate. Howard walked rapidly through Pall Mall to the Haymarket, running an imminent risk of coming in contact with those whom he met, for he looked not to the right nor to the left, and his thoughts were elsewhere. Pausing a moment at the corner, in utter vacancy of purpose, he dashed down Cockspur Street to Charing Cross. In the mean time, the rain began to fall faster than before, and at intervals, the curtain of the fog lifted itself from the face of nature, only to shroud all things again, in a deeper mantle. Our hero, half drenched with the rain, made a second pause at Charing Cross; and there, for the first time, collecting his wandering senses, and framing a definite purpose, he proceeded at the same impetuous rate, towards the King's News or stables, and from thence making his way into St. Martin's Lane, he pursued a straight course to Tottenham Court Road, hastening onward without a pause.

He was now on the highway to Hampstead; and at the hour when the Count started from Portland Street, he was two miles in advance, and still hurrying on, with the sweat standing in big drops on his brow, and his garments saturated with the rain. In the unusual events of the day, and the terrific sensations that had occupied his mind, he had forgotten the wants of nature, and not a mouthful of food had passed his lips since the early morning. The exertion of his walk, combined with the lack of sustenance, finally checked his ardor,

and with a dizziness in his brain, and faintness through all his frame, he sat down by the road side, to recover himself. Two or three stage-coaches passed him as he sat, shrouding his face with his hand, and a drunken sailor halooed to him from the dickey of one, with some salt-water slang, presuming that no one but a madman, a fool, or some homeless, houseless wanderer, would be found in such a spot at such a time. He was not far from the truth. It was a madman whom he passed by; for when is man more desperately, mournfully mad, than when passion laughs reason to scorn, and urges the heart to dare and the hand to do deeds at which sane humanity stands agape in horror.

A private carriage now approached from cityward. The frenzied Howard lifted his eyes, eagerly peering through the misty darkness to ascertain if it were the object of his thoughts, and when the Count's coal-black horses, and Pedro Montenegro, the diminutive coachman, were descried with certainty, a thrill coursed through every fibre, and he crouched down, slouching his hat as much as possible over his forehead. The carriage rumbled by, no sound breaking in upon the monotonous roll of the wheels, and the patter of the rain, save now and then a drowsy ejaculation from Pedro, to encourage the well-conditioned steeds who jogged along in stately dignity, never altering their pace, but receiving Pedro's exclamations as much a matter of course, as the harness, or the coach, or Pedro, himself. Howard watched it from the moment it had left him in its rear, and when it had attained such a distance in advance, as to be dimly visible, he sprang up and followed it at so quick a pace, as almost to equal the trot of the horses. The reflection that the object of his hatred was so near to him, removed the feebleness that had detained him, and inspired, indeed, unnatural vigor. Occasionally, as he fell to a wider distance into the rear, he ran forward until he regained the space he had lost. Thus he proceeded for several miles, when suddenly, the carriage shortened into a walk, and turning almost a right angle to the left, entered the cross road that conducted to Seymour Lodge.

Howard halted a moment at the corner. He doubted not but that Mathew was at his post, awaiting the coming of the carriage; and with such definite instructions as he had received, and Fletcher's assistance, he surely was sufficient for his work. But expectation ever induces anxiety; Pedro might be guilty of greater courage than they had imputed to him; and he got rid of with more difficulty than they had anticipated. Mathew might be a moment too late—any thing, every thing might happen to prevent the consummation altogether, or, what were the worse event in Howard's estimation, it might but partially succeed, to the certain detection and ignominy of all concerned. Desperation seized upon him. He ran violently down the road, stopping every moment, and almost holding his breath, to catch the first sound of action. But all was still. He ran on—and yet farther. The fog had become yet denser than ever, and the rain fell in big plashing drops. Suddenly, distinct cries came to his ears; and

then the carriage was heard whirling along furiously toward him. The horses were evidently ungoverned, for now the wheels rattled on the trodden path, now rolled with muffled sound over the grass upon the roadside, and at times, too, crashed against the boulder's fences. Fearful of personal danger, Howard jumped over a gate near him, and awaited its coming. The frightened, panting horses soon clattered by, and dashed against a projecting post as they swerved again from the road. For an instant, the carriage reeled with a crash upon its side, dragging the horses with it, to the earth. There was stillness; then was heard a snapping of wood, and again the clatter of the horses' hoofs became fearfully audible, as, freed from their burden, they sprang madly away.

The rush of liberated horses at their full speed, has in it much of excitement to every mind; but the career of these, presage as it was, to Howard, of the attainment of a long cherished end, the performance of a deed, black, startling and terrible, operated with tremendous effect. He could scarce repress a sudden cry of emotion. He bent down and listened again with agonizing intensity, but heard only the fainter and fainter sound from the retreating horses. The anxiety of this crisis was scarce endurable. He ran violently forward over the field—for Mathew, after gagging his victim, was to drag him to a clump of trees at some distance from the road before he struck the fatal blow—and stopped and stooped, hearkening as before; cursing the audible beating of his own heart. The horses were beyond the reach of hearing—the rain ceased—and plainly, plainly he now recognised the sounds of a scuffle, the trampling of feet; and the smothered outcry of a muffled voice! He could endure no longer, and rushed toward the scene. It evidently was retreating from the road, but he changed his course as the noise directed, and soon the dim outlines of human figures moved in the misty atmosphere. A moment more, and he was in distinct view of the party. Mathew and Fletcher were on either side of the Count, grasping him tightly by the throat, and forcing him on despite his strong resistance. Howard was close upon the three, before his footsteps startled his earnest subordinates. Alarmed, both released their prisoner at once, and sprang aside, but his hoarse whisper, "It is I," recalled them, and before the Count could avail himself of his liberation, they regained their hold, and materially assisted by Howard, who pushed his victim forward from the rear, the designated clump of trees was soon attained. Howard then threw off his associates, and at the same time fastened the fingers of his right hand upon the Count's throat, half strangling him in the iron grasp, and effectually preventing any outcry, except a choking groan. He then disengaged the handkerchief that had been bound across the Count's mouth, and had screened his whole face; and stood before him to drink the rich draught of revenge, in proclaiming himself to his enemy as his murderer; and to convulse his departing soul with the keenest pang that his fiendish and merciless spirit could devise.

"Count Rabierre," said he, in a low but impassioned

tone, "mine is the advantage now! You have wreaked upon me all the insult that one man can endure from another! Did you think to do it and live? You did not know me then! Memory has not slumbered over that insult, but has treasured it up; and now, when you and the world have deemed me a forgiving sufferer, is the revenge to come!"

As he paused, the Count took advantage of a slight relaxation in his hold, and jerking back, disengaged himself; with wonderful self-possession in that fearful moment, peeling forth a loud and far-reaching cry for help, and at the same instant throwing himself upon Howard. But overpowered by superior numbers, he was hurled to the ground and the brutal Fletcher raised the glittering knife, sharpened for the purpose, to plunge it into his bosom. But Howard was not yet done; and arresting the action, and obtaining possession of the knife himself, he bent above the prostrate Count, who lay pinioned to the ground by Mathew and Fletcher, to whisper but one sentence more. Mathew, however, manifested strong signs of impatience, and muttered—

"The devil's in ye, Maister Howard, that ye dinna ding him! Wi' his unchancy dirdum, we'll hae a kittle offcome. Ding! ding!"

But revenge had not been complete without that one sentence more!

"The steel is in my hand, Count Rebierra, and I strike! but hear—hear, and let the thought be madness! I love your daughter, and she has given me every affection of her heart; and now, when you are gone, I will seek her, and her kisses shall be on my cheek, and she shall rest on my bosom the wife of the low-born murderer of her father!"

The harrowing shriek that burst from the Count, was a chilling witness that the accursed thought had struck deep as the murderer could wish. Ceasing all effort, he closed his eyes, awaiting the stroke that was to sever the bond of life, paralyzed to the very soul by his thought of Isabelle's fate. Once, as Howard, secure in his full revenge, yet bent above him, gazing upon his countenance with a grimly triumphant smile, he murmured, "Oh God, my Isabelle!" They were the last words he spoke. Steps were heard of comers aroused by his outcries. Howard struck the fatal knife once—twice—thrice into his bosom, then turned and fled away.

CHAPTER XV.

Isabelle passed the evening after her father's departure, in contemplation and lonely musings; and the tenor of her thoughts may be gathered from the following extract from her journal:—

July 17.—"This afternoon my dear father has gone to visit Earl Fordyce at Seymour Lodge, whither I am to follow to-morrow. He smiled on me, kindly when he parted from me, and kissed me affectionately, what he has not done for months. The tears started into my eyes, and I was almost delirious awhile, for joy; for nothing has so hung like a millstone about the neck of my spirit, as my father's estrangement from me. He loves me, and has forgiven me! There is a sweet calm

upon me, now, and I have been dreaming waking-dreams of the future. Something whispers that the black cloud which has been overhanging the horizon of my destiny, threatening to burst above me in storm and devastation, has broken away, and the blessed sun of peace and happiness is beaming in its place. In all these dreams, he is woven—shall I see him, speak to him, pour out my soul to him again, and listen to his rapturing words! Hope whispers, 'Yes,' and I will cherish its kind and encouraging whispers, and filled with its buoyant spirit, be cheered and encouraged and happy again!"

She was interrupted while her pen yet lingered on the last word, by a loud and eager knock at the street door. A knock was certainly no unusual occurrence, but there was a peculiarity to this knock which awakened her attention. But a few minutes elapsed, before her maid placed a note in her hand. It was from her cousin, Lady Fordyce, and read as follows:—

"Seymour Lodge.

"Dearest Isabelle:

My first injunction is that you be not in the slightest degree alarmed by the object of this message. Your father, my love, met with an accident while on his way to us, and as he will feel more comfortable with you beside him, and you would be sadly vexed with me if I did not instantly apprise you of any misfortune to him, however slight, I send the carriage for you. Come as soon as possible, love, but mind me, don't be alarmed. Mr. Brandon has kindly accompanied the carriage, and will be your escort. Truly and affectionately,

"Your Cousin."

Isabelle was alarmed, for there was every thing in the circumstances to alarm her. It was impossible that she should have been sent for expressly from such a distance, and on such a night, for any slight misfortune. A stranger too, was to be her companion—what careful preparation for a mere and slight accident! But with all her dread foreboding, she obeyed her cousin's injunction to hasten, and in a few moments joined Mr. Brandon at the door, who handed her in silence into the carriage. He seated himself beside her, and they whirled rapidly away, while the wind howled mournfully through the streets—for the storm had increased its violence—and the rain pattered against the windows of the vehicle.

"What is it, sir—what is it?" she asked as soon as her feelings permitted.

"I am unable to answer definitely. Your father was injured at some distance from the Lodge, and—I have not seen him, Miss Isabelle—so will not attempt to describe his situation, I cannot with any accuracy."

"But what do you think, sir? What was said? How was he injured? Pray, pray tell me! Oh, my poor father! What is it, sir, what is it?"

"My dear young lady, do not discompose yourself! The surgeon had not arrived when I left the Lodge; indeed we are to take him up from Great Marlboro' Street; ah, here we are at his door."

Mr. Brandon saluted the surgeon, who did not delay

the carriage a moment, and they were soon again on their way. Isabelle saw from Mr. Brandon's hesitation that he was unable or unwilling to enter into particulars, or apprise her of the exact truth. She therefore said no more; and no words were addressed to her. A trite remark now and then was exchanged between the gentlemen, with long intervals of complete silence. Isabelle felt that their motion was unusually rapid; and that the panting horses were exerting themselves to their utmost to keep pace with her sickening impatience; and, in a comparatively short period, the coachman reined up his jaded beasts before the door of Seymour Lodge.

Earl Fordyce himself handed Isabelle from the carriage, whispering his salutations, and conducting with an energy so unusual to him, that Isabelle instinctively felt that a momentous occasion alone, could have awakened him. She had scarce strength to mount the steps of the portico, and enter the door. There Lady Fordyce met her and kissed her without a word. The formalities of intercourse seemed to be overlooked, and every thing was indicative of the worst.

"Come, love, directly to my chamber. Harriet support Miss Isabelle on the other side. I beg of you not to be so alarmed. How you tremble! There, sit down in this cushioned chair and rest yourself. Harriet, my drops."

So Lady Fordyce, with an indifference evidently constrained, addressed the pallid girl. Isabelle's suspicions were excited to a degree beyond the mournful reality, and nerving herself to ask the dreadful question, she took Lady Fordyce's hand, as she leaned over one arm of the chair, holding the drops, and gently bathing her forehead, she said with difficulty—

"I am dying with anxiety. Your faces, your actions, your words, all terrify me. I feel assured that my father is killed—is dead!"

"Oh, no—no, love! How could you suffer yourself to think so? He is badly hurt, but we hope, not dangerously."

You have taken a load from my heart. Tell me again, he is not dead!"

"He is not, dear cousin—indeed he is not."

"Let me lie down a moment. I will go to him presently. I must regain—com—" The word died on her lips and she had fainted; but the efforts of the surgeon soon restored her, and so soon as she requested it, she was conducted to her father. When she entered with tottering steps and suspended breath, the chamber where he lay, a single lamp shed a dim light around, for the eyes of the wounded man could bear no more—and cast a shade over his countenance, that rendered its ghastliness more terrible to look upon; and at the first glance—at the first evidence of what a few short hours had wrought—tears gushed from the eyes of the heart-broken Isabelle, and she sank on her knees by the bedside, burying her face in the clothes. He languidly opened his closed eyes at the sound, and slowly and feebly extending his hand laid it upon hers. At the touch, she sprang up and pressing it fondly, she kissed it repeatedly, and then with a shudder kissed his cheek.

A faint smile played round his mouth and his lips moved; but suddenly, an appalling change passed over his features. The little of the vital current that had not ebbed away through gaping wounds, spread itself over his face, and slightly suffused his cheek. There was a wild, intense meaning in the glance that he fixed upon Isabelle; and with sudden power he waved his hand to and fro. It was interpreted by Lady Fordyce and the surgeon, who had accompanied Isabelle, to be a signal that she should be left alone with him, and they left the chamber. But that did not compose the agitated man. His hand yet waved, that dread expression retained its place, and his lips moved more violently, but he did not speak!

He could not speak! One thrust of the assassin's knife had passed through his neck and hushed his voice for ever. Oh, what mind can estimate the agony of that parent, extended on the bed of death, with his murderer's words yet ringing in his ear, his beloved daughter beside him, and the fiend of silence chaining his voice!

"Father, father! wouldest thou speak to me? Speak to me, father, speak to me!" cried Isabelle.

He made a gesture for her to put her ear to his lips. She understood it instantly and obeyed; but alas! only a monotonous gurgle reached her ear, and lifting her head, she said—

"I cannot hear! I cannot hear!"

In almost a convulsion of agony at her reply, he beckoned again to her to repeat the effort. It was vain again!

"Father," said she, "I cannot hear. What shall I do!"

The Count then exerted himself to raise himself upright. The emotion displaced the bandages on his neck, and the blood oozed through them. At the sight of it, and of her father's misery, Isabelle's power of endurance deserted her, and she sank down upon the floor. The Count redoubled his exertion. His soul would not pass down to the tomb with his mighty secret unrevealed. The father could not leave his child to be the prey of his murderer! The fierceness of his inward tumult, triumphed for the moment over wounds and exhaustion and coming death; and started in every vein the curdling blood, and fired his dimming eye and nerved anew his waning strength. He felt that he was dying, and could not call for aid. His eye lighted upon a pen and paper that were on a near table. Could he but reach it, his hand could trace what his tongue refused to utter—and he could save his child! He threw off the bed-clothes; and as his foot sought the floor, it encountered the cold face of the inanimate Isabelle. Seeking another footing, he stood up—staggered to the table—feebly grasped the pen and wrote; but the fountains of life were broken up; the torch of existence flickered in its socket; he shivered—a shade came over his sight—the pen dropped from his nerveless grasp—the fearful rattle was in his throat—he gasped—his jaw fell—he staggered—he was dead!

When Lady Fordyce and the surgeon, alarmed at the long silence, ventured to enter, the Count was standing

supported in an upright position by the wall and the table; and Isabelle was extended on the floor at his feet. Death had palsied her hand before it had done its work; and when Isabelle revived to the bitterness of her sorrow, the paper was put into her hand on which her father had sought to trace his last direction. It only said—

"My murderer is—"

CHAPTER XVI.

The murder of Count Rebierra excited, as might be expected, the extreme of wonder and horror. It was executed under circumstances which imparted to it a peculiar atrociousness; for the unhappy sufferer could not have been a mark for the assaults of the common highwayman, having been pursuing his way merely to execute a purpose of pleasure, and therefore, nullifying the supposition that he carried with him any considerable sum of money. Again, it was executed at so short a distance from the city, and so near to a great thoroughfare, that its boldness was a second remarkable feature. The magistrates obeyed the public demand, in employing every means to ferret out the assassins; and the first step was to examine the servants who accompanied him. Pedro testified with an incoherency which bore no flattering witness to his courage on the occasion. He could only remember with distinctness that the horses were stopped suddenly by a man grasping the reins at their heads, and that he was pulled from his seat; further, he could not particularize. Indeed, in respect to the last fact—his being pulled from his seat—he was guilty of so many contradictions and vagaries of speech, that it might well be doubted whether he did not rather fall of his own accord. He would have inspired in the magistrates a question of his own concern in the tragic deed, if his known attachment to his master, his simple-mindedness, and the character of his perturbation—for it had no symptoms of wariness, or that hesitation which is indicative of cautious deceit—had not pleaded strongly in his favor. Fletcher, a thorough villain, and careless and blunt, so long as he had confidence that there was not a remote suspicion of himself, delivered himself of the story that Howard had put into his mouth, with a promptness and apparent openness, which, notwithstanding an unprepossessing countenance and contour of cranium, obtained his speedy dismissal. It was natural that some few suggestions should be made in relation to Howard's by-gone disagreements with the murdered man, less, however, in the light of suspicion, than of inquiry; for there had been from the beginning, a seeming generosity in his bearing towards the Count, the very reverse of the malicious revenge which alone could instigate him to such a fearful satisfaction. These remarks were communicated to Howard by Elthorpe, and his reception of them apparently "more in sorrow than in anger," was sufficient to engage Elthorpe's warmest sympathies, and excite him to the strongest exertions to counteract any lingering doubt in connection with his friend. The matter, therefore, after having been the nine days wonder, died away. Count Rebierra was forgotten by the

world, as the best, the wisest, the highest and the lowest are forgotten, so soon as they cease to walk and act among men; and Isabelle was left to weep alone. Howard was in the power of the wretches whom he had employed; but their own safety required silence; and his liberal supplies of money to them removed any probability of a confession from either.

So soon as the question of the murder was set at rest, Howard's first object was to obtain a reinstatement in Isabelle's companionship. He had his fears of the possibility. He doubted whether filial affection, and reverence for the opinions, wishes, and prejudices of her deceased parent would not prevail over the love which he was convinced she yet entertained toward him. Success was dependant, in a measure, on the skill with which he presented and pressed his suit. He postponed all endeavor until the first freshness of grief had wept itself away—until the powerful reminiscences of the dead had become softened in memory—until reproaches at neglect of duty to the departed, and vows of respect and fulfilment to every known desire—as a peace-offering to his manes—should have lost that excess, which would prompt to the extreme of severity; and then, without a warning, he burst upon her, to plead his cause in person. What could she do? Repel him? Can the doating heart repel the cherished object of its affections? She wept—bitterly wept, but it was in his arms. Could she resist his arguments, his entreaties, enforced by the earnest counsellor in her own bosom? Could the voice of the dead and the vanished prevail over the accents of the living and the present, the present loved, in a measure, more than the dead, at least, with a more yearning, pervading, engrossing love? No; Howard was Isabelle's comforter through her griefs—her nearest friend, her oftenest consulted counsellor. Howard dried up her tears, and excited her first smile; and in a month, he appeared with her as her accredited lover.

The announcement of their betrothment was the last wound the heart of Estelle was to suffer. She rejoiced in what she deemed to be the happiness of her cousin, but she had nursed the waning spark of life within her, by dwelling devotedly and unceasingly upon her love for Howard. It had been a medicine more potent to her weakness than the prescriptions of her physicians, a nurse more genial than the solicitude of a mother. Now this solace seemed to be criminal. A barrier was suddenly thrust before her sight to cut off the last ray of consolation. She felt herself to be encroaching on the treasures of another's heart—to be wronging Isabelle, in longer feeding the flame of her own love. It was for one alone to think of him as she had thought—to dream of him as she had dreamed—to pray for him as she had prayed—to weep for him as she had wept—and, alas! that one was Isabelle!

On a beautiful evening in midsummer, when the sun had gone down in brightness, and Howard was watching with Isabelle the stars as they sprang to life, stealing into lustre, as though they had fled from day as from an enemy, and now that he was vanishing in the West, came peeping slyly forth, to see if the foe had

really gone, before they should let their lamps glow steadily and truly, Estelle took her leave of earth. Then, when he who had beguiled her heart to its ruin, was basking in the fruition of hope—then, when he looked in love into eyes that returned that look in love again—the wretched victim of his heartlessness was casting one glance at the world which had, through him, so cruelly deceived her, that one, the mournfullest and the last—and at the moment when, warmed into sympathy by kindred emotions, the lips of the lovers met in a kiss of glowing affection, her soul winged its way to Heaven!

Howard was not a deep mourner at her departure: his callous treatment of her did not excite emotions of poignant regret and sorrow. He had passed the dread Rubicon of moral depravity, and what had his moral sense, weighed down, as it was, with the extreme of guilt, to do with inferior burdens? In a measure, a change had come over him since his concernment in Count Rebierra's death. "Murder will out!" says the quaint old proverb; it will to light, if not in the present, by the aid of evidence, in the future, by the voluntary confession of a pricked and wounded conscience. Man can steal and rob and lie, and run through all the catalogue of guilt—save to shed blood—and mingle with his fellows, and his hand tremble not, and his cheek pale not—but when once he has laid in the grave, by foul assault, the image of God, a ban is on his soul—it frets and chafes in its bloody though secret cell, and will not sink to rest.

To be concluded next month.

Original.

THE MYSTERY OF MAN.

BY GRENVILLE MELLER.

WELL may we say 'tis mystery! Can it be
That we, who feel our heirship to the stars,
And the eternal passport to the realms
To which they but stand sentinel—that we
Who feel our charter written on the skies
In characters that have not from their first
And awful glory faded with the years—
That we turn still to earth, with faith or fear
That the black coffin and the unsightly worm
Have yet the victory! that things which know
Naught of the high hope which the epitaph
Written above them trumpets to the world,
Shall yet outlive the creature they enclose
And banquet on! Is man the heritor
Of what he holds great record in the Book
Whose promises are changeless as the sun—
And in his bosom, that *will* not keep back
What *was* a revelation on its page
When it first open'd that white page to Time—
Does he hold this inheritance—and yet
Turn to the turf that blackens all the sky
When it falls on us—and degrade the God
That made him, and is in him, by a prayer
For silence and oblivion?—

Original.

GLIMPSES AT GOTHAM.—NO. III.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

"Simon. Wert ever in a great city, Licol?
Licol. Once, good Simon, when a boy in breeks."

THE facility with which mobs and vast concourses of people may be assembled in Gotham, is one of its most remarkable characteristics. An omnibus is locked for a moment in the wheels of a hack, and a hundred persons gather around it at once. A man slips and falls into the gutter! One or two pick him out—four or five run to see if he is hurt—twenty more collect to know what is the matter, and a hundred crowd around to see what the others are doing; and the side-walk and street becomes blockaded with a curious, inquiring, wondering throng.

A day or two ago, a little dirty-faced brat of a boy dropped a penny into the gutter where the filthy water was two or three inches deep. He began to blubber, and at the same time to paddle for it with his tattered sleeve drawn up to his shoulder. Two or three other little urchins collected around him, and also began to search. A loafer, with tattered wardrobe and marginless hat, hearing the loss, also poked his long, brawny arm into the puddle, whether in charity to the boy or himself, we leave the benevolent reader to determine. Passers-by, attracted, delayed to inquire—others stopped to see what the host were interested in, and in less than two minutes after the loss of the penny, the side-walk was completely obstructed by a mass of curious gapers, all stretching their necks, all a-tip-toe, and eagerly inquiring what was the matter—while a few light-fingered gentry, no doubt, took the occasion to be equally inquisitive as to the contents of their respective coat-pockets.

Indeed, there seems to be an immense population here, that has nothing under the sun to do but to run hither and thither to see what is going on. Hundreds are always idly wandering about the streets, thronging the public walks, and on the *qui vive* for every exciting scene. This class of population is more apparent to the stranger when the tocsin in the City Hall tolls out its deep-mouthed alarm of fire. Then there is a general rush from every lane, alley, groggery, and vile sink of filth and infamy; and the pavements are thronged with crowds of ill-dressed men, boys, and even slatternly females, hastening to the scene of conflagration; and for no earthly object! for it is well understood that there are regular corps of well-organized firemen, who alone are allowed to combat with the daily occurring fires. From one fire the mob rush to another—always on the move—a restless, mischievous, dangerous multitude. And this class of citizens—if they may be so dignified—is increasing. Within a few days, fifteen hundred homeless and, for the most part, penniless emigrants have been landed at the wharves. Wretched groups are constantly encountered about the docks, that have just landed, exhibiting the extreme of human misery, and often, of depravity. Not long since, I met

a troop of sixty or seventy beings in Broadway, near the Battery. They were Irish. A half-naked babe clung to the breast of its drunken and staggering mother. Three or four of the women had been fighting: their hair was dishevelled; their caps torn (for what Irish woman so poor that she has not a cap?) and their dresses in disorder. They were still continuing their disputes with the volubility of Irish tongues and Irish clamor. Some of the men had battered faces, black eyes, and bore marks of having a full appreciation of their being in the land of liberty. Let any one picture the most wretched congregation of mortals that ever met his eyes, and only a faint idea will be obtained of this miserable, houseless horde. They wandered a short distance up Broadway, and then seated themselves on the steps of two or three of the most fashionable boarding-houses there. They had just come on shore, without bag or baggage (how they paid their passage over being best known to themselves and the ship's captain!) and were about to add their number to the worthless and dangerous population of this city.

On another street I passed in a walk of three or four squares, some hundred that had just landed from a ship that lay at anchor in the stream. They were, however, of a better class—mostly Germans and Swiss, arrayed in their national, Sabbath-day finery. They were cheerful and well dressed, and promised to be an acceptable addition to the farming population of the country. I learned it was their intention to go West. Herein, what a contrast the characters of the German, or Swiss and the Irish exhibit! The former, on their arrival here, at once seek for rich lands, and have money to purchase them; in a year or two they become attached to the soil—lose their national character in that of their adopted country, and by industry and frugality acquire an independence. The latter haunt the cities, and float upon the surface of our permanent population, “hewers of wood and drawers of water.” They, too often, like the *lazzaroni* of Naples, are satisfied to toil from day to day for pitiful wages which is spent as fast as it is earned—living miserable, inebriate lives, and frequently coming to some violent and unnatural end.

The Battery should never be forgotten by a chronicler of Gotham. Its beautiful green crescent rounding out into the bay, studded with trees—a forest in a city—and surrounded by a panorama of unrivalled beauty, is the pride of the Manhattanese—and justly so. After dinner it is pleasant to fall into the current that sets towards it down Broadway. A few afternoons since, I mingled with the living tide that flowed towards Castle Garden. The Battery was thronged with foreigners, and the lower and middle classes, all in best ‘bib and tucker’—for the day was the Sabbath—but by no means a day of rest—for a more restless population of bipeds was never claimed by one city than are Gothamites on a Sunday. I took a turn through the Battery. This mall is only second to the Boston promenade; yet there can be, properly, no comparison drawn between them. Both enjoying peculiar advantages—both are remarkably beautiful and ornamental as well as useful to their respective cities. In point of prospect to the eye,

variety of moving objects, and clear, salubrious air, the Battery has decidedly the advantage. Yet it is too far to the southern and now business extremity of the city ever to become a convenient resort. It must be a *Sunday-mall* almost exclusively, and for those orders of people who can only visit it on Sunday. And what other object, prythee, have public malls, parks or squares in view than the amusement, comfort and health of those very classes, who cannot, for the want of means and time, go to the country in pursuit of these? The wealthy—the unemployed—the higher ranks, generally have a thousand other means and modes of enjoyment; while those appertaining to this class are few and limited. Let not the opulent, then, complain that the malls and green places of the metropolis are monopolized by the laboring classes—for they are only making the legitimate use of them, which, centuries ago, the originators of public squares in cities had in view in their construction. If it is unfashionable, solely for the reason above given, to frequent the Battery, Washington Square, and other similar places, then let it continue to be unfashionable—for it is almost the only one of the many tonish whims that is based, though unconsciously, unintentionally, on just principles.

When I entered the Battery, it must have contained from two to three thousand promenaders and loungers on settees. There, a group of Germans with their fantastically carved and twisted pipes, velvet coats and caps, not much bigger than a lady's purse—the females in red and blue short petticoats, and starched caps, occupied a bench under the shade of a tree. Their children neat and rosy, were playing about them; and one or two young blue-eyed mothers were nursing their infants without being chary of displaying their snowy bosoms to the passers by. Men and female servants, English and Americans, were billing and cooing on the next settee; and smiling Darbies and Joans, with flocks of nestlings, were moving along, hand in hand, occupying nearly the whole breadth of the avenue. Boys without number, notwithstanding the prohibition, “keep off the grass!” stuck up on divers high places, were at their gambols on the greensward, and chasing each other through the grounds and walks with noisy mirth. Against the railing that enclosed the seaward promenade, leaned long lines of men, women and children, gazing on the shipping, or following with their eyes, some boat darting swiftly by. Sloops and schooners, brigs and ships, covered the bay, sailing in all directions, while stately riding at anchor in their midst, was the ship of line, Ohio, lofty, dark and warlike in her vast proportions—looking the master spirit and king of the watery empire. The cliffs of Brooklyn, with their coronet of villas; the islands with their citadels and castles; Staten Island, its swelling sides dotted with villages; Jersey, with its meadows and forests and slender spires afar off, all, by turns, attract the eye, and all were beautiful in the rich light of the setting sun.

Turning again, within the Battery, to the walks, a new and equally varied scene is presented in the variety of costumes, visages, pursuits and habits of the promenaders—and to one of a speculative turn, affording no

little amusement. Here a nurse trundles past a little wicker-carriage containing an infant aristocrat, and after it, its brother, a curly-pated, black-eyed boy, not long out of petticoats, rolls a hoop. Here a woman screeches oranges and cakes in your ears, while another bellows,

"Stra-b'ries! nice stra-b'ries, till the tympana ring again. And then follow in every key,

"Here's the 'Vig and Transcript!'"

"Here they is! Sun, 'Erald and New Ery!"

"Sund'y Mornin' News for sixpence!"

"'Ere's the Veekli 'Erald!"

This last, in a deep, hoarse voice, as if the urchin had taken lessons of a man-o'-war's boatswain.

Original.

SALTONSTALL'S LAKE.*

Bosom of tears! child of the mountain'd West—

Wave of the forest dim; thy azure tide

Bears the wild echo on its dimpled breast—

Born in the green-woods, mantling at thy side.

Far up thy stream, where twilight shadows fling

Their stilly mantle o'er thy waveless home,

The wild swan bathes, and steeps her snow-white wing,

Or pours her song upon thy bursting foam.

Above thy wave the eagle spreads his wing,

And gentler birds on airy pinions glide

O'er thy lone bosom when the sunbeams fling

Their golden sheen upon thy placid tide.

In elder time when o'er thy listening flood

Glanced the dark eye of Nature's wand'ring child,

The war-whoop roused the stillness of thy wood,

And thy pure bosom nursed the echo wild.

The antlered deer here from his covert sprang,

With quiv'ring limbs, wild eye, and nostril wide,

Breathless, as still the war-cry thrilling rang,

Then rushed to lave his bosom in thy tide.

The timid fawn, as o'er thy breast he hung,

Perchance the coolness of thy wave to sip,

Hath felt the shaft a red man's bow hath flung,

And died, thy dew still quiv'ring at his lip.

How changed since then! The wild-stag never more

Bounds o'er the leaves by golden Autumn shed;

The dusky maid's wild song is past and o'er;

No forest tells the warrior's measured tread.

Nor o'er thy bosom in the moon's pale beam

Glides the light barge—the dipping paddle's blade

Flashing no more within thy silv'ry stream—

Nor dashes wildly in the hanging shade.

Yet o'er thy woods and wind-kissed sparkling waves,

A spell of stillness now so lovely plays,

It seems a spirit from thy hollow caves,

Whisp'ring the listener of its happier days,

* Situated not far from the city of New Haven.

At silent midnight in the forest shade,
That flings its mantle o'er thy pebbly strand,
The night-wind trills its lonely serenade
For those who sleep beneath thy weltring sand.

Bosom of tears! wave of the wood—farewell!

Ye echoing wilds, ye silent shades adieu!

Full oft I'll seek the silence of thy spell,

And thy bright bosom, lake of placid blue.

For on thy breast, so fair, and smooth, and wide,

Fair woodland child, I e'er would wish to be.

From glowing morn, till blushing eventide,

I'd sail, and sing, and be a child for thee. M. B.

Original.

MY CHILD.

"He gives me eyes, he gives me ears;
And humble care, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."—WORDSWORTH.

Like something formed in visions wild,

Thy matchless beauty, happy child!

To all my feelings' secret springs,

A strange and nameless pleasure brings—

Most beautiful of earthly things!

I never saw a fairer sight—

Methinks thou only wantest wings,

To be a cherub quite!

With feelings that may ne'er grow cold,

And tearful eyes do I behold

Thine innocence, and joy, and truth.

God shield thee! sinless, gentle spirit!

And may'st thou through thy life inherit,

The blessedness of youth.

I cannot tell thee what I feel,

Nor name to thee the sweetest part,

For idle words might ne'er reveal

The emotion of a parent's heart.

Dear child! methinks I see thee now

In the dim light of future years,

With lines of grief upon thy brow,

A thing of sorrow, sighs, and tears!

The vision is a needless one,

For why should ills be framed upon

Thy voiceless void, futurity!

Where all is doubt and mystery?

Away! the thought is but a cloud

To dim the sunshine of my heart;

Let silent fate its purpose shroud,

I'll view thee, spirit! as thou art—

And thou shalt ever be enshrined,

A Delos in thy father's mind!

A single star thou art to me,

A spring of joy for ever new—

A beam upon a stormy sea!

Black clouds and darkness peering through!

A thousand joys which seem'd a part

Of being, in my youthful heart,

I've lived to see decay;

But thou who art so wholly fair,

Hast caused a ray of gladness there,

Which shall not pass away.

Original.
DESTRUCTION.

—
BY ISAAC C. PRAY.
—

THE pomp and pageantry—the pride and power—
The glory and the beggary of life—
The scenic contrasts of each little hour—
All firm affections and all maniac strife—
Ay! Every thing with which the world is rife,
The name of glory, countryman, or friend,
Of sister, brother, husband, or of wife,
Of father, mother, offspring—all shall bend
Unto the common destiny to which we tend.

No kind and no degree shall one great doom
Escape! We all shall pass full soon away:
Or in the "sere and yellow leaf," or bloom
Of Life—our transitory holiday!
Time shall cut down the fair, the young, the gay,
The weak and old, "without remorse or dread"—
He knows no mercy—never knew delay—
Yet by no passions are his footsteps led,
He blasts alike the silver and the golden head.

The earth on which we dwell shall surely fade,
And all that is below, above, within,
All that which has been made shall be unmade,
And speedily the ruin shall begin.
Begin? It has begun! When first Man's sin
Arose, Decay in all his strength arose,
Unto his grasp the Universe to win.
Ah! Each created thing for ruin grows—
Sin caused—Destruction adds his poison to our woes.

How this great truth is made apparent, Man!
At once look through the Universe, and mark
If there be naught within Creation's span,
Once full of light and beauty, now all dark—
Ay, all unlighted by a single spark.
Look forth upon the boundless firmament,
And bow thy willing ear to listen. Hark!
The music of the spheres! Is it now blent
With joy, as on that morn when first through heaven it
went?

Has no bright pleiad vanished from the sky?
No world? Is all the self-same scene that rose,
In vast magnificence, upon the eye
Of Adam when he saw that sky disclose
The starry hosts that only Godhead knows?
Yea, stars have come and gone—we know not how—
Mortality their progress may suppose,
But Man can only gaze on heaven's high brow—
In strange amazement wonder—and, adoring, bow.

Look on the Ocean! Do its waves now roll
O'er the same channels as it did of yore?
Do the same lands its limits now control,
As when, at first, its fountains it did pour?

Ah, no! It washes many a new-made shore—
Earthquakes have cut for it new passages,
And fruitful lands receive abundant store,
While nations rise to richer happiness,
For mighty Ocean, dreadful, yet delights to bless.

Where are the regions once Man's paradise?
Where are the kingdoms of the earliest time?
Where is the Babel reaching to the skies?
Where are the glories of the Eastern clime?
And where, oh, where, are Egypt's works sublime—
Her noble structures rising in their bloom?
Where are the cities of unpardoned crime—
What is their history—what their common doom?
Faint Echo truly answers from their sunless tomb.

What though from their decay they do revive
In other shapes of beauty, high and grand?
What though new regions bloomingly may thrive?
What though new kingdoms proudly now command—
And cloud-encircled towers in glory stand?
What though, to rival Egypt, some domain
Build up its marble cities o'er the land—
And cities ape the Cities of the Plain?
All—all shall sink beneath Destruction's reign.

The Past is all a dream; and so shall be
The earthly Future with its motley crowd!
There are no bounds to dark Oblivion's sea,
Which swells in grandeur silently and proud.
Ah! There the Universe shall find its shroud,
For, "wrapped together as a scroll," 't will fall,
Unto its destined ruin humbly bowed!
Its grave unmourned, unmarked—the Dark its pall—
Circling its greatness and its nothingness—its all!

But, Man, thou art immortal. Thou shalt go,
Freed from thy fleshy mantle, in the race
Of spiritual life—no more, shalt know
The thoughts and acts which now thy soul debase;
For meeting there thy Maker, face to face,
Thy spirit's pinions constantly shall gleam,
And in the glories of thy dwelling-place,
To thee no Past nor Future shall there seem—
For in Eternity there is no sleep nor dream.

Original.
CONTRASTS.

—
BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.
—

MORN to the watching eye—slumber to pain—
Light to the wanderer lost—Hope to Despair;
Home to the exile—release from the chain
Worn by the captive in torment and care:
Sweet are they all, but their sweetness they bring
From the sorrow they quench, or the darkness they
hide;
We know not that Joy has the sweetness of Spring
Till the Winter of Pain hath that knowledge supplied.
Boston.

Original.

HEROINES OF SACRED HISTORY.

NUMBER IV.

THE HEROISM OF DEBORAH.

Their land is full of idols; they worship the work of their own hands, that which their own fingers have made: and the mean man boweth down and the great man humbleth himself: therefore forgive them not!—Isaiah 2, 8.

Harness the horses; and get up, ye horsemen! and stand forth with your helmets; furbish the spear and put on the brigandine. Therefore have I seen them dismayed and turned away back!—Jeremiah 46, 4.

NIGHT with her lustrous stars, her silence and repose, had passed away, and soft-eyed dawn, breathing forth perfume and heralded by gentle zephyrs, arose from Asia's mists, like the poet's Venus from the sea, all smiles and gladness. Each flower threw out its fairy petals and wafted forth its fragrant incense to the day. Almond and citron blossoms, the brilliant pomegranate and oleander tossed the dew from their delicate heads and shook their fragile branches in the morning breeze. The birds were on every bough singing their rejoicings to the coming day; for as yet the sun had not appeared, but clouds of rose and purple told of his near approach, and threw a softened radiance over plain and hill, and valley. A clear and gentle river—Kishon, "that ancient river the river Kishon," wound through the verdant plain; by its side arose a sloping hill, whose summit was crowned by a grove of oaks and elms, among whose shadows a lordly temple was just made visible as the sun's first rays fell on the hill top, while all still lay below in shade. The morning light revealed its snowy porticoes, and lofty arches, and graceful columns of rare proportion; then passing down the hill, fell on a long procession of solemn worshippers who were winding along the river's bank and ascending the hill to the temple above. And conspicuous of all among the throng was a train of sacred oxen, which, gaily decorated with ribbons, and wreathed with roses, were led by young boys, clad in white robes and crowned with garlands. Behind them came a band of women, dancing and singing to instruments of music; while preceding and around the victims were many hundred priests, whose black robes threw the only shadow over a landscape now brightly illumined by the broadly risen sun. The procession ascended the hill; the temple doors were thrown open; the priests entered, and advanced to the altar. There stood upon two pedestals the gods they came to worship:—the one, a man cast in brass having the head of an ox—the other, of marble, all human, clothed in a coat of mail of gold, wearing a crown and wielding a sword: the former was Moloch, and the latter Baal. To these gods of marble and gold, the priests and people below had come to ask for protection from a powerful enemy who in predatory bands made inroads upon them, and carried off flocks, and people, and goods.

Reader, canst thou say in what land arose this temple, these images of marble and these idol worshippers? Canst thou believe it was in Israel? In the promised land? Alas—it was the dear-bought land of Canaan, and these deluded idolators were the sons of Judah,

once God's own peculiar people and faithful worshippers! No remembrance of their former errors and their previous punishments could wean this stiff-necked race from their love of idol worship. Forgotten was all the forbearing love of their gracious God—forgotten was his power which took them out of Egypt, and placed them in this lovely land—forgotten were all the denunciations of Jehovah against idolatry—again they sinned, and now again, in consequence of this sin were plunged in woe and misery. The Canaanites whom the Israelites had subdued and confined to their cities subject to tribute, had now been stirred up against them, and had for many years harrassed them by coming suddenly upon them in small bands, carrying away every thing or person which fell in their power.

In consequence of these incursions the highways were deserted, the fields were uncultivated, and the children of Israel were sorely oppressed. To arrest this evil, the mass of the people, sought not for protection from their all powerful God, but blindly hewed them out gods of stone and built groves in their high places, and called on their images to save, "yet can he not answer, nor save him out of his trouble!"

The last of the priests had but just entered the temple, when bursting through their ranks, and uttering shrieks of terror, a woman threw herself before the statues; it was Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite—the roses which had wreathed her lank locks, had fallen on her shoulder, and the white fillets were waving in disorder over her sallow, shrivelled cheeks, in bright contrast to their yellow hue.

"Oh, Baal save us!" she cried in distraction. "Now, now save us, for the enemy is upon us!" A chorus of shrieks arose from the women without who came pressing in confusion into the temple. "The Canaanites are upon us!" they said. "Oh, Moloch shield us!"

Eager to save themselves from the invaders, the priests hastily closed the iron-studded doors of the temple, heedless of the many shrieking women whom they thus cruelly shut out. Their hopes of admission vain, the worshippers fled to the groves or down the hill, followed by the affrighted oxen, and their youthful leaders.

Jael arose from the altar and endeavored to pass out at the door. "Oh, my child, Miriam!" she cried, "she is without—oh, let me go forth and shield her or die with her!"

The priests, however, were bent upon saving themselves from harm, and the wailings and passionate entreaties of the miserable mother were unheeded by hearts as hard as the marble gods they worshipped.

At last the shouts of the enemy and cries of their victims were hushed, and the noise of trampling steeds receded; the temple doors were slowly opened, and their safety being ascertained, the priest of Baal came forth. Near them was there nothing to be seen, but afar off they descried a band of horsemen riding rapidly away each bearing a captive upon his horse, while behind them the sacred oxen were goaded onwards by a powerful escort. As the last of the horsemen turned the wooded spot which hid them from sight it was perceived he bore away upon his horse a young girl, who,

with arms uplifted, was loudly calling for aid. In her struggles, a scarlet girdle fell to the ground; swift as the wind Jael rushed down the hill and secured it.

"It is my daughter!" she cried, with a burst of woe. "Oh, Miriam, that I could have died to save thee!"

Prostrate upon the ground, the miserable woman threw dust upon her head, invoking curses upon the Canaanites, and vowing deep vengeance for this cruel wrong.

During these troubles, the Judge of Israel died. The tribes being engaged settling themselves in their new dominions, and repelling the encroachments of their surrounding enemies, neglected to elect another; and in the meanwhile, Deborah, a "mother in Israel," arose. Deborah, the widow of Lapidoth, was a woman of a strong and masculine mind; more capable than many of her countrymen of ruling the affairs of the nation. Of this they were well aware; and came to her for counsel in any emergency. The piety of Deborah was so great, that her God had bestowed on her the gift of prophecy; thus using her as a means of keeping the faith in Israel, and drawing her country-people from the dreadful crime of idolatry into which they had fallen. The grief of Deborah at their delinquency was great; as she foresaw the certain punishment their sin would bring upon them. The present war and distress with which the country was afflicted, had been threatened them by their prophetess; but she was unheeded except, by a few, who still worshipped at the Tabernacle which was stationed at Shiloh.

Jabin, king of the Canaanites, who had once been defeated by the Israelites, and since that retained his city of Hazor by paying tribute, had lately, according to Deborah's prediction, been stirred up by the Lord to make war upon Israel, and had harassed them sorely, as seen above, by his marauding parties, generally under the command of Sisera. During the confusion that prevailed, every one came to Deborah for counsel; and in course of time she was elected Judge of Israel. Her residence, which was near to Shiloh, was a long, low stone-dwelling, built in a square, around a spacious court paved with marble. A piazza ran around this court, in front of the rooms, the pillars of which supported a balcony, through which access was obtained to the upper chambers. From the centre of this court arose a lofty palm-tree; its smooth stalk bore no branches—but from the top circles of enormous leaves, some eight feet long, spread out like a vast canopy, throwing a cooling shade over court and balconies. Beneath this tree was the favorite seat of Deborah, the Prophetess and Judge. Here she commanded a view of all her premises, and here her people obtained ready access to her through a wide gate-way opposite to her seat.

One morning Deborah resorted to her favorite palm-tree, and placed herself upon her usual seat, which was a low divan of costly structure, the cushions covered with richly embroidered silk. Her dress was a dark-colored stuff of Damascus, having a deep border of gold embroidery, and confined with a girdle wrought with

scarlet and jewels; a bandeau was around her head, from which projected a short horn of gold, supporting a veil of thin muslin of Judea, which fell to her feet. She was surrounded by many of her people, who had come to her for judgment; when the voice of wailing was heard, and, followed by a large concourse of people, Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, entered the gate-way. She wore a sackcloth dress of black goat's-hair, confined by a rope girdle, while her dark locks were thickly strown with ashes.

"Oh, help me, noble lady!" she cried; "help me, great Deborah! for I am stricken unto death!" and with a deep groan she sank on the ground before Deborah.

"What moves thee thus, Jael?" asked Deborah, raising her. "Why art thou thus mourning in sackcloth?"

"My daughter, my sweet child, Miriam, hath been carried away by the enemy!" she exclaimed, weeping; and others joining their cries to hers, each bewailed the loss of relative, or cattle, and entreated Deborah for help against the invaders. Deborah listened while the outrage at the temple which occurred that morning was described, and many similar inroads of the Canaanites.

"Where didst thou say thou wast, Jael, when thy child was ravished from thee?"

"At the temple of Baal and Moloch, where we were going to sacrifice. Oh, Deborah, hear the prayer of thy people! Awake! Send an army, and punish the invaders of our land!"

"And is it to me, a worshipper of Jehovah, that the children of Baal come for succor? Away! Go to your Gods for aid. I will not raise a hand to save you!"

"Nay, Deborah, hear us!" they cried. "Give us soldiers to defend our villages, or we shall all be taken captive—we and our little ones!"

"And ye would be well punished for your senseless idolatry!" said the indignant Deborah. "Do you not know—have ye not heard—God has sworn he will punish you if you forsake him? Have ye forgotten the words of holy Joshua, who said—'If ye forsake the Lord and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you hurt and consume you!' If you had come to the Tabernacle of your fathers' God, at Shiloh, instead of the high places of Baal, ye might have heard the words of Joshua read, and these your sufferings fully foretold, and to be inflicted by this same nation. 'Know for a certainty,' saith Joshua, 'the Lord your God, will no more drive out any of these nations before you; but they shall be snared and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you!' Ungrateful people that ye are! Ye have forsaken a kind and powerful God, who hath ever cherished and exalted you, to worship metal and stone! Did Baal lead you from Egyptian bondage? Did Moloch enable you to conquer the nations around? Did Ashtaroth place you in this plenteous land? 'Tis Jehovah hath done this! And do ye thus requite the Lord! Oh, foolish and unwise people! Tremble, then! for Jeho-

vah hath given ye up to destruction, and your false gods cannot save you! 'Let Israel remember the days of old,' saith Moses, 'and forget not their God, or he will consume them! For he says: 'I will spend my arrows among them: they shall be burnt with hunger, and devoured with heat, and with bitter destruction! Sword without and terror within, shall destroy both the old man and the virgin!''

While Deborah spoke the mists of error seemed to fall from the people's eyes; and when, as one inspired, she thundered in their ears the denunciations of Jehovah against idolatry, and the words of holy Moses, the fear of God, and remorse for their sin, smote upon their hearts.

"We are guilty before the Lord!" they cried, in terror. "We will indeed serve the Lord our God, and his voice we will obey!"

"Away then!" cried Deborah. "Prove your sincerity! Cut down your groves,—throw down your images—that the anger of the Lord be no longer hurled against you. If ye truly obey him, I will pray him to raise up an army and destroy your enemies from off the land."

The words of Deborah, whom they all revered as a Prophetess, so excited the people, that they ran hither and thither, and stopped not until all their temples were destroyed, the groves hewn down and idols demolished, and the gods they had worshipped in the morning were broken to fragments and reviled in the evening.

Deborah, like a wise Governor, resolved to take advantage of the newly awakened spirit and zeal of her people, by assembling them together and leading them against Jabin, the king of Hazor. She sent for Barak, the son of Abinoam, a valiant and faithful soldier who had always distinguished himself in fight. He came at her bidding and found her on her usual seat at the foot of the palm-tree. "I have had a revelation from the Lord God of Israel," Deborah said to Barak. "The people have turned from the error of their way, they have left their gods and will worship Jehovah—the Lord hath accepted them, and will chastise those who afflicted his chosen people. He commands thee to assemble an army and invade Jabin, the Canaanites."

Barak looked irresolute. "I will array my best in this matter," he said, "but I fear it will be no light thing to lead the people against the Canaanites. How think-est we can attack Hazor, when the enemy hath not left a shield or spear among us, and Jabin hath nine hundred chariots of iron?"

"What, Barak! knowest thou not we have the Lord on our side? What are spears and chariots to Jehovah? Thou art as the spies who feared the Amalekites—'we are not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we'—they said—and what replied Joshua and Caleb? 'Fear ye not the people of the land,' they said, 'their defence hath departed from them and the Lord is with us—fear them not!' Thus saith Deborah. Fear not—take the people with thee and go up to Hazor, and the Lord will deliver Jabin and Sisera, his general, into thy hand—collect ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali and of Zebulun. If thou fearest to go up to Hazor—ascend to the fort on Mount Tabor and I, Deborah, to whom the Lord hath given dominion over the

mighty, will draw to the river Kishon, Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army with his chariots and multitude, and I will deliver him into thy hands."

Barak had felt great fear of the Canaanites, and knew the people had been thoroughly terrified and subdued. He, therefore, doubted his power to assemble them, and said to Deborah, "If thou wilt go with me, then I will go, for the people will believe the Lord hath sent thee; but if thou wilt not go, then wilt not I."

"I will go with thee, oh, faint of heart!" said the heroic Deborah, "but know, for this thy want of trust in the Lord, he will take the victory from thee and give it to another; for the Lord hath revealed to me he will sell Sisera into the hand of a woman, and I, Deborah, will reap the honor."

Deborah arose immediately to prepare for her journey. Her sandals of leather, embroidered with gold and jewels were laced upon her feet, a turban guarded her head from the sun, and a large mantle was folded around her. At the gate, her favorite animal awaited her; a white ass, which in those days being rare and beautiful, was reserved for princes and nobles alone. This gentle creature possessed a body of graceful proportion, long and slender legs, and was covered with a coat of silvery hair. Accompanied by Barak and followed by a train of attendants, Deborah made a tour of the country, exhorting the people to arise and go to battle against Jabin. Her words and appearance produced such effect that she returned in a short time with ten thousand men whom she placed on Mount Tabor to lie in wait for the enemy.

According to her promises, Deborah drew Sisera and his troops to the point of Mount Tabor. She caused the news of the assembling of Israel to be carried to Jabin, and as Deborah had predicted, he sent Sisera with a large body of men toward the river Kishon. Deborah, in the meanwhile, had ascended Mount Tabor and placed her men in the fort, and in the caves which penetrated its bosom, where they were hid from the enemy's view.

Mount Tabor arose in an abrupt, cone-shaped figure many hundred feet above the plain of Esdraelon—its sides are clothed with oaks and sycamores, while the plain of its top is crowned by a large fortress. On the walls of this fort, Deborah stationed herself to look for the enemy. Here the whole land of Israel seemed spread out before her. Here she looked down upon the verdant plains of Israel and Galilee watered by the Kishon, the Jordan and other rivers, and surrounded by a band of mountains, while on one side glistened the sea of Galilee, and on the other stretched the bright waters of the great Mediterranean. The sun was declining on the day when the Canaanites' approach was predicted by the Prophetess, when she descried their advanced guard, appear on the hills which bordered the Galilean sea. The plain was soon covered with their numerous host. Onward they came, band after band, the rumbling of their iron chariots as the roaring of the great deep in a storm. At their head came Sisera. His chariot was overlaid with gold and was richly carved and painted, while from each side projected a glittering

scythe. Three white horses bore him swiftly on; their backs covered with steel armor, and their heads decorated with a high ornament of feathers and painted leather. Sisera a tall and powerful man, was standing in his chariot leaning upon a spear—his body completely covered with a closely fitting suit of mail formed of golden scales—a bow and quiver hung at his back, a dagger, in its brazen sheath, was suspended by chains from his crimson girdle, while his head was protected by a helmet of leather wrought with gold. An armor-bearer sat at his feet beside his charioteer, bearing his sword and shield of leather bound and studded with brass. Sisera encamped his band for the night on the bank of the Kishon, intending to attack the Israelites in the morning.

That night Deborah spent alone in the battlements, buried in meditation and in prayer. Pious as she was, Deborah was mortal, and as she reflected on all she had done for the Israelites, and looked around on the army she had collected, and on the ruined idol-fanes distinctly seen in the moonbeams, which at her command fell to the ground, and thought on the glorious victory promised her, a feeling of triumph swelled her heart and she forgot she was but an instrument in the hands of the Lord. "Oh, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!" she said. "Now while our enemies are buried in sleep is the propitious time to attack them. Sisera! thy hours are numbered—thou art mighty in men of war and in chariots and horsemen, but our God hath spoken! and the horse and the rider will be overthrown. To-night shalt thou fall by the hand of a woman, and Deborah's name shall resound o'er the land!" Deborah sought out Barak. "Awake! arise! Barak," she cried. "Up! for this is the day when the Lord shall deliver Sisera into my hands."

The Israelites were soon in motion and assembled together before the fort. The priests then came out before them to address them according to the commands of Moses.

"When thou goest out to battle against thy enemies, oh, Israel!" they said, "and seest horses, and chariots, and a people more than thou, be not afraid of them! for the Lord thy God is with thee which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt."

"Hear, oh Israel!" said another, "ye approach this day into battle against your enemies—let not your heart faint—fear not! and do not tremble, nor be ye terrified because of them; for the Lord your God is he that goeth with you, to fight for you against your enemies to save you."

"Is there a man here," cried Barak, advancing—"that hath built a new house and hath not dedicated it? Let him return to his house lest he die in battle and another dedicate it! Is there here a man who hath planted a vineyard and hath not eaten of it? Let him, also, return to his house lest he die in battle and another man eat of it! Is there here a man who hath betrothed a wife and hath not taken her? Let him return to his house lest he die in the battle and another man take her!"

"Is there a man here," cried Deborah, looking on

the assembled band, "that is fearful and faint-hearted? Let him return to his house lest he infect his brethren and their heart be as faint as his." With one voice they vowed to face the foe manfully, and were led down the hill. As their arms were few, Deborah resorted to stratagem. To every one she gave a pitcher, in which was hid a small earthen lamp lighted, and a trumpet. In the dead hour of the night the Canaanites were awakened by tremendous shouts. They arose in affright. A terrible clamor of trumpets was in their ears; and in looking up, the innumerable lights of the Israelites met their eyes, as coming down from heaven, and seemed, to their alarmed imaginations, as if the stars were descending upon them. A panic prevailed. "The stars are fighting against us!" they cried—"and hear the thundering of their angry Gods—let us fly!" Sisera and some of the officers rallied their men and led them against the Israelites. The little band were sorely oppressed, but God, who was fighting for them, now brought anew a terrible enemy against the Canaanites.

While engaged in the combat, they suddenly became aware they were standing in water. They looked around—it had risen to their knees,—the chariots were filled and their ranks could scarcely keep their feet. At once arose a terrible cry. "The river! the river is rising! Fly ere ye perish!" The Israelites had been early warned by the Prophetess and had retreated up their mount, but the unhappy Canaanites after struggling with the waves were with all their mighty host swept away and drowned.

Sisera fled in his chariot, but finding the waters rising so fast, he abandoned it and ran up a neighboring eminence. For many hours he wandered about, and when the day dawned found himself at some distance from the scene of action. He was in the plain of Zaananim. Before him he beheld an encampment of tents, which, from their peculiar construction, he knew belonged to the Kenites, with whose tribe his was at peace, and he felt assured of safety. At the door of one stood a woman towards whom he ran for protection. Pursued by an avenging God, Sisera had been sent to the tent of his foe. It was the encampment of Heber, the Kenite, whose family had separated from the rest of the tribe to join the Israelites, and she to whom the marauder flew for safety was his bitter enemy, Jael. Jael recognised him at once as the ravisher of her daughter and oppressor of Israel, and rejoiced to see him approach.

"Turn in my Lord! turn in to me and fear not," she said. He gladly entered and threw himself exhausted on the pile of mats she had spread for him.

"Give me, I pray thee, a little water to drink," he said, "for I am very thirsty."

Jael opened a bottle of skin and poured him out some milk, and gave him, also, bread with butter in a dish of carved gold which her husband had taken in war—and at his request threw over him a pile of clothes to conceal him from view.

"Stand in the door of the tent, good woman," said Sisera, "and if any man doth come and inquire of thee, 'Is any man here?' thou shalt say, 'No.' If I am saved this day, it will go well with thee, for Jabin shall reward

thee and give thee a place in his palace. There thou mayest rule the Israelite women, for there are many in our houses whom we have carried away captive."

Jael, repressing the various emotions with which her bosom was bursting when she saw her enemy in her power, now in a voice of affected indifference asked, "Saw ye any thing, my Lord, of Miriam, a young girl who was taken from the temple of Baal when the sacred oxen were carried away?"

"Aye, indeed—she is in my house, and is goodly to look upon. When I left home I vowed a vow to Moloch to sacrifice her and several others at his altar, if he brought me safe at home again."

Jael rushed from the tent. "Now God I thank thee!" she said—"that my enemy and Israel's oppressor is in my power. Miriam thou art saved! for Sisera shall not return—in thy place he shall be sacrificed to the Gods. Moloch! I devote him to thee. Astaroth! give strength to my arm! Oh, Jehovah pardon me! thou art the only true God, and now that thou hast given me my enemy in my hand I will put away all other gods and serve thee alone."

Jael returned to the tent and lifted up the curtain—her enemy was plunged in a deep slumber. She tore out the large nail with which one of the tent ropes was fastened to the ground and with a hammer smote the invader on the head. In triumph Jael rushed from the tent—Barak was riding rapidly past.

"Ho! Barak!" she cried, "come, and I will show thee the man thou seekest."

Barak followed her into the tent, and beheld dead, before him, Sisera, the redoubtable aggressor of Israel. "Praise be to God!" he cried, "who hath this day subdued Jabin, King of the Canaanites, before the children of Israel! Truly did Deborah say he would die by the hands of a woman. I thought the prophecy alluded to Deborah, but to Jael is this honor due. Come with me that I may show the Princes this thine worthy act."

The next morning saw Deborah at the height of her glory and popularity. She was again seated under her palm-tree, and now surrounded by the princes and nobles of Israel, who gave to her the glory of freeing Israel from their cruel oppression. Deborah's heart bounded, but checking all earthly feelings, she said, "Not to me—not to Deborah be the glory, my lords; let us ascribe it all to our merciful Jehovah, of whom I am the humble instrument. But where is our good general, Barak? Is he still in pursuit of Sisera?"

"Behold where he comes, followed by a train of people," said the Prince of Issachar. Deborah looked up and beheld Barak approach, leading Jael, both crowned with garlands, followed by men bearing a corpse upon a bier, and women dancing and singing triumphant songs.

"Behold the saviour of Israel!" cried Barak. "Sing praises to Jael, for she hath slain Sisera, the enemy of Israel. Blessed above women be Jael, the wife of Heber!"

Jael was hailed as the saviour of Israel, by all the people, when the death of Sisera, by her hand, became known. For one moment a pang smote the heart of

Deborah when she thus saw the glory given to another, but she was a woman of too lofty a spirit and devoted piety, to envy another. "I am punished," she said, "for my proud thoughts of yesternight."

Throwing off all feeling except joy for the death of Sisera, she approached and greeted Jael as a saviour in Israel, and then taking her timbrel, burst out in the following triumphant song:—

DEBORAH'S SONG.

Praise ye the Lord, he was Israel's avenger,
When the people came up in the face of the foe.
Hear, oh, ye Kings! and give ear, oh, ye Princes,
While my song to the praise of Jehovah shall flow.

Lord, when thou wentest out of Seir and of Edom,
Earth trembled, the clouds and the heavens dropped dew;
Mountains before thee were shaken and melted;
And veiled in her mists, Sinai shrank from thy view!

In the days of Shamgar, the bold son of Anak,
The highways were filled with our Canaanite foes:
The villages ceased, and the people were scattered;
When I, as a mother, in Israel arose.

They chose new gods, and our Lord sent them wars,
And Israel was rifled of spear, and of shield;
But the rulers came forward, and opened their stores,
And the riders of white asses entered the field.

Ye whom the enemy's archers have stricken,
The acts of our righteous Jehovah rehearse;
He to our succor hath swiftly arisen,
And hurled at the foemen his withering curse.

Awake, awake, Deborah! wake thee and sing!
Arise, Barak! son of Abinoam, rise!
To us hath dominion o'er Israel been given,
And I am the guide of the mighty and wise.

The children of Ephraim came to our aid,
And Machir and Benjamin also arose;
The Princes of Issachar stayed not away,
And Barak and Zebulun fought with the foes.

The children of Reuben came not to the fight;
Why did ye remain with your flocks and your herds?
For Reuben's divisions were searching of heart;
And Asher and Dan were deaf to our words.

The Kings came and fought the bold King of Canaan;
The stars were against them, and Heaven their foe,
And Kishon, the river, that ancient of rivers,
Hath bidden his waves over their armies to flow.

Curse ye, Meroz! saith the angel of Heaven,
Who came not to Israel's help in his straight:
But blessed be Jael, the wife of the Kenite;
Let her praises resound through the tent and the gate!

He asked her for water; she gave him some milk;
And brought in a lordly dish—butter and bread;
But the nail and the hammer were both in her hand—
She struck the oppressor and smote off his head!

Lo! on the ground he bowed down—he fell!
At her feet he bowed down, and lifeless he lies—
While his mother at home gazes out for her son;
"Why tarry his chariots?" she mournfully cries.

"Yea, have they not sped?" her ladies reply;
"Soon will they come, and each man for his spoil,
Will bring home a damsel, or brodered robes,
Wrought with rich colors—reward for his toil."

So let thy enemies perish, Jehovah!
But thy people shine out as the sun in his might,
When he riseth and spreadeth his banner in heaven,
And the children of Israel rejoice in his light!

Original.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

ONCE, in travelling, I observed an old building, which appeared to be falling into ruins. No smoke issued from its broken chimney. No foot crossed its grass-grown threshold. The casements were gone, and through their vacant places, the winds whistled, and the rains fell.

I asked, "What is this building, which is thus suffered to decay?" They answered, "*a School-house*. But a part of its materials have been used to build a better one, in a more convenient spot, for the village children."

So I paused there, a little time, to meditate. And I said to myself,—what a variety of scenes may have passed within these tottering walls. Where are the teachers, who in years gone by, sat in the chair of state, and ruled, and gave instruction?

In yonder corner, perhaps, was a low bench, for the little ones conning their alphabet. Those little ones have grown up, grown grey, and died. The babes whom they rocked in the cradle, have shown the same tenderness to their own babes. "One generation passeth away and another cometh."

Beneath these windows where that trim old sycamore looked in, with all its show of green leaves, waving and gossiping in the breeze of summer,—I imagine a row of young girls, with their sunny locks, knitting, sewing,—or listening with serious faces, while the mistress taught them what it was necessary for them to know, when they became women.

The snows of winter seem to spread around. The frozen pond, in the rear of the school-house, is covered with boys. The clock strikes nine. They hasten to their school. The narrow entry rings with the jingle of their skates, as they throw them down. One or two, who love play better than study, approach with more lingering steps.

methinks, I see their ruddy faces, as they take their seats. The master raises a stern eye at their clamor, or stifled laughter, and commands them to write their copies, and attend to their sums. But the treatise of Arithmetic is thumbed,—and the Grammar-lesson curled into dog's ears, by those whose roving thoughts are among their winter sports.

Then there was the long sigh of indolence, and the tears of such as were punished. And there was impatience there, and ambition, and hope, and the kindlings of intellect, and the delights of knowledge. The master endeavors to rule each for their good, as the wise magistrate restrains the people by laws.

I fancy that I behold that teacher walking homeward, weary and thoughtful, when the day was done. He felt sadness for those who did not improve, and over those who did, he rejoiced with a peculiar love.

Perhaps, he repeated mournfully the words of the prophet. "I have labored in vain: I have spent my strength for naught." And a voice from heaven,

answered in his heart—"Yet surely thy judgment is with the Lord—and thy work with thy God."

Old school-house! Couldst thou speak, I doubt not thou wouldst tell me, that eminent men have been nurtured in thee; ingenious mechanics, on whom the comfort of the community depends; athletic farmers, laying the forest low, and forcing earth to yield her increase; physicians, whom the sick sufferer blesses; eloquent lawyers; wise statesmen; holy priests, who interpret the word of the Almighty.

I wish that the school-houses in our country were more commodious and tasteful in their construction—more spacious and airy—surrounded with trees, or beautified with shrubbery.

There was once a benevolent man, who went to the continent of New-Holland. He found multitudes of children, growing up, neglected and ignorant. He wished much to have them taught. But there was no school-house.

So he collected them under a spreading tree, whose branches could shelter, at least, one hundred, from the heat of the sun. He hung cards, with painted lessons among the boughs. And there, he taught the poor colonists to read, and to spell, and to sing.

There are very beautiful birds in that country. Many of them had nests in this large tree. So there they were, flying about, and tending their young, while the children were learning below;—and the chirruping of the new-fledged birds,—and the warbling of their parents,—and the busy voices of the children, learning to be good—made sweet music in the heart of that benevolent man.

Did they not ascend, and mingle with the praises of angels, around the Throne?

Original.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Why is it that we ever land the Past
Above the Present? Man in every age,
The untaught savage and the polished sage,
Loves on the by-gone scenes his sight to cast:
This year—this age—inferior to the last
He ever thinks, and dwells upon the True,
The Good, the Fair, "when this old cap was new."
Oh! what can cause a difference so vast
In human estimation 'twixt to-day
And the old yesterdays of Life? It is
That Time's soft light doth throw a mellowing ray
That makes remembered sorrows look like bliss;
It is that Youth the Past did consecrate,
And age and trouble on the Present wait.

Boston.

THE understanding may not be long able to withstand demonstrative evidence; but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion, is generally proof against argumentative reasoning; for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it.

Original.
MALAESKA.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Oh, Arthur—dear Arthur, I am glad it was you that saved me," whispered Martha, about an hour after her rescue, as she lay on the settle in her father's house, with Arthur Jones bending anxiously over her.

Jones dropped the hand he had been holding, and turned away with troubled features.

Martha looked at him, and her eyes were brimming with tears. "Jones," she said humbly and very affectionately, "Jones, I did wrong the other night, and I am sorry for it; will you forgive me?"

"I will—but never again—never, as I live," he replied, with a stern determination in his manner accompanied by a look that humbled her to the heart. In after years, when Martha was Arthur Jones' wife, and when the stirrings of vanity would have led her to trifle with his feelings, she remembered that look, and dared not brave it a second time.

At sunrise the next morning, an armed force went into the forest, composed of all who could be spared from the settlement, amounting to about thirty fighting-men. The Indians encamped about the "Straka," more than doubled that number, yet the handful of brave whites resolved to offer them a decisive combat.

The little band was approaching the north-eastern extremity of the pond, when they halted for a moment to rest. The spot on which they stood was level, and thinly timbered. Some were sitting on the grass, and others leaning on their guns, consulting on their future movements, when a fiendish yell arose like the howl of a thousand wild beasts, and, as if the very earth had yawned to emit them, a band of warriors sprung up in appalling numbers, on the front and rear, and approaching them, three abreast, fired into the group with terrible slaughter.

The whites returned their fire, and the sounds of murderous strife were indeed horrible. Sternly arose the white man's shout amid the blazing of guns and the whizzing of tomahawks, as they flashed through the air on their message of blood. Above all, burst out the war-whoop of the savages, sometimes rising hoarse, and like the growling of a thousand bears; then, as the barking of as many wolves, and again, sharpening to the shrill, unearthly cry of a tribe of wild-cats. Oh, it was fearful, that scene of slaughter. Heart to heart, and muzzle to muzzle, the white and the red man battled in horrid strife. The trees above them drooped under a cloud of smoke, and their trunks were scarred with gashes, cut by the tomahawks which had missed their more deadly aim. The ground was burdened with the dead, and yet the strife raged fiercer and fiercer, till the going down of the sun.

In the midst of the fight was William Danforth. Many a dusky form bit the dust, and many a savage howl followed the discharge of his trusty gun. But at length it became foul with continued use, and he went

to the brink of the pond to wash it. He was stooping to the water, when the dark form of an Indian chief cast its shadow a few feet from him. He, too, had come down to clean his gun. The moment he had accomplished his purpose, he turned to the white man, who had been to him as a son, and drawing his muscular form up to its utmost height, uttered a defiance in the Indian tongue. Instantly the weapons of both were loaded and discharged. The tall form of the chief wavered unsteadily for a moment, and fell forward, half its length, into the pond. He strove to rise. His hands dashed wildly on the crimson water, the blows grew fainter, and the chief was dead.

The setting sun fell brilliantly over the glittering raiment of the prostrate chief—his long black hair streamed out upon the water, and the tiny waves rippled playfully among the gorgeous feathers which had been his savage crown. A little back, on the green bank, lay Danforth, wounded unto death. He strove to creep to the battle-field, but the blood gushed afresh from his wounds, and he fell back upon the earth faint and in despair.

The savages retreated; the sounds of strife became more distant, and the poor youth was left alone with the body of the slain warrior. He made one more desperate effort and secured the gun which had belonged to the chief; though faint with loss of blood, he loaded that as well as his own, and placing them beside him, resolved to defend the remnant of life yet quivering at his heart, to the last moment. The sun went slowly down; the darkness fell like a veil over the lake, and there he lay wounded and alone, in the solitude of the wilderness. Solemn and regretful were the thoughts of the forsaken man as that night of agony went by. Now his heart lingered with strange and terrible dread around the shadowy portals of eternity which were opening before him; again it turned with a strong feeling of self-condemnation to his Indian wife and the infant pledge of the great love, which had made him almost forsake kindred and people for their sakes.

The moon arose, and the dense shadow of a hemlock beneath which he had fallen, lay within a few feet of him like the wing of a great bird, swayed slowly forward with an imperceptible and yet certain progress. The eyes of the dying man were fixed on the margin of the shadow with a keen, intense gaze. There was something terrible in its stealthy creeping and silent advance, and he strove to elude it as if it had been a living thing; but with every motion the blood gushed afresh from his heart, and he fell back upon the sod, his white teeth clenched with pain, and his hands clutched deep into the damp moss. Still his keen eyes glittered in the moonlight with the fevered workings of pain and imagination. The shadow on which they turned was to him no shadow, but now a nest of serpents, creeping with their insidious coils toward him; and again, a pall—a black funereal pall, dragged forward by invisible spirits, and about to shut him out from the light for ever. Slowly and surely it crept across his damp forehead and over his glowing eyes. His teeth unclenched, his hands relaxed, and a gentle

smile broke over his pale lips when he felt with what a cool and spirit-like touch it visited him. Just then a human shadow mingled with that of the tree, and the wail of a child broke on the still night air. The dying hunter struggled and strove to cry out—"Malaeska—Ma-Ma-Mala—"

The poor Indian-girl heard the voice, and with a cry, half of frenzied joy and half of fear, sprang to his side. She flung her child on the grass and lifted her dying husband to her heart and kissed his damp forehead in a wild, eager agony of sorrow.

"Malaeska," said the young man, striving to wind his arms about her, "my poor girl, what will become of you? Oh, God, who will take care of my boy?"

The Indian-girl pushed back the damp hair from his forehead and looked wildly down into his face. A shiver ran through her frame when she saw the cold grey shadows of death gathering there; then her black eyes kindled, her beautiful lip curved to an expression more lofty than a smile, her small hand pointed to the West, and the wild religion of her race gushed up from her heart, a stream of living poetry.

"The hunting-ground of the Indian is yonder, among the purple clouds of the evening. The stars are very thick there, and the red light is heaped together like mountains in the heart of a forest. The sugar maple gives its waters all the year round, and the breath of the deer is sweet, for it feeds on the golden spire-bush and the ripe berries. A lake of bright waters is there. The Indian's canoe flies over it like a bird high up in the morning. The West has rolled back its clouds, and a great chief has passed through. He will hold back the clouds that his white son may go up to the face of the Great Spirit. Malaeska and her boy will follow. The blood of the red man is high in her heart, and the way is open. The lake is deep, and the arrow sharp; death will come when Malaeska calls him. Love will make her voice sweet in the land of the Great Spirit; the white man will hear it, and call her to his bosom again!"

A faint, sad smile fitted over the dying hunter's face, and his voice was choked with a pain which was not death. "My poor girl," he said, feebly drawing her kindling face to his lips, "there is no great hunting-ground as you dream. The whites have another faith, and—oh, God, I have taken away her trust, and have none to give in return!"

The Indian's face drooped forward, the light of her wild, poetic faith had deserted with the hunter's last words, and a feeling of cold desolation settled on her heart. He was dying on her bosom, and she knew not where he was going, nor that their parting might not be eternal.

The dying man's lips moved as if in prayer. "Forgive me, oh, Father of mercies, forgive me that I have left this poor girl in her heathen ignorance," he murmured, faintly, and his lips continued to move though there was no perceptible sound. After a few moments of exhaustion, he fixed his eyes on the Indian-girl's face with a look of solemnity and touching earnestness.

"Malaeska," he said, "talk not of putting yourself and the boy to death. That would be a sin, and God

would punish it. To meet me in another world, Malaeska, you must learn to love the white man's God, and wait patiently till he shall send you to me. Go not back to your tribe when I am dead. Down at the mouth of the great river are many whites; among them are my father and my mother. Find your way to them, tell them how their son died, and beseech them to cherish you and the boy for his sake. Tell them how much he loved you, my poor girl. Tell them—I cannot talk more. There is a girl at the settlement, one Martha Fellows; go to her. She knows of you, and has papers—a letter to my father. I did not expect this, but had prepared for it. Go to her—you will do this—promise, while I can understand."

Malaeska had not wept till now, but her voice was choked, and tears fell like rain over the dying man's face as she made the promise.

He tried to thank her, but the effort died away in a faint smile and a tremulous motion of the white lips—"Kiss me, Malaeska."

The request was faint as a breath of air, but Malaeska heard it. She flung herself on his bosom with a passionate burst of grief, and her lips clung to his as if they would have drawn him back from the very grave. She felt the cold lips moving beneath the despairing pressure of hers, and lifted her head.

"The boy, Malaeska; let me look on my son."

The child had crept to his mother's side, and crouching on his hands and knees, sat with his large black eyes filled with a strange awe, gazing on the white face of his father. Malaeska drew him closer, and with instinctive feelings he wound his arms round the neck, and nestled his face close to the ashy cheek of the dying man. There was a faint motion of the hands as if the father would have embraced his child, and then all was still. After a time, the child felt the cheek beneath his, waxing hard and cold. He lifted his head and pored with breathless wonder over the face of his father's corpse. He looked up at his mother. She, too, was bending intently over the face of the dead, and her eyes were full of a wild, melancholy light. The child was bewildered. He passed his tiny hand once more over the cold face, and then crept away, buried his head in the folds of his mother's dress, and began to cry.

Morning dawned upon the little lake, quietly and still, as if nothing but the dews of heaven and the flowers of earth had ever tasted its freshness; yet all under the trees, the tender grass and the white blossoms, were crushed to the ground, stained and trampled in human blood. The delicious light broke, like a smile from heaven, over the still bosom of the waters, and flickered cheerily through the dewy branches of the hemlock which shadowed the prostrate hunter. Bright dew-drops lay thickly on his dress, and gleamed, like a shower of seed pearls, in his rich brown hair. The green moss on either side was soaked with a crimson stain, and the pale, leaden hue of dissolution had settled on his features. He was not alone; for on the same mossy couch lay the body of the slaughtered chief; the limbs were composed, as if on a bier—the

hair wiped smooth, and the crescent of feathers, broken and wet, were arranged with care around his bronzed temples. A little way off, on a hillock, purple with flowers, lay a beautiful child, beckoning to the birds as they fluttered by—plucking up the flowers, and uttering his tiny shout of gladness, as if death and sorrow were not all around him. There, by the side of the dead hunter, sat Malaeska, the widow, her hands dropping nervelessly by her side, her long hair sweeping the moss, and her face bowed on her bosom, stupefied with the overwhelming poignancy of her grief. Thus she remained, motionless and lost in sorrow, till day was at its noon. Her child, hungry and tired with play, had cried itself to sleep among the flowers; but the mother knew it not—her heart and all her faculties seemed closed as with a portal of ice.

That night when the moon was up, the Indian widow dug a grave, with her own hands, on the green margin of the lake. She laid her husband and her father side by side, and piled sods upon them. Then she lifted the wretched and hungry babe from the earth, and, with a sorrowful heart, bent her way to the "Straka."

Martha Fellows and her lover were alone in her father's cabin on the night after the Indian engagement. They were both paler than usual, and too anxious about the safety of their little village for any thing like happiness, or tranquil conversation. The old man had been stationed as sentinel on the verge of the clearing; and as the two sat together in silence, with hands interlocked, and gazing wistfully in each other's face, a rifle-shot cut sharply from the old man's station. They both startled to their feet, and Martha clung shrieking to her lover. Jones forced her back to the settle—and, snatching his rifle, sprang to the door. There was a sound of approaching footsteps, and with it was mingled the voice of old Fellows, and the sweeter and more imperfect tones of a female, with the sobbing breath of a child. As Jones stood wondering at the strange sound, a remarkable group darkened the light which streamed from the cabin-door. It was Fellows partly supporting and partly dragging forward a pale and terrified Indian girl. The light glittered upon her picturesque raiment, and revealed the dark bright eyes of a child which was fastened to her back, and which clung to her neck silent with terror and exhaustion.

"Come along, you young porcupine! You skulking copper-colored little squaw, you! We sha'n't kill you, nor the little papoose, neither; so you needn't shake so. Come along! There's Martha Fellows, if you can find enough of your darned queer English to tell her what you want."

As he spoke, the rough but kind-hearted old man entered the hut, pushing the wretched Malaeska and her child before him.

"Martha! why what in the name of nature makes you look so white about the mouth? You needn't be afeard of this little varmint, no how. She's as harmless as a garter-snake. Come, see if you can find out what she wants of you. She can talk the drollest you

ever heard. But I've scared away her senses, and she only stares at me like a shot deer."

When the Indian heard the name of the astonished girl, into whose presence she had been dragged, she withdrew from the old man's grasp and stole timidly toward the settle.

"The white man left papers with the maiden—Malaeska only wants the papers," she pleaded, placing her small palms beseechingly together.

Martha turned still more pale, and started to her feet. "It is true then," she said, almost wildly. "Poor Danforth is dead, and these forlorn creatures, his widow and child, have come to me at last. Oh! Jones, he was telling me of this the night you got so angry. I could not tell you why we were talking so much together; but I knew all the time that he had an Indian wife—it seemed as if he had a forewarning of his death, and must tell some one. The last time I saw him, he gave me a letter, sealed with black, and bade me seek his wife, and persuade her to carry it to his father, if he was killed in the fight. It is that letter she has come after: but how will she find her way to Manhattan?"

"Malaeska knows which way the waters run: she can find a path down the big river. Give her the papers that she may go?" pleaded the sad voice of the Indian.

"Tell us first," said Jones, addressing her kindly—"have the Indians left our neighborhood? Is there no danger of an attack?"

"The white man need not fear. When the great chief died, the smoke of his wigwam went out; and his people have gone beyond the mountains. Malaeska is alone."

There was wretchedness and touching pathos in the poor girl's speech, that affected the little group even to tears.

"No you a'n't, by gracious!" exclaimed Fellows, dashing his hand across his eyes. "You shall stay and live with me, and help Matt, you shall—and that's the end on't. I'll make a farmer of the little papoose. I'll bet a beaver skin that he'll larn to je and haw the oxen and hold plough afore half the Dutch boys that are springing up here as thick as clover-tops in a third years' clearing."

Malaeska did not perfectly understand the kind settler's proposition; but the tone and manner were kindly, and she knew that he wished to help her.

"When the boy's father was dying, he told Malaeska to go to his people, and they would tell her how to find the white man's God. Give her the papers, and she will go? Her heart will be full when she thinks of the kind words and the soft looks which the white chiefs and the bright-haired maiden have given her."

"She goes to fulfil a promise to the dead—we ought not to prevent her," said Jones.

Malaeska turned her eyes eagerly and gratefully upon him as he spoke, and Martha went to her bed and drew the letter, which had been entrusted to her care, from beneath the pillow. The Indian took it between her trembling hands, and pressing it with a gesture almost of idolatry to her lips, thrust it into her bosom.

"The white maiden is good! Farewell!" She turned toward the door as she spoke.

"Stay! It will take many days to reach Manhattan—take something to eat, or you will starve on the way," said Martha, compassionately.

"Malaeska has her bow and arrow, and she can use them; but she thanks the white maiden. A piece of bread for the boy—he has cried to his mother many times for food; but her bosom was full of tears and she had none to give him."

Martha ran to the cupboard and brought forth a large fragment of bread and a cup of milk. When the child saw the food, he uttered a soft, hungry murmur, and his little fingers began to work eagerly on his mother's neck. Martha held the cup to his lips, and smiled through her tears to see how hungrily he swallowed, and with what a satisfied and pleased look his large black eyes were turned up to hers as he drank. When the cup was withdrawn, the boy breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction and let his head fall sleepily on his mother's shoulder, her large eyes seemed full of moonlight, and a gleam of pleasure shot athwart her sad features, she unbound a bracelet of wampum from her arm and placed it in Martha's hand. The next instant she was lost in the darkness without. The kind settler rushed out, and hallooed for her to come back; but her step was like that of a fawn, and while he was wandering fruitlessly around the settlement, she reached the margin of the creek; and, unmooring a canoe, which lay concealed in the sedge, placed herself in it and shot round the point to the broad bosom of the Hudson.

Night and morning, for many successive days, that frail canoe glided down the current amid the wild and beautiful scenery of the highlands, and along the park-like shades of a more level country. There was something in the sublime and lofty handiwork of God, which fell soothingly on the sad heart of the Indian. Her thoughts were continually dwelling on the words of her dead husband, ever picturing to themselves the land of spirits where he had promised that she should join him. The perpetual change of scenery, the sunshine playing with the foliage, and the dark, heavy masses of shadow flung from the forests and the rocks on either hand, were continually exciting her untamed imagination to comparison with the heaven of her wild fancy. It seemed, at times, as if she had but to close her eyes and open them again to be in the presence of her lost one. There was something heavenly in the solemn, perpetual flow of the river, and in the music of the leaves as they rippled to the wind, that went to the poor widow's heart like the soft voice of a friend. After a day or two, the gloom which had hung about her young brow, partially departed. Her cheek again dimpled to the happy laugh of her child, and when he nestled down to sleep in the furs at the bottom of the canoe, her soft, plaintive lullaby would steal over the waters like the song of a wild bird seeking in vain for its mate.

Malaeska never went on shore, except to gather wild fruit, and occasionally to kill a bird, which her true arrow seldom failed to bring down. She would strike a fire and prepare her game in some shady nook

by the river side, while the canoe swung at its mooring, and her child played on the fresh grass, shouting at the cloud of summer insects that flashed by, and clapping his tiny hands at the humming-birds that came around to rifle honey from the mountain-flowers that surrounded him.

The voyage was one of strange happiness to the widowed Indian. Never did Christian believe in the pages of Divine Writ with more of trust, than she placed in the dying promise of her husband, that she should meet him again in another world. His spirit seemed for ever about her, and to her wild, free imagination, the passage down the magnificent stream seemed a material and glorious path to the white man's Heaven. Filled with strange, sweet thoughts, she looked abroad on the mountains looming up from the banks of the river—on the forest trees so various in their tints, and so richly clothed, till she was inspired almost to forgetfulness of her affliction. She was young and healthy, and every thing about her was so lovely, so grand and changing, that her heart expanded to the sunshine like a flower which has been bowed down, but not crushed beneath the force of a storm. Part of each day she spent in a wild, dreamy state of imagination. Her mind was lulled to sweet musings by the gentle sounds that hovered in the air from morning till evening, and through the long night, when all was hushed save the deep flow of the river. Birds came out with their cheerful voices at dawn, and at midday she floated in the cool shadow of the hills, or shot into some cove for a few hours' rest. When the sunset shed its gorgeous dyes over the river—and the mountain ramparts, on either side, were crimson as with the track of contending armies—when the boy was asleep, and the silent stars came out to kindle up her night path, then a clear, bold melody gushed from the mother's lips like a song from the heart of a nightingale. Her eye kindled, her cheek grew warm, the dip of her oars kept a liquid accompaniment to her rich wild voice, as the canoe floated downward on waves that seemed rippling over a world of crushed blossoms, and were misty with the approach of evening.

Malaeska had been out many days, when the sharp gables and the tall chimneys of Manhattan broke upon her view, surrounded by the sheen of its broad bay, and by the forest which covered the uninhabited part of the island. The poor Indian gazed upon it with an unstable but troublesome fear. She urged her canoe into a little cove on the Hoboken shore, and her heart grew heavy as the grave, as she pondered on the means of fulfilling her charge. She took the letter from her bosom; the tears started to her eyes, and she kissed it with a regretful sorrow, as if a friend were about to be rendered up from her affections for ever. She took the child to her heart, and held him there till its throbings grew audible, and the strength of her misgivings could not be restrained. After a time she became more calm. She lifted the child from her bosom, lavied his hands and face in the stream, and brushed his black hair with her palm till it glowed like the neck of a raven. Then she girded his little crimson robe with a

string of wampum, and after arranging her own attire, shot the canoe out of the cove and urged it slowly across the mouth of the river. Her eyes were full of tears all the way, and when the child murmured, and strove to comfort her with his infant caress, she sobbed aloud, but rowed steadily forward.

It was a strange sight to the phlegmatic inhabitants of Manhattan, when Malaeska passed through their streets in full costume, and with the proud, free tread of her race. Her hair hung in long braids down her back, each braid fastened at the end with a tuft of scarlet feathers. A coronet of the same bright plumage circled her small head, and her robe was gorgeous with beads, and fringed with porcupine quills. A bow of exquisite workmanship was in her hand, and a scarf of scarlet cloth bound the boy to her back. Nothing could be more strikingly beautiful than the child. His spirited head was continually turning from one strange object to another, and his bright black eyes were brim full of childish wonder. One little arm was flung around his young mother's neck, and its fellow rested on the feathered arrow-shafts which crowded the quiver slung against her left shoulder. The timid, anxious look of the mother, was in strong contrast with the eager gaze of the boy. She had caught much of the delicacy and refinement of civilized life from her husband, and her manner became startled and fawn-like beneath the rude gaze of the passers-by. The modest blood burned in her brown cheek, and the sweet, broken English trembled on her lips, when several persons to whom she showed the letter, passed by without answering her. She did not know that they were of another nation than her husband, and spoke another language than that which love had taught her. At length she accosted an aged man who could comprehend her imperfect language. He read the name on the letter, and saw that it was addressed to his master, John Danforth, the richest fur trader in Manhattan. The old serving-man led the way to a large, irregular building, in the vicinity of what is now Hanover Square. Malaeska followed with a lighter tread, and a heart relieved of its fear. She felt that she had found a friend in the kind old man who was conducting her to the home of her husband's father.

The servant entered this dwelling and led the way to a low parlor, paneled with oak and lighted with small panes of thick, greenish glass. A series of Dutch tiles—some of them most exquisite in finish and design, surrounded the fire-place, and a coat-of-arms elaborately carved in oak stood out in strong relief from the paneling above. A carpet—at that time an uncommon luxury, covered a greater portion of the floor, and the furniture was rich in its material, and ponderous with heavy, carved work. A tall, and rather hard-featured man sat in an arm-chair, by one of the narrow windows, reading a file of papers which had just arrived in the last merchant-ship from London. A little distance from him, a slight and very thin lady of about fifty was occupied with household sewing; her work-box stood on a small table before her, and a book of common-prayer lay beside it. The servant had intended to

announce his strange guests, but, fearful of losing sight of him, Malaeska followed close upon his footsteps, and before he was aware of it, stood within the room, holding her child by the hand.

"A woman, sir—an Indian woman, with a letter," said the embarrassed servant, motioning his charge to draw back. But Malaeska had stepped close to the merchant, and was looking earnestly in his face when he raised his eyes from the papers. There was something cold in his severe gaze as he fixed it on her through his spectacles. The Indian felt chilled and repulsed; her heart was full, and she turned with a look of touching appeal to the lady. That face was one to which a child would have fled for comfort; it was tranquil and full of kindness. Malaeska's face brightened as she went up to her and placed the letter in her hands without speaking a word; but the palpitation of her heart was visible through her heavy garments, and her hands shook as she relinquished the precious paper.

"The seal is black," said the lady turning very pale as she gave the letter to her husband, "but it is *his* writing," she added, with a forced smile. "He could not have sent word himself, were he—ill." She hesitated at the last word, for spite of herself, the thoughts of death lay heavily at her heart.

The merchant composed himself in his chair, settled his spectacles, and after another glance at the bearer, opened the letter. His wife kept her eyes fixed anxiously on his face as he read. She saw that his face grew pale, that his high, narrow forehead contracted, and that the stern mouth became still more rigid in its expression. She knew that some evil had befallen her son—her only son, and she grasped a chair for support; her lips were bloodless, and her eyes became keen with agonizing suspense. When her husband had read the letter through, she went close to him, but looked another way as she spoke.

"Tell me; has any harm befallen my son?" Her voice was low and gentle, but husky with suspense.

Her husband did not answer, but his hand fell heavily upon his knee, and the letter rattled in his unsteady grasp, his eyes were fixed on his trembling wife with a look that chilled her to the heart. She attempted to withdraw the letter from his hand, but he clenched it the firmer.

"Let it alone—he is dead—murdered by the savages—why should you know more?"

The poor woman staggered back, and the fire of anxiety went out from her eyes.

"Can there be any thing worse than death—the death of the first-born of our youth—cut off in his proud manhood?" she murmured, in a low, broken voice.

"Yes, woman!" said the husband, almost fiercely, "there is a thing worse than death—disgrace!"

"Disgrace coupled with my son? You are his father, John. Do not slander him now that he is dead—before his mother, too." There was a faint red spot then upon that mild woman's face, and her mouth curved proudly as she spoke. All that was stern in her nature

had been aroused by the implied charge against the departed.

"Read, woman, read! Look on that accursed wretch and her child! They have enticed him into their savage haunts and murdered him. Now they come to claim protection and reward for the foul deed."

Malaeska drew her child closer to her as she listened to this vehement language, and shrank slowly back to a corner of the room, where she crouched, like a frightened hare, looking wildly about the room, as if seeking some means to evade the vengeance which seemed to threaten her.

After the first storm of feeling, the old man buried his face in his hands and remained motionless, while the sobbing breath of his wife, as she read her son's letter, alone broke the stillness of the room. Malaeska felt those tears as an encouragement, and her own deep feelings taught her how to reach those of another. She drew timidly to the mourner and sank to her feet.

"Will the white woman look upon Malaeska?" she said, in a voice full of humility and touching earnestness. "She loved the young white chief, and when the dark shadows fell upon his son, he said that his mother's heart would grow soft to the poor Indian-woman who had slept in his bosom while she was very young. He said that her love would open to his boy like a flower to the sunshine. Will the white woman look upon the boy? He is like his father."

"He is, poor child, he is!" murmured the bereaved mother, looking on the boy through her tears—"like him, as he was when we were both young, and he the blessing of our hearts. Oh, John, do you remember how sweet his smile was—how his cheek would dimple when we kissed it. Look upon this poor fatherless creature; they are all here again; the sunny eye and the broad forehead. Look upon him, John, for my sake—for the sake of our dead son, who prayed us with his last breath to love his son. Look upon him!"

The kind woman led the child to her husband as she spoke, and winding her arms about his neck, pressed her lips upon his swollen temples. The pride of his nature was touched. His bosom heaved, and tears gushed through his rigid fingers. He felt a little form draw close to his knee, and a tiny, soft hand, strive with its feeble might to uncover his face. The voice of nature was strong within him. His hands dropped, and he pored with a troubled face over the up-lifted features of the child. Tears were in those young, bright eyes as they returned his grandfather's gaze, but when a softer expression came into the old man's face, a smile broke through them, and the little fellow lifted both his arms and clasped them over the bowed neck of his relative. There was a momentary struggle, and then the merchant folded his grandson to his heart with a burst of strong feeling such as his iron nature had seldom known.

"He is like his father. God bless him—God bless him! Let the woman go back to her tribe; we will keep the boy."

Malaeska sprang forward, clasped her hands, and

turned with an air of wild, heart-thrilling appeal to the lady.

"You will not send Malaeska from her child. No—no, white woman. Your boy has slept against your heart, and you have felt his voice in your ear, like the song of a young mocking-bird. Yet you would send the poor Indian back to the woods without her child. She has come to you from the forest, that she may learn the path to the white man's Heaven, and see her husband again, and you will not show it her. Give the Indian-woman her boy; her heart is growing very strong, and she will not go back to the woods alone!"

As she spoke these words, with an air more energetic even than her speech, she snatched the child from his grandfather's arms, and stood like a lioness guarding her young, her lips wreathing and her black eyes flashing fire, for the savage blood had kindled in her veins at the thought of being separated from her son.

"Be quiet, girl, be quiet. If you go, the child shall go with you," said the gentle Mrs. Danforth. "Do not give way to this fiery spirit; no one will wrong you."

Malaeska dropped her air of defiance, and placing the child humbly at his grandfather's feet, drew back, and stood with her eyes cast down, and her hands clasped deprecatingly together, a posture of supplication in strong contrast with her late wild demeanor.

"Let them stay. Do not separate the mother and the child?" entreated the kind lady, anxious to soothe away the effect of her husband's violence. The thoughts of a separation drives her wild, poor thing. He loved her;—why should we send her back to her savage haunts? Read his letter once more, my husband. You cannot refuse the dying request of our first-born."

With gentle and persuasive words like these, the kind lady prevailed. Malaeska was allowed to remain in the house of her husband's father, but it was only as the nurse of her own son. She was not permitted to acknowledge herself as his mother; and it was given out that young Danforth had married in one of the new settlements—that the young couple had fallen victims to the savages, and that their infant son had been rescued by an Indian-girl, who brought him to his grandfather. This story easily gained credit, and it was no matter of wonder that the old fur merchant soon became fondly attached to the little orphan, or that the presence of his grandchild was made an object of grateful attention in his household.

Malaeska was not happy in her new home. She listened to the gentle teachings of her mother-in-law with a thirst for information, only equalled by her desire to meet her husband in another life. Her wild, poetical religion was abandoned for the beautiful and simple truths of the Gospel. She became conversant with the forms, and learned many accomplishments peculiar to the whites. Still she was not happy. Her spirit pined for freedom—for the pure breath of the mountains and the wide range of the wilderness. Her affections were wounded by the restraints placed over them. Maternal love had become almost idolatry, yet she was for-

bidden to lavish tenderness on her son, or to call forth his in return, lest it might create suspicion of the relationship. While he remained in his infancy, she could steal to his chamber at night and give free indulgence to the wild tenderness of her nature; but as his boyhood advanced, even the privilege of watching him in his sleep was denied to her. Once, when she broke the sleepy boy's rest by her caresses, he became petulant, and chided her for her obtrusiveness. The repulse went to her heart like iron. She dared not inform him that the yearning fondness of a mother drew her to his bed-side, for that would be revealing that the blood of a prescribed and hated race was beating in his veins. She saw that he was imbibing the prejudices and the aristocratic habits of the Europeans, by whom he was cherished, and that her connection with him was held as a reproach. Poor Malaeska! Here was a sad life, and yet they were all kind to her. She was like a half-tamed eagle, thirsting for ever for a flight to the clouds.

Young Danforth was named William, after his father, and was in all things treated as the heir to the wealthy fur merchant. At the age of eighteen, his grandfather decided on sending him to a European college, and Malaeska was left alone among her adopted people. After his departure, she pined continually, and her heart yearned for the solitude of her wigwam, and for a sight of her husband's grave. When the old lady saw how unappeasable had become this wish, she made no opposition to her departure, and the merchant felt her absence as a relief. She was a perpetual evidence of his son's disgrace, and of the taint in his idolized grandson's blood. He had endured, but never loved her. We never love that which we have wronged, and he could not but feel that he had sacrificed the rights of that unfortunate being to his own haughty prejudices—that he had embittered her life, and robbed her of the affections of her only child by a cowardly system of concealment—a system which even his high-principled wife could not dissuade him from.

Malaeska left Manhattan. In five years her son was to return. It was a sad, weary time to wait. She promised to return then.

To be concluded next month.

Original.

TENDER RECOLLECTIONS.

BY H. E. DENNIS.

Ah, Mary, I remember well,
Those "early, sunny hours,"
When, children both, we laughed among,
And culled earth's fairest flowers.
Our two young hearts were then as one,
And life seemed full of glee;
You loved me fondly; and your love
Was all the world to me.

And, Mary, I remember, too,
When we were older grown,
How well I loved to breathe your name,
And call you all my own—
How in your willing, eager ear,
Soft, gentle words I sighed,
And how, with looks all tenderness,
You blushing replied.

When from each other's sight debarred,
How weary seemed the day!
Existence had no charms for me
When Mary was away.
Love was the air we breathed; the world
Seemed made for love alone;
And fondly deemed we that on earth
No love was like our own.

But soon a dark and dreary day
Wrought anguish in the heart,
And Fate assumed her sternest frown—
For we were doomed to part!
Ah, then the world a desert seemed,
And naught was left for life;
The barren future promised naught
But agony and strife.

You madly hung upon my breast—
Hot tears bedimmed your eyes;
And mutual vows of constant love,
Struggled amid our sighs.
Grief tore our hearts; in vain we strove
Our burning thoughts to tell—
Our faltering lips could scarcely speak
The last, sad word—Farewell!

Beneath a burning Southern sun,
Two long, long years I pined,
And to my cruel fate, became
By sad degrees resigned.
At length, with glad and joyous step,
I sought my native town,
But you, my first and faithless love,
Had married Colonel Brown!

And yet I burned with love as warm
As when I left your side;
Only I'd changed my views, and sought
Another for my bride.
My grief at your inconstancy,
Could scarce have been assuaged,
If to Miss Ann Cordelia Smith,
I had not been engaged!

Dear Mrs. B., if you are not
Too busy, Monday week,
I'll dine with you quite *en famille*,
And of these matters speak.
And then the Colonel, you and I,
In merriment extreme,
Will talk of trifles long gone by,
And laugh at "Love's young dream."

Original.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CLOUD.

WHEN first the radiant morn of Creation dawned, and the new-born world with its inhabitants awoke beneath the benignant smile of its Creator, I, with a number of my fellows, joyously hung over it in fantastic drapery, gently gliding before the zephyr's breath, or revelling in splendor in the azure vault of heaven, while the morning stars poured forth in strains of sweetest melody, the praises of their Creator, far above me. While in this lofty station, I viewed with transport the happy condition of all created beings. I saw the first parents of the human race as they breathed the delightful gales of Eden, and tasted the rich fruits which their beneficent Creator had provided for their use. But alas! I was doomed to see them driven from Paradise; and as I saw the entrance to Eden barred for ever from them by the flaming sword, I dissolved myself in tears, and fell mingling with the waters of the ocean. Year after year I rolled among its waves ere I again assumed my fairy form. One delightful summer morn, I felt myself rapidly ascending to the lofty station which I before occupied. In vain I sought the happy pair whom I last saw wandering about Eden. They were with the dead, and had suffered the penalty annexed to the holy law which they had violated. Their descendants had spread over the earth, and though they toiled for their daily sustenance, they were cheerful and even happy. But they were doomed not long to continue thus. Sin had entered the world and laid his blighting traces upon all that was beautiful and lovely. All mankind had fallen into such depths of sin and iniquity, that their Maker saw fit to destroy them by a universal flood, and I again fell from heaven to assist in forming the deluge. Day after day my fellows dropped by myriads into the deep; yet faithful to our charge, we bore the holy ark upon our bosoms until it safely rested on Ararat. When the waters were abated from the earth, I triumphantly arose at the bidding of my Creator, to form the radiant bow of promise, the covenant between God and man. This was the most sublime and brilliant standing that I had ever occupied, and it was with pleasure that I saw the pious Noah and his family, and the living creatures they had preserved, descend to the green earth again. I have been a creature of change—now floating in the azure vault of heaven, and again rolling among the waves of the sea. In my airy flight I have seen the rise and fall of empires. I have watched over heroes from their infancy—through all the vicissitudes of war to their sad or glorious end. I have hovered over the tomb of Washington, and of that fearful man who, after having finished his high destiny, and filled the measure of his glory, was doomed to die an exile in a desert island. Long and sadly did I keep my silent vigils over the tomb of him who was once the conqueror of nations, and bathe in evening dew the willows which hang over his peaceful grave. I have glided over the watery couch of the Adriatic bride, and borne the swift gondola on my bosom while the flames of Vesuvius reflected their lurid glare upon my polished surface. I

have explored the hidden treasures of the ocean, and revelled in scenes of beauty unknown to mortal eyes. I have fallen into the fragrant cups of the honeysuckle and the jessamine, and dressed the fields in glittering pearls like a fairy land. Nay, more, I have been placed in the sacred baptismal font, and have laved hands—the princely brows of those who, in after years, were kings and emperors. The stern frost-king for a long time enchained me in his icy fetters, but at last the genial sunbeams liberated me, and I triumphantly arose to the sky again. I am still hovering about the earth, changing and for ever changing, yet, loosing no portion of my ethereal nature—robed in beauty on one day, and shrouded in darkness on another. I am a creature of the elements, so light and delicate, that a breath of air might seem strong enough to annihilate me, and yet I feel that, in some form, I shall live on to the end of Creation, imperishable, and full of beauty and life.

EMMA.

Female Seminary, Yonkers, 1839.

Original.

MY NATAL BOWERS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

AWAY with your gold, your gems, and your flowers,
Such trifles are useless to me;
Oh, carry me back to my own natal bowers,
Where my childhood was spent pure and free.
Could you scatter these robes with snow-speaking pearls,
Or with glittering diamonds deck
This grief-stricken brow, these wild waving curls,
These fingers, these arms, ears and neck—
Yet still should I sigh for the home of my sire,
For the smiles of my sisters and mother,
For the polished work-table that stood by the fire,
And the soft sighing flute of my brother.
My soul would still cling to the peach-arbor shade
Where my mother her infant was hushing;
Where the tea-table stood with its cloth ready laid,
And the mellow fruit over us blushing.
I once more would stand by my clear silver spring,
Where the daisies and peppermint bloom;
And the sweet blue-eyed violets modestly fling
O'er the bright gushing stream their perfume.
'Twas a beautiful spot when the even tide sun
Threw its mantle of gold o'er the mountain,
When the herb drank the dew and the bird-song was done,
And the flowers laved themselves in the fountain.
I'd fain breathe my last in my own natal bowers;
My pillow the breast of my mother;
My brother should place in one hand drooping flowers,
And the lips of my sire press the other.
My white-handed sister should carefully spread
My grass-springing couch with young clover;
Their tears of regret should fall cool on my head,
And the blue sky the scene should arch over.
I'd gladly meet death if such sweetness as this,
To my last dying moments were given;
My death-bed would be but a pillow of bliss,
And my last sigh a foretaste of Heaven.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—This establishment which has been, from various causes, deserted by many of its old friends till the past month, has begun to revive; and, unquestionably, before the end of the season will prove to be wholly in the ascendant.

Early in the month, *Mr. Hamblin* had a meeting with the manager, and found they had never had any thing more than a spirit of rivalry between them; the consequence was that *Mr. Simpson*, very judiciously, availed himself of the opportunity to gain the services of *Mr. Hamblin*, and an engagement was immediately commenced. *Mr. Hamblin* opened in the American play, "*Brutus*." We never saw him to better advantage; in fact, we never saw the part sustained in a more graphic and touching manner. The last scene was natural in every point, *Mr. Hamblin* evidently feeling all that it was his province to portray—and portraying all that he felt. Beside, we did not detect any of those faults in the performance which have been, we may say, common to it in many other hands. It was, in every respect, highly finished. *Mr. Wheatley*, as *Titus*, gave entire satisfaction; nay, he did even more, he delighted every auditor, and had he enunciated all his syllables with propriety, he would have won an unstained laurel. *Miss Cushman's* *Tullia*, and *Mrs. Richardson's* *Tarquinius*, were personations of great perfectness, and harmonized with the acting of *Mr. Hamblin* and *Mr. Wheatley*, in every scene.

The second character in which *Mr. Hamblin* appeared was *Macbeth*, a much more arduous character to represent than *Brutus*, and one in which he was not so successful. He was, however, not so well supported, as in the first performance—*Banquo* being quite imperfect. The soliloquies in the play were given by *Mr. Hamblin* with too much of an air of recitation—in a manner wholly unwarrantable. The scenes generally, notwithstanding, were happily carried through, and were received with much deserved applause. *Miss Cushman* conceived *Lady Macbeth* exceedingly well—but failed once or twice in portraying successfully what she attempted. As a whole, her performance was very satisfactory.

The production of "*Rienzi*," has commenced the era of spectacle at this house. The piece is prepared under the supervision, we learn, of *Mr. Hamblin*; and every scene is as perfect in the representation as it can be made. An immense outlay has rendered all things complete, and the play is destined to run for many nights. The scenery and dresses are finished on the most magnificent scale, and the properties have been prepared with a scrupulous regard to the descriptions in the pages of *Bulwer*. In splendor this spectacle rises superior to any thing of the kind hitherto produced in this city, and no exhibition can be more entertaining or more instructive in a historical point of view. Other spectacles are in preparation, which will appear in rapid succession, during *Mr. Hamblin's* engagement.

The dramas, "*Oliver Twist*," and "*Nicholas Nickleby*," with the engagement of *Mrs. Shaw*, preceded the production of "*Rienzi*." The dramas are of a peculiar character, and derive interest from the capital novels of *Dickens*. The artists who have most distinguished themselves in them, are *Mrs. Richardson*, *Miss Cushman*, *Mr. Richings*, *Mr. Johnson*, *Mr. Gann*, *Mr. Fisher* and *Mr. Wheatley*. The most remarkable performance was the most unexpected one of *Artful Dodger*, by *Mr. Johnson*. This young man has held a very subordinate situation in the theatre, and every one was surprised to see him personate a very difficult comic character in a style which would have reflected credit on a first-rate artist. *Mr. Johnson* by study and care may become an ornament to his profession.

Mrs. Shaw opened her engagement by playing *Constance*, in *Knowles' "Love Chase"*. We have so often spoken of this performance that we can add nothing to the praises we have before extended. *Mrs. Shaw* is a very capable actress, and is able to perform with great spirit and the very happiest effect. In many characters, she has no equal in this country. We learn that *Sheridan Knowles* is writing a play expressly for her, and that she returns to England early in the Spring to appear in it at the English theatres.

We should not omit to mention that *Mr. Balls* has returned from England, and appeared in several favorite characters. The announcement was successful in bringing together one of the largest audiences seen in the theatre during the month. He played *Vapid*, in "*The Dramatist*;" and infused into every scene great vivacity and spirit, while he kept nature in view at every step. *Mr. Balls* merits very high praise for not trying to do too much—a fault, common to almost every light comedian we ever saw. In remembering the performances of those who have been distinguished in the line which he has adopted, we have only one or two in our memory who have not been censurable for making themselves, in a less or greater degree, buffoons—and *Mr. Balls* is a performer whose personations we recollect with a pleasure almost wholly unalloyed.

NATIONAL.—The revival of Italian operas at this establishment has been the theme of remark by the prints generally. The result has been what might have been anticipated after the failure of the Italian Opera when supported by an Italian company. No one could have felt that the public would care to hear the music of *Rossini*—familiar as it is—merely because the artists were to attempt to sing it in Italian. On the contrary, it was foreseen that the public would be led to stay away from the theatre, from the simple fact that the sentiment of the music was to be presented through a medium not comprehended. To the mass, it was plain, that hearing the music thus offered would be like "seeing through a glass darkly." To this, the failure is to be attributed in part; and, also, to the very unintelligible language which was substituted for Italian by many of the performers.

Mrs. Seguin made her first appearance in the character of *Rosina*, in "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*." She sings with much sweetness and with much feeling, evidently having studied in the Italian school. She was very successful for a vocalist of little pretension; and, although not quite equal uniformly to sustain the position of *prima donna*, yet there are operas in which she may render herself quite conspicuous as principal. *Signor De Seguin*, who was the cause, probably, of the attempt to revive the Italian Opera, is the most finished artist and vocalist. He enacted the barber, *Figaro*, with great skill, truth and effect. *Mr. Seguin* was a fair representative of *Dr. Bartolo*, but he over-acted—perhaps to conceal his inability to give the words of the author correctly, for he was very imperfect. It is useless to say more, unless we pay a compliment to *Mr. Horncastle's* exertions. This gentleman is indefatigable in his endeavors to prove acceptable to the auditors.

English operas have been found, through *Miss Shirreff*, *Mr. Wilson* and *Mr. Seguin*, to be much more popular than the Italian—indeed, they have attracted the most crowded audiences of the season. *Miss Shirreff*, in spite of some affection of the throat, has exerted herself to such a degree as not to fall far short of her usual excellence. *Mr. Wilson* has sung as well as during his previous engagements. He is a vocalist of great judgment and taste. *Mr. Seguin* has not been in such good voice as on former occasions. Our changeable climate operates severely on singers generally. The late day at which the new opera, "*The Pacha's Bride*," is announced for representation, prevents our noticing it this month.

Mr. Burton's engagement, before the introduction of the operas, was very satisfactory to the lovers of low-comedy performances. He made much fun for his auditors, and showed himself, in other respects, to be well-skilled in the principles of his art. Some of his personations were among the most ludicrous we ever witnessed: *Billy Lackaday*, and the *Mummy*, for instances.

We have been pleased with the style in which the manager at this theatre always produces the plays which he selects for performance. No theatre in the country, we think, can be more complete in its appointments, and this fact alone should be sufficient to draw full houses with moderate attraction; but it is not the case. It requires a combination of the most extraordinary talent to induce even a small portion of our theatrical population to visit the National, in consequence of its bad location.

MY OWN ONE! MY OWN ONE!

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR.

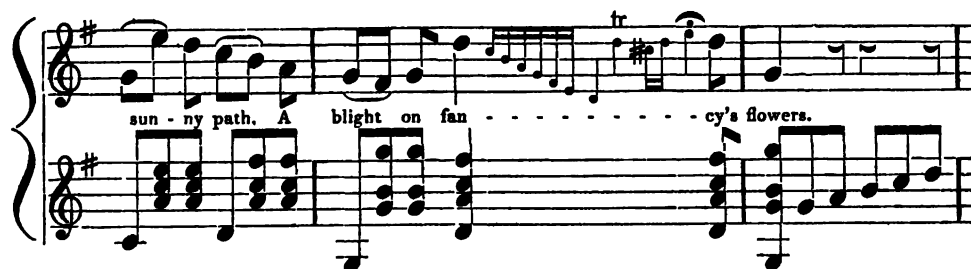


SICILIANO.

My own one! My

own one! Whom I have loved so well, With thy ra - ven hair and

gen - tle smile, And bright eyes' si - lent spell; O what is this cold



2

My own one! my own one!

When I wooed with song and vow,
 Though thy beauty woke my spirit's pride,
 Thou wast not dear as now;
 I loved thee then that others praised
 The charms which I had won;
 But now, when they forget to gaze,
 'Tis for thyself alone.

3

My own one! my own one!

Though thy beauty may decay,
 Still the flowery fetters round my heart
 Can ne'er be torn away.
 Thine eye may lose its look and light,
 Less lure the world may see;
 But thou wilt still be fair and dear,
 My own one, unto me.

LITERARY REVIEW.

CAPTAIN KYD; or, the Wizard of the Sea, by the author of "Burton," "Lafitte," etc.: *Harper & Brothers*.—This is not a very elaborate work, yet it will, doubtless, prove popular; for the hero is one around whose name there is a mystery and a charm not easily eradicated from the mind. It seems to us that the work is not very original in some of its most graphic chapters; and that the subject is one, so often has it been written upon, scarcely recommending itself to such a novelist as Professor Ingraham. It cannot add to his reputation. The hand of a master-spirit, alone, could throw any charm over the subject.

THE HARMONY OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH: Harper & Brothers. The author of this work, John Abercrombie, is so well known by his excellent works on the Intellectual Powers and Moral Feelings, that the mere announcement of the publication of this volume will create a demand. Although the work is small, it contains many valuable hints to those who are disposed to study the mind.

DEMONSTRATION OF THE TRUTH OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION: Harper & Brothers.—This work is by the author of "The Evidence of Prophecy." It is a very elaborate work, and full of interest to the general reader, as well as to those who are anxious to accumulate materials for the defence and illustration of our holy religion. The author has exhibited much originality, and a studious application to his subject, which will be gratifying to those who take up the volume for perusal. There are, nevertheless, very many remarks which might have been dispensed with. The passages, from modern travellers, to prove the prophecies, are frequently ridiculous. The letterpress is illustrated by plates.

POEMS, by Rufus Dawes: Samuel Colman.—This is the first of a series of volumes which is to embrace the productions of the popular poets of the country; and although a person may purchase one and not another of the volumes, yet they are bound and printed to match. The principal efforts of Mr. Dawes, in this volume, are "Geraldine," a humorous and sentimental poem, and "Athenia of Damascus," a tragedy. The former is a work which one is not expected to criticise, the latter is a production which invites remark. The tragedy contains some beautiful scenes, and may be, as a whole, fit for representation; but there is much in it which is foreign to the purpose of the drama, and affectation is frequently sprinkled through it. Such expressions as dove-eyed—dew-eyed luxury—dark-eyed—continually occur, while repetitions of figures display a poverty of expression not easily forgiven. On the whole, however, it has given us a better idea of the author's merits than we have hitherto possessed. Some of the minor poems in the volume have enjoyed an extensive popularity, and there are many persons who will be pleased to find them in this collected form.

WILLY'S STORIES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN: Samuel Colman.—This little work is calculated for the very youthful mind, and the writer of it has shown her ability to interest children. The book is neatly printed, and forms one of a series, called "A Mother's Library for Little Folks."

OLIVER TWIST: Lea & Blanchard.—We gave, in a former number, our opinion of this work, and we need now only mention that it has been bound by the publishers and forms a very beautiful octavo volume. The illustrations are very well executed, and those who wish to amuse themselves cannot find a better book for the purpose.—*G. & C. Carroll.*

THE BENCH AND THE BAR, by the author of the "Great Metropolis": *E. L. Carey & A. Hart.*—We have read a portion of this work, and have been more pleased with it than with any other work by the same author. The sketches are, probably, a little colored, but to the discerning reader they will prove instructive, giving the best history extant of the talents of those who adorn the English bench and bar.

NEAL MALONE, and other Tales of Ireland, by *W. H. Carlson: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.*—These stories are particularly interesting from the fact that they present us with traits in the Irish character at once amusing and instructive.

NEW-YORK MIRROR.—This work is without a rival in the country. We have seen and perused every number for fourteen years, and have always found matter in it worthy of attention. It is conducted to suit the tastes of all classes of readers, and the great circulation which it enjoys in every part of the country is a sure evidence of its general appreciation. Among its contributors it arrays many of the most entertaining writers in the country; and the selections from the miscellaneous literature of the day are made with much taste and with no small share of that kind of tact which is very rarely to be discovered in our literary periodicals.

EDITORS' TABLE.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We have the happiness of announcing our gratification for the many additions to our list of subscribers during the last year. It is a sign that we have been somewhat successful in catering for the public taste, and will lead us to continue our exertions to improve the magazine in every department.

We shall find an evidence of similar appreciation of our endeavors, from *old subscribers*, if they take an early opportunity to remit the *several amounts charged against them upon our books*. We need not say to many of them that by so doing they possess us of the means to contribute much more essentially to their amusement.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—We have read with pleasure the Report of the Committee of this Association, and are happy to bear testimony to the enterprise and usefulness of the institution. The committee, in this report, recommend the raising of a fund to procure four suitable professors to lecture on the principle branches of letters which will conduce most to the profit of the mercantile classes—a suggestion which, if carried out as recommended, will render the Association one of the most important and useful in the country.

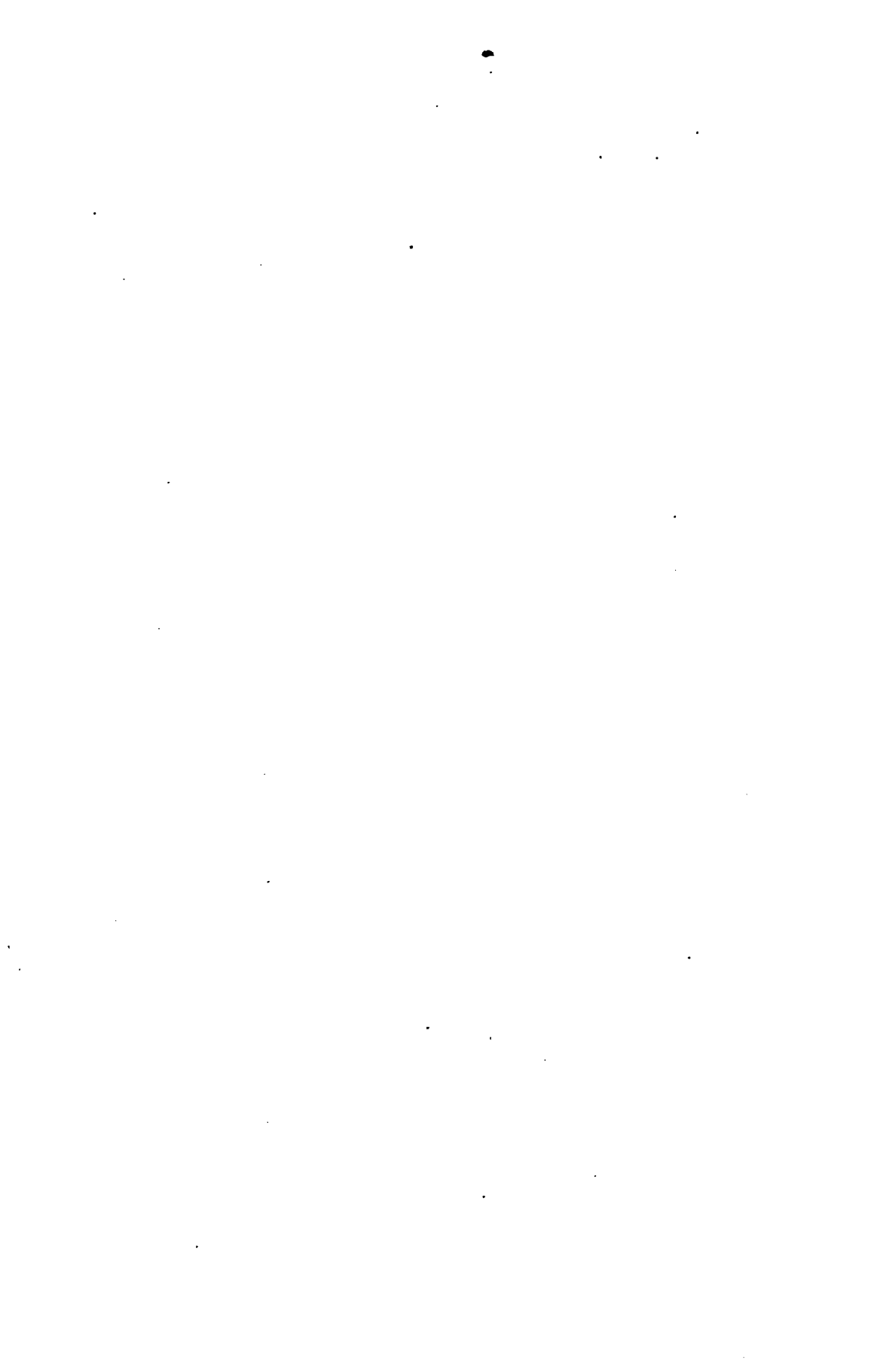
PLATE OF THE SPRING FASHIONS.—With the greatest care, and from the very best information—in fact, derived from the only source that can be trusted, we have had the plate drawn. Our readers may be assured that this is the only magazine which can have the New-York Fashions previous to their adoption. The European Fashions are never adopted here in their season, and cannot be. Our illustrations, therefore, of what really is to be, we hope will prove more useful than those which can only be adopted abroad—and which from their technical descriptions in French can seldom be of much benefit in this country. The following descriptions will guide to the prominent features of the Fashions for dresses this Spring:

Walking Dress.—Fancy silk robe, its border with a single flounce. Satin mantle, made in the pelisse style, lined and faced with silk suited to the color of the robe, edged with a small satin fold, the bottom trimmed with fringe; collar square, and Turkish sleeves. Hat, of color to correspond, or to suit the complexion; roses in full bloom, and ribbons—size small, and setting back. Cord and tassels of light color. Gold color will be much worn.

Evening and Morning Dresses.—Gold and fancy colored satin robe, trimmed with point lace, full sleeves, confined at the wrist, and, also, immediately to the shoulder, with small rosettes; plain waist, with blond trimmings. Morning dress, the same, with a satin shawl-cape, edged throughout with full lace, or broad satin folds, lined with white satin to form rich facings. Cord and tassels.

Promenade Dress.—Plain muslin robe, rich satin under-dress, waist made half high, tight to the form, with a lapel bordered with velvet; lace or wrought muslin chemisette. Hat, white rep silk, with ostrich plumes.

The plate of Summer Fashions will appear in the *June* number.





MOUNT ZION, JERUSALEM.

*The Mosque of David.
King David's Tomb.*

sprinkling of earth; and in the winter season is the natural channel for conveying off the water that falls into it from the higher ground; but, on both sides, the rock is cut perpendicularly down, and most probably it was the quarry from which the greater part of the stones were taken for building the city. The precipi-

Of dust and lightest particles
The vast abundantly contains,
And swift the blast their power swells.
But death can only prove us pure,
And may the truth come home to man,
Of things divine no crowd is sure
Till blasts inhum the caravan.



THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, APRIL, 1839.

JERUSALEM.

MOUNT ZION—THE MOSQUE OF DAVID.

THE present design was drawn by F. Catherwood, from a sketch made on the spot by George Bulmer, and engraved by A. Dick of this city.

MOUNT ZION, or Sion, is one of the mountains on which the southern quarter of ancient Jerusalem was built, (though the greater part of it is now without the walls of the city,) and on which the citadel of the Jebusites stood, when David took possession of it, and transferred his court thither from Hebron; hence it is frequently called the city of David, who was interred there. Over his tomb and on the middle of this mount is erected the long, dingy-looking Turkish mosque delineated in our engraving, which appears to be of considerable antiquity. It is called the mosque of the prophet David, whose reputed tomb is still exhibited in the interior, and is held in the greatest possible veneration by the Mussulmans, by whom it is guarded with the greatest vigilance. The santones belonging to this mosque are the most powerful in Jerusalem. Part of the building is said to have been the church of the cenaculum, where our Saviour ate the last supper with his disciples. Dr. Richardson was shown into an upper room in the front of the building, which, it was affirmed, was the identical room in which the Lord's Supper was instituted. Unhappily for this tradition, thirty-nine years after, not only the wall but every house in Jerusalem was razed from their foundations, and the ground ploughed up by the Roman soldiers.

"Mount Zion is considerably higher than the ground on the north, on which the ancient city stood, or that on the east, leading on to the Valley of Jehoshaphat; but as it has very little relative height above the ground on the south and on the west, it must have owed its boasted strength principally to a deep ravine by which it is encompassed on the east, south and west, and the strong, high walls and towers, by which it was enclosed and flanked completely round. This ravine or valley (more correctly, trench or ditch) seems to have been formed by art on the south and west, the surface of the ground on each side being of nearly equal height, though Mount Zion is certainly the highest; yet so little that it could not have derived much strength from the elevation." The breadth of the ditch is nearly one hundred and fifty feet, and its depth, or the height of Mount Zion above the bottom of the ravine, about sixty feet. The bottom of it is rock, covered with a thin sprinkling of earth; and in the winter season is the natural channel for conveying off the water that falls into it from the higher ground; but, on both sides, the rock is cut perpendicularly down, and most probably it was the quarry from which the greater part of the stones were taken for building the city. The precipi-

tous edge of the ravine is more covered with earth on the side of Mount Zion than on the other side, which is probably owing to the barbarous custom of razing cities from their foundation, and tumbling both earth and stone into the ditch below. The loose stones have all been removed from it, for building the present city.

When Dr. Richardson visited this mountain in 1818, "one part of it supported a crop of barley: another was undergoing the labor of the plough, and the soil turned up consisted of stone and lime mixed with earth, such as is usually met with in the foundations of ruined cities. It is nearly a mile in circumference, is highest on the west side, and towards the east falls down in broad terraces on the upper part of the mountain, and narrow ones on the side as it slopes down towards the brook Kedron. Each terrace is divided from the one above it by a low wall of dry stone, built of the ruins of this celebrated spot. The terraces near the bottom of the hill are still used as gardens, and are watered from the pool of Siloam. They belong chiefly to the inhabitants of the small village of Siloa, immediately opposite. We have here another remarkable instance of the special fulfilment of prophecy:—'Therefore shall Zion, for your sakes, be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps.'"

Original.

OPEN WORSHIP.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

WE tread a desert strange and vast,
In crowds to search for things divine,
Poor pilgrims toiling to the last,
Hoping to reach a sacred shrine.
In vain for purity on earth
We strive to pass the desert-sand—
For purity of Heavenly birth,
Remains in Heaven by God's command.
If to be pure, we congregate
To search for Heavenly gifts,
We find them not, till changed in state
The hand of Death the Future lifts.
For Heaven alone should man desire,
Nor think by pageantry and plans
To gain the true and holy fire
Which, in the soul alone, is man's.
We tread a desert. Little grains
Of dust and lightest particles
The vast abundantly contains,
And swift the blast their power swells.
But death can only prove us pure,
And may the truth come home to man,
Of things divine no crowd is sure
Till blasts inhume the caravan.

Original.

AGRIPPINĀ.

A PASSAGE FROM THE REIGN OF NERO.

BY EDWARD MATURIN.

My last is come—my last, I know, is come—
 'Tis wond'rous horrid—now
 My lawless love, and boundless power reproach me.—LEE.

CHAPTER I.—SABINA POPPÆA.

IN Nero's daily intercourse with the beautiful Sabina, she spared neither art nor entreaty to ensure his favor, and advance her own interest. His repeated visits to her, the gaiety of his manner and his ardent expressions of admiration and love, in proportion as they exhibited indifference to the Empress Octavia, kindled within *her* breast an ambition to share his throne.

"You love me, then?" said the artful favorite.

"As man never loved," replied Nero, passionately.

"Yet you would hesitate to avow that love to the people," she replied; "your mother, too, favors the Empress,—my lord," she continued in a tone of railery, endeavoring to undermine the power of Agrippina, "you are young in government as in years; you hold the sceptre, when will you use it? You wear the diadem—why will you share its brightness with another? Will you be the first of the illustrious house of Cæsar, who succeeded to power only to transfer it to another? You profess to hold the reigns: will you permit another to guide the steeds?" Her words bore additional weight with Nero, as they appealed to his pride, at the same time arousing his fears for the stability of his power, and the dignity of personal independence.

Sabina observed the change which her words had wrought in his expression, and continued to follow up her triumph with reproof and protestations of her love.

"Were power yours alone, my lord, our nuptial tie would have by this time been joined, and none dared to dispute the will of Cæsar, or question the propriety of his choice. It cannot be," she continued, artfully adverting to her own unrivalled charms of person, "that the beauty, which first won thee, hath so soon lost her spell, or passion forgot the tones she once breathed to her idol."

"Neither, neither," exclaimed the Emperor. "But—"

"What, my lord?" inquired Sabina, as she observed his hesitation. "Can it be you would disown alliance with one who boasted not the Cæsar blood? Though not nobly born, the daughter of ancestors honored with triumphs would not degrade a Cæsar's throne."

As she spoke a flush of pride mantled her cheek, and her eye beamed with a lustre which seemed to reflect the departed glories of which she spoke.

"By Venus! thou art lovelier than ever," exclaimed Nero, forgetting the subject of their discourse in admiration of her beauty.

"Nay, nay, my lord, a truce to flattery," replied the beauty, anxious to recall him to the ambitious theme which engrossed her mind; "tell me," she said, aiding entreaty by caresses, "what is it which delays our nuptial-rites?"

"I cannot tell thee now, fairest," replied Nero, anxious to conceal the maternal control, whose partiality had been transferred from Britannicus to his sister Octavia, and whose warmest energies were devoted to her cause.

"You doubt my love," said Sabina, in a tone of grief, which to the voluptuary guaranteed its truth.

"I deem thee true, Sabina," he replied; "nay, taunt me not with suspicions—why should I doubt one, who for me hath forsaken all? Yet—"

"Speak, speak, my lord," said Sabina impatiently, "and let me know the worst—nay, pronounce my death; if that be my reward, love will give me patience in suffering. Thou knowest not yet the love of woman, which, like the star, shines brightest for the darkness which besets it—oh! were I thy wife," she continued, adding power to her words by the humility of kneeling, "I would not implore thee, and in vain—prayer would bear the resemblance of thy will, for then would it come from her thou wouldst love."

The artful allusion to the Empress revived in Nero's mind the means which supported her on the throne, and prevented the elevation of Sabina. "Blame me not," he said, raising and pressing her fondly to his heart, "if for a time I bend to the will of Agrippina. She hath gained me the throne; it is but fitting that for a time her advice should guide the exercise of its power; but when free, fair one—"

"Aye, ~~when—when~~ wilt thou rule as a Cæsar should," interrupted Sabina; "absolute and alone? If the hand, which sways thee now, rule thee longer, its power will become one with the Empire. Break the chain, my lord, ere yet the links which bind the son, extend their bondage to his People. Were I Cæsar, the hand which crushed my sovereignty, should also take my life."

"Ha! dost taunt me?" exclaimed Nero, as he paused for a moment on her words, his pride not more alarmed at the control of personal freedom, than that of sovereign power. "What wouldst thou?"

"*Not her death!*" rejoined Sabina, with an emphasis which contradicted the manifest import of her words.

"By the Gods! thou art right, my girl," said Nero; his words subsiding into the tone of reverie, as he mused upon the excess of Agrippina's power; "it must be curtailed—the net must be broken, or ere long its meshes will snare her son."

"Broken!—but how?" replied Sabina, who lost not a word of his soliloquy, and desired to ripen the principle of resistance into enmity and hatred.

"How?—ask me not how?" said Nero, turning to her and resuming the wonted softness of his manner; "all shall be done to please thee—as thou art my love, so shalt thou be my queen."

"My lord," she replied, "ere I rise, *others* must fall; more than one step intervenes between Sabina and Cæsar's throne. Yet why," she continued, dissembling, "should I dare to oppose the will of her who *rules* thee? If it be indeed the pleasure of Agrippina that none save Octavia should share thy throne and

power, I will bow to it for the sake of the honor she studies to preserve for thee untarnished. I can return to the husband I have left for *thee*; and in retirement hear of the disgrace my love would not let me witness."

The Emperor stamped with impatience as he heard her reproaches for submission to his mother, embittered by the assurance of her love. To secure her triumph she excited his fears as to the result of their connexion, and threatened separation at the moment she was resolved to wear the crown.

"Nay, Sabina, thou wilt not leave me?"

"My lord," replied the ambitious woman, "I leave thee not alone,—those who share thy throne, share also thy love."

"None—none but thou," replied Nero, passionately; "thou art even now my queen in all, save name, and that thou shalt have ere long. The control thou speakest of," he continued, while a dark frown contracted his brow, "shall be thrown off, and *Cæsar alone* shall sway the sceptre his people have given him."

Sabina had attained her desire. By appealing to his pride, she roused resistance; and by reproaching him for participating his power, had disguisedly transferred it to herself, and ensured the removal of those who opposed her ambition.

"From this time," continues Tacitus, "Nero shunned the presence of his mother. Whenever she went to her gardens, or to either of her seats at Tusculum or Antium, he commended her taste for the pleasures of retirement; at length, detesting her wherever she was, he determined to despatch her at once."

CHAPTER II.—THE DESIGN.

Nero's repeated visits to Sabina, her sincere declarations of passion, and artful allusions to the obstacles which the power of Agrippina presented, at length confirmed the doom of the latter. Resolved upon her death, he was yet uncertain as to its means; poison and the poignard were expedients too frequently adopted to pass with impunity, or without suspicion; the murder of Britannicus had been too recent, to be erased from the public mind: and should he seek to effect his present object by similar means, popular indignation might not be confined merely to expressions. Considering also the character of his mother, a woman inured to crime, the administration of poison would be unsuccessful, as they who tampered with such arts were generally provided with antidotes. Assassination would be impracticable, as concealment would be impossible. He was equally perplexed regarding the manner of her death, as the means of its execution.

But the Court of a Despot is seldom deficient in panders to his pleasure, or instruments of his guilt; some invited by hope of reward, and others by the desire of gratifying enmity. In this emergency Anicetus presented himself, who had risen from the condition of an enfranchised slave to the dignity of naval command. He had been Nero's tutor in his infancy, and the vari-

ance which at that period had constantly existed between himself and Agrippina, maturing now into hatred, made the work of death an act of pleasure.

"Thou hast not then forgotten the quarrels of my infancy?" said Nero, with assumed pleasantry, anxious to press into his service the private feelings of his minion.

"She ever thwarted me," replied Anicetus, "nor that alone, but threats of vengeance often followed disobedience to her command."

"Ha! was't thou her *slave*, then?" inquired Nero, quickly.

"Not her *slave*," replied Anicetus with an air of offended pride, "but thy *tutor*."

Nero, by that epithet, had dexterously touched the chord which vibrated to his purpose. "From what I told thee yesterday," he said, "*thou* can'st have thy revenge, and I my freedom. Her power is imperial in all but name; she has given *me* the crown, only to wear the sceptre *herself*. By this act will both our ends be answered."

"Poison is easiest," said the man with an air of coldness, which spoke as well his indifference to crime, as his resolve to perpetrate it.

"Not that—I dare not," rejoined Nero, nervously; "Britannicus is remembered yet, suspicion is rife, and her rumours busy. Hast thou not plied invention since last we met?"

"I have bethought me of a plan," said Anicetus, "but it will require more than the aid of one to effect it."

"What is it?" said Nero, regarding him attentively.

"Thy mother," replied Anicetus, "is fond of sailing-parties—we must bend her pleasure to our purpose; on one of these occasions, our design must be accomplished; the elements are treacherous and uncertain, and even malignity itself can but ascribe the event to chance."

"But how?" inquired the Tyrant eagerly, the pleasure of a novel design counterbalanced by fears for its success.

"A galley," rejoined Anicetus, "could be easily constructed in such a manner, as that a portion of it should be detached from the rest and sink."

"If this succeed," said Nero, "thou shalt have thy reward."

"It cannot fail," replied Anicetus, coldly, "if its management be confided to me."

"Thou shalt command not only *there*," rejoined Nero, "but be advanced from the dignity thou holdest now at Misenum. About it, then, and quickly—the season and opportunity favor us; the Court is about to move to Baïæ, to celebrate the Quinquatrus; our design can be easily concealed; she is now at Antium; we will invite her thence to the ceremonies, and attend her ourself to the Villa Bauli, where this vessel must be at anchor to carry her to Baïæ."

"All shall be prepared," replied Anicetus.

"Fail me not," rejoined Nero, "and thy services shall command *Cæsar*."

CHAPTER III.—ITS SUCCESS.

The invitation was accepted, and couched in language calculated to produce the impression of perfect reconciliation, and remove all suspicion of stratagem or motive. "The humors of a parent claimed indulgence—allowance should be made for expressions of passion; and the petty differences it produced could not be effaced too soon." The opinion of reconciliation found easy currency, and according to his expectations she was easily imposed on by the circulation of a report which favored her wishes. Upon her arrival from Antium, Nero descended to the shore to meet her, and by his affectionate embrace and reception of her, confirmed the impression his invitation produced. He conducted her to Bauli, where by a constant succession of amusements during the remainder of the day, he contrived effectively to disguise his unnatural design. The bark was delayed till a late hour in the evening, that darkness might conceal the plan, and ensure its success. That no mark of respect should be wanted, he awarded her the station of honor above himself at table. The feelings of the Tyrant had become callous in his career of bloodshed and crime, and his manners, even amid the preparations for death, could assume the most perfect composure. On the present occasion they were marked by politeness and respect, while the gaiety and elegance of his conversation so far wrought on the unsuspecting mother, as to induce her to hope that their enmities were forgotten, and that she had recovered the alienated affections of her son.

The entertainment was protracted to a late hour, and Agrippina specified a wish to retire. Nero, dissembling to the last, expressed his willingness to accompany her to the shore. His manner, at parting, was even more endearing than before: he clasped her to his heart, and looked upon her with tenderness and affection. "It might be," says Tacitus, "that the sight of a mother doomed to destruction, might make even a heart like his yield to the touch of Nature."

The night was unusually bright and starry; and the waters calmly reflected the brightness they borrowed from the skies; Nature herself seemed to shudder at the unnatural design, and withdrew her wonted darkness which might have lent it concealment. As Nero lingered upon the shore for a few minutes, and eagerly watched the progress of the galley, he felt that in the brightness of the night the Fates opposed his will. "Tis an unlucky light," he murmured, as he returned to the Villa, "and I fear bodes not success; even should it sink, she can escape."

Agrippina had embarked with only two of her train, Crepereius, and Acerronia, a female attendant. The galley progressed quietly; not a breath ruffled the waters, and the stillness which prevailed seemed a melancholy prelude to the tumult and confusion which followed. Crepereius was seated at the helm, while Acerronia lay at the foot of her mistress' couch, expressing her delight at the reconciliation which had taken place; that Nero had at length exhibited that affection and respect, to which his conduct had been so long a stranger.

The galley had advanced but a small distance, when, on a preconcerted signal, the deck over Agrippina's cabin fell in. Being heavily laden with lead, Crepereius was crushed under the weight; while the props of the bedroom being strong and solid, supported the incumbent weight, protecting Agrippina and her servant from a similar death. The design failed in the anticipated rapidity of its execution, on which alone it must have depended for success. Dismay and confusion followed. Those who were not privy to the design increased the consternation of the moment, by providing measures for their own safety, while their haste and terror embarrassed the guilty, and disconcerted their endeavors for success. The latter on the instant resolved to heave the galley on one side, and sink her at once; but the action not being simultaneous, and some rushing to the opposite side, the desired effect was frustrated, and the galley sank slowly.

"I am Agrippina," exclaimed Acerronia, as the assassins, armed with oars and poles, approached her. She fell a victim to her fidelity, and died under repeated blows.

Agrippina in the meanwhile, availing herself of the disguise which the mistake occasioned, remained silent. She passed unrecognized among the assassins, and received no other injury than a slight wound on the shoulder.

In the meanwhile the rumor rapidly spread that Agrippina was in danger. The public tongue imputed it to accident. The piers and sea-shore were covered by people bearing torches; some wading as far as safety would permit; others extending their hands with cries of encouragement, and assurances of rescue; boats glided in numbers from the shore, the waving of the torches, and the sparkling of the waters, making it rather a scene of jubilee than of death; while the discordant shouts of the boatmen, mingled with the groans and lamentations from those on shore, contrasted fearfully with the gay and glittering scene the bay presented.

Following the example of the other passengers, Agrippina plunged into the water, and was at length rescued by a bark which had put off from the shore. She was instantly conveyed to her own Villa.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SON.

Impatience and uncertainty marked the demeanor of Nero upon his return. "Would the design prove abortive?—was Anicetus faithful?—or could bribery seduce him from his purpose?" were questions which harassed him with that vain and trembling curiosity, which dared to question the Future, yet shuddered at the reply it might render. To those whose happiness hangs on hope, Time "halts like a foul and ugly witch." To his mind, racked with expectation and fear, curiosity, pain, hope, and the thousand actions, motives, and sensations of an hour, were compressed into each lingering moment. He hourly expected Anicetus, yet feared the tidings he might bear. "The vessel might have sunk, and she escaped. What then? Her quickness might discover the falsehood of the invitation, the

hypocrisy of his manner, and the design they were meant to hide. She might betake herself to the camp—rebellion might follow her appeal; the Prætorians were loyal to the Cæsars' house, but not less so to the memory of Germanicus." Thus conscience held the lash of fear over her deformed victim, and the triumphs of success faded before the terrors of revenge. He betook himself to his couch, but his brief intervals of rest were disquieted with the stifled cries of his mother, as she sank in the water. She stood beside his couch, her hair wild and disordered, her garments dripping and torn, and her eyes beaming with the sternness of reproof and vengeance. He could not rest, he rose and paced his chamber; his starting and uneasy gait evidencing the agitation of his mind.

"How now—thy news, and quickly?" cried the Tyrant, faint and pale with terror, and almost tottering towards him, as Anicetus entered.

"Thy mother still survives," returned the man, with a hardihood and boldness consistent with his character and crimes; "amid the confusion her person was mistaken, and she has escaped but slightly wounded."

"Does she suspect?" asked Nero, while his hand trembled as he rested on his minion.

"So it is reported," rejoined Anicetus with imperturbable coldness, which contrasted strongly with the nervous weakness of the other.

Nero seemed rooted to the spot, as imagination, heightened by the colors of guilt, painted the rage and vengeance of his mother. She stood before him again even more plainly than previously; his whole frame shook with terror as he met her eye; he started, as the chamber echoed with her threats and indignation; already he saw one general insurrection of army and people; the swords of the factions glittered before his eyes, and their shouts of vengeance for the wrongs of Agrippina rang in his ears. "All—all is known then!" exclaimed Nero, clasping his hands in despair.

Anicetus remained silent.

"Undone! undone!" he continued, his fears betraying themselves in the tremor of his voice. "Cæsar, the Fates conspire against thee; hopeless! friendless! The next blow must be thy throne."

"Not friendless," rejoined Anicetus; whose industry was not to be checked, and whose boldness could not be daunted by a single failure. "Leave the last act to me, and Cæsar need fear neither for his throne nor himself."

The sternness and resolution evinced in the demeanor of the man, not more than in his words, revived the hopes of Nero, and inspired him with an artificial courage as to the conduct of his mother. "Fail me not in this," he cried, with the desperation of a gamester who feels his only chance of success staked upon the one remaining throw: "let the blow be but sure. Save the Imperial dignity from the grasp of rebellion, and it shall be said, 'His enfranchised slave saved the Throne of Cæsar.'"

A domestic entering announced the arrival of Ageronius, the freedman of Agrippina. "Bid him enter," said Nero, vainly endeavoring to subdue the fears which

suggested themselves at the mention of his mother, and the nature of her message.

"When I drop my dagger," said Anicetus, hastily approaching and whispering Nero, "and seize Ageronius, call on your guard, and order him to be loaded with irons—leave the rest to me."

A significant glance passed between them, and their further converse was interrupted by the entrance of Ageronius.

The Freedman knelt to the Emperor; he was the bearer of a message lenient as it was polite. The scene of violence which followed the accident, and the death of Acerronia, were circumstances conclusive as to the guilt of her son. The blow given to Acerronia was evidently meant for herself. Notwithstanding the brutality of her son, and the certainty of his guilty designs, in consideration of his power, and the readiness with which he procured the tools of his crimes, she was induced to temporize and conceal her feelings.

The purport of the message delivered by Ageronius, was as follows, from Tacitus:—"That by the favor of the Gods, and the good auspices of the Emperor, she had escaped from shipwreck. The news, she doubted not, would affect her son; but for the present she wished he would forbear to visit her. In her situation, rest was all she required."

The message was scarcely concluded, when Anicetus dropped his dagger between the legs of Ageronius as he knelt, and seizing him with violence, at the same time holding up the poignard, exclaimed—"Treachery to Cæsar and his Throne!"

"Ha! traitor!" cried the Emperor; "my guard—bind him with chains," he said, as the soldiers seizing, hurried the wretched man from the apartment.

"This dagger," said Anicetus, "can aid the report that he came from thy mother, enjoined with treason to thy life. Then," continued the wretch with a grim smile, as he detailed the successful result of his hellish invention: "then follows her death, which can be easily imputed to her own hand, in despair that her design has failed."

"Right," said Nero, faintly smiling; his lips pale and quivering, as conscience detached the chain of guilt, and showed the fatal dependency of link on link. "Right,—but the blow must be dealt ere she can expect her Freedman—his sojourn here will create suspicion. Away—fly!" he continued, his hands locked earnestly; "take with thee men fit for the task. Let the blow be certain, and my fears ended."

"Fear not thy servant," said Anicetus, as he left the apartment.

CHAPTER V.—THE MOTHER.

"Hark! what noise is that!" cried Agrippina, starting from her couch, and flying to the arms of the only female attendant who watched her fitful sleep. A dead silence followed the question, the more dismal for the doubts and fears which perplexed the wretched mother, and the confusion which had but recently prevailed on the shore. The more she pondered on the scene of horror and violence from which she had escaped, the

more convinced was she of the fatal intentions of her son. Each moment told her of the precariousness of a life, which chance had saved, but design had doomed. In black array rose before her the calamities she had entailed upon the house of Cæsar, and the crimes of which she had been guilty for the promotion of her own interests, or that of her unnatural son. The manes of Claudius rose before her in the distant gloom of the chamber, denouncing the crime by which he fell, and taunting her for the reward she had met, the ingratitude of Nero. She started with anxiety at every sound that passed, expecting the arrival of Ageronius, and expressed sorrow and impatience, as she found herself deceived by the distant murmur of the water, or the sighing of the night wind.

In the meanwhile Anicetus disposed a guard around her Villa, and seized the slaves, that there might be no communication with their mistress. All method of egress or escape being thus prevented, he proceeded to her apartment.

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" she exclaimed with delight, and rushing forward, she met the forbidding aspect of her murderer instead of her expected messenger. She trembled for a moment, as, in the determined visages of Anicetus and his two followers, she read the certainty of her doom. Her female servant hastened to the door. "And do you too, leave me?" exclaimed the wretched woman, in that terror of solitude which haunts the last moments of the guilty.

She extended her hands in silent supplication; but the men stood unmoved, even by the tears which choked her speech. At length, with an evident effort, she said, "If you come from the Prince, tell him I am well. If your intents be murderous, you are not sent by my son; the guilt of matricide is foreign to his heart."

On the instant she was surrounded. Oloaritus, a Centurion of Marines, unsheathed his sword. At the sight—roused, as it were, by a latent sense of pride, which would not permit her to fall under the influence of fear—she uttered those memorable words, in which she reproached herself for having given birth to such a monster. She presented her person full to the sword of the Centurion, exclaiming—"Strike!" Hercules, his comrade, at that moment gave her the first blow on the head with his club. She expired at length under repeated wounds.

Her self-reproach might have been even stronger, could she have thought that her unnatural son would admire her when dead *for the elegance of her form*. Some years before she had had warning of her fate, when informed by some Chaldeans whom she consulted as to the future fortune of her son: "That he would reign at Rome, and kill his mother."

"Let him kill me," exclaimed the ambitious woman, "*but let him reign!*"

Original.

MALAESKA.*

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

YEARS before the scene of our story returns to Catskill, Arthur Jones and the pretty Martha Fellows had married and settled down in life. The kind-hearted old man died soon after the union, and left the pair inheritors of his little shop and of a respectable land property. Arthur made an indulgent, good husband, and Martha soon became too much confined by the cares of a rising family, for any practice of the teasing coquetry which had characterized her girlhood. She seconded her husband in all his money-making projects; was an economical and thrifty housekeeper; never allowed her children to go barefooted, except in the very warmest weather; and, to use her own words, made a point of holding her head as high as any woman in the settlement. If an uninterrupted course of prosperity could entitle a person to this privilege, Mrs. Jones certainly made no false claim to it. Every year added something to her husband's possessions. Several hundred acres of cleared land were purchased beside that which he inherited from his father-in-law; the humble shop gradually increased to a respectable variety store, and a handsome frame-house occupied the site of the old log cabin. Besides all this, Mr. Jones was a Justice of the Peace and a dignitary in the village; and his wife, though a great deal stouter than when a girl, and the mother of six children, had lost none of her healthy good looks, and at the age of thirty-eight continued to be a very handsome woman.

Thus was the family situated at the period when our story returns to them. A warm afternoon in the depth of summer, Mrs. Jones was sitting in the porch of her dwelling occupied in mending a garment of home-made linen, which, from its size, evidently belonged to some one of her youngest children. A cheese-press, with a rich heavy mass of curd compressed between the screws, occupied one side of the porch; and against it stood a small double flax wheel, unbanded, and with a day's work yet unreeled from the spools. A hatchel and a pair of hand cards, with a bunch of spools tied together by a tow string, lay in a corner, and high above, on rude wooden pegs, hung several enormous bunches of tow and linen yarn, the products of many weeks' hard labor. Her children had gone into the woods after whortleberries, and the mother now and then laid down her work and stepped out to the greensward beyond the porch to watch their coming, not anxiously, but as one who feels restless and lost without her usual companions. After standing on the grass for awhile, shading her eyes with her hand and looking toward the woods, she at last returned to the porch, laid down her work, and entering the kitchen, filled the tea-kettle and began to make preparations for supper. She had drawn a long pine table to the middle of the floor and was proceeding to spread it, when her eldest daughter came

* The original expression is "*Ventrem feri.*"

* Concluded from page 245.

through the porch, with a basket of whortleberries on her arm. Her pretty face was flushed with walking, and a profusion of fair tresses flowed in some disorder from beneath her pink sun-bonnet, which was falling partly back from her head.

"Oh, mother, I have something so strange to tell you," she said, setting down the basket teeming with ripe, blue fruit, and fanning herself with a bunch of chestnut leaves gathered from the woods. "You know the old wigwam by the Straka? Well, when we went by it, the brush, which used to choke up the door, was all cleared off; the crevices were filled with green moss and leaves, and a cloud of smoke was curling beautifully up from the roof among the trees. We could not tell what to make of it, and were afraid to look in at first; but finally I peeped through an opening in the logs, and as true as you are here, mother, there sat an Indian woman reading—reading, mother; did you know that Indians could read? The inside of the wigwam was hung with straw matting, and there was a chest in it, and some stools, with a little shelf of books, and another with some earthen dishes and a china cup and saucer sprigged with gold, standing upon it. I did not see any bed, but there was a pile of fresh sweet fern in one corner, with a pair of clean sheets spread on it, which I suppose she sleeps on, and there certainly was a feather pillow lying at the top. Well, the Indian woman looked kind and harmless; so I made an excuse to go in, and ask for a cup to drink out of. As I went round to the other side of the wigwam, I saw that the smoke came up from a fire on the outside; a kettle was hanging in the flame, and several other pots and kettles stood on a little bench by the trunk of an oak tree, close by. I must have made some noise, for the Indian woman was looking toward the door when I opened it, as if she were a little afraid, but when she saw who it was, I never saw any smile so prettily; she gave me the china cup, and went with me out to the spring where the boys were playing. As I was drinking, my sleeve fell back, and she saw the little wampum bracelet which you gave me, you know, mother. She started and took hold of my arm, and stared in my face as if she would have looked me through; at last she sat down on the grass by the spring, and asked me to sit down by her and tell her my name. When I told her, she seemed ready to cry with joy; tears came into her eyes, and she kissed my hand two or three times, as if I had been the best friend she ever had on earth. I told her that a poor Indian girl had given the bracelet to you, before you were married to my father. She asked a great many questions about it, and you. When I began to describe the Indian fight, and the chief's grave down by the lake, she sat perfectly still till I had done; then I looked in her face: great tears were rolling one by one down her cheeks, her hands were locked in her lap, and her eyes were fixed upon my face with a strange look, as if she did not know what she was gazing so hard at. She looked in my face in this way, more than a minute after I had done speaking. The boys stopped their play, for they had begun to dam up the spring, and stood with their hands

full of turf, huddled together and staring at the poor woman as if they had never seen a person cry before. She did not seem to mind them, but went into the wigwam again without speaking a word.

"And was that the last you saw of her?" inquired Mrs. Jones, who had become interested in her daughter's narration.

"Oh, no; she came out again just as we were going away from the spring. Her voice was more sweet and mournful than it had been, and her eyes looked heavy and dim. She thanked me for the story I had told her, and gave me this pair of beautiful moccasins."

Mrs. Jones took the moccasins from her daughter's hand. They were of neatly dressed deer-skin, covered with beads and delicate needlework in silk.

"It is strange!" muttered Mrs. Jones: "one might almost think it possible. But nonsense; did not the old merchant send us word, that the poor creature and her child were lost in the highlands—that they died of hunger? Well, Sarah," she added, turning to her daughter, "is this all? What did the woman say when she gave you the moccasins? I don't wonder that you are pleased with them."

"She only told me to come again, and—"

Here Sarah was interrupted by a troop of noisy boys, who came in a body through the porch, flourishing their straw hats and swinging their whortleberry baskets, heavy with fruit, back and forth at each step.

"Hurra! hurra! Sarah's fallen in love with an old squaw. How do you do, Miss Jones? Oh, mother, I wish you could a-seen her hugging and kissing the copper-skin—oh, it was beautiful!" Here the boisterous rogues set up a laugh that rang through the house, like the breaking up of a military muster.

"Mother, do make them be still—they have done nothing but tease and make fun of me all the way home," said the annoyed girl, half crying.

"How did the old squaw's lips taste, ha?" persisted the eldest boy, pulling his sister's sleeve and looking with eyes full of saucy mischief up into her face. "Sweet as maple sugar, wasn't it? Come, tell."

"Arthur, Arthur, you had better be quiet, if you know when you're well off!" exclaimed the mother, with a slight motion of the hand, which had a great deal of significant meaning to the mischievous group.

"Oh, don't—please, don't!" exclaimed the spoiled urchin, clapping his hands to his ears and running off to a corner, where he stood laughing in his mother's face. "I say, Sarah, was it sweet?"

"Arthur, don't let me speak to you again, I say," cried Mrs. Jones, making a step forward and doing her utmost to get up a frown, while her hand gave demonstration of its hostile intent.

"Well, then, make her tell me; you ought to cuff her ears for not answering a civil question, hadn't she, boys?"

There was something altogether too ludicrous in this impudent appeal, and in the look of demure mischief put on by the culprit. Mrs. Jones bit her lips and turned away, leaving the boy, as usual, victor of the field.

"He isn't worth minding, Sarah," she said, evident-

ly ashamed of her want of resolution, "come into the 'out room,' I've something to tell you."

When the mother and daughter were alone, Mrs. Jones sat down and drew the young girl into her lap.

"Well, Sarah," she said, smoothing down the rich hair that lay against her bosom, "your father and I have been talking about you to-day. You are almost sixteen, and can spin your day's work with any girl in the settlement. Your father says that after you have learned to weave and make cheese, he will send you down to Manhattan to school."

"Oh, mother, did he say so?" cried the delighted girl, flinging her arms round her mother's neck and kissing her yet handsome mouth with joy at the information it had just conveyed. "When will he let me go? I can learn to weave and make cheese in a week."

"If you learn all that he thinks best for you to know, in two years, it will be as much as we expect. Eighteen is quite young enough. If you are very smart at home, you shall go when you are eighteen."

"Two years is a long—long time," said the girl in a tone of disappointment, "but then father is kind to let me go at all. I will run down to the store and thank him. But, mother," she added, turning back from the door, "was there really any harm in talking with the Indian woman? There was nothing about her that did not seem like the whites but her skin, and that was not so very dark."

"Harm—no, child; how silly you are to let the boys tease you so."

"I will go and see her again, then—may I?"

"Certainly—but see; your father is coming to supper; run out and cut the bread. You must be very smart, now; remember the school?"

During the time which intervened between Sarah Jones' sixteenth and eighteenth year, she was almost a daily visitor at the wigwam. The little footpath which led from the village to the "Straka," though scarcely definable to others, became as familiar to her as the grounds about her father's house. If a day or two passed in which illness or some other cause prevented her usual visit, she was sure to receive some token of remembrance from the lone Indian woman. Now, it reached her in the form of a basket of ripe fruit, or a bunch of wild-flowers, tied together with the taste of an artist; again, it was a cluster of grapes, with the purple bloom lying fresh upon them, or a young mocking-bird, with notes as sweet as the voice of a fountain, would reach her by the hands of some village boy. But these affectionate gifts could always be traced to the inhabitant of the wigwam, even though she did not, as was sometimes the case, present them in person. There was something strange in the appearance of the woman which at first excited the wonder, and at length secured the respect of the settlers. Her language was pure and elegant, sometimes even poetical beyond their comprehension, and her sentiments were correct in principle, and full of simplicity. When she appeared in the village with moccasins or pretty painted baskets for sale, her manner was apprehensive and timid as that of a child. She never sat down, and seldom entered any dwelling,

preferring to sell her merchandize in the open air, and using as few words as possible in the transaction. She was never seen to be angry, and a sweet patient smile always hovered about her lips when she spoke. In her face there was more than the remains of beauty; the poetry of intellect and of warm, deep feeling, shed a loveliness over it seldom witnessed on the brow of a savage. In truth she was a strange and incomprehensible being to the settlers. But she was so quiet, so timid and gentle, that they all loved her, bought her little wares, and supplied her wants as if she had been one of themselves. There was something beautiful in the companionship which sprang up between the strange woman and Sarah Jones. The young girl was benefited by it in a manner which was little to be expected from an intercourse so singular, and seemingly, so unnatural. The mother was a kind hearted worldly woman, strongly attached to her family, but utterly devoid of those fine susceptibilities which make at once the happiness and the misery of so many human beings. All the elements of an intellectual, delicate, and high-souled woman slumbered in the bosom of her child. They beamed in the depths of her large blue eyes—broke over her pure white forehead, like perfume from the leaves of a lily, and made her small mouth eloquent with smiles and the beauty of unpolished thoughts. At sixteen her character had scarcely begun to develop itself; but when the time arrived on which she was to be sent away to school, there was little except mere accomplishments for her to learn. Her mind had become vigorous by a constant intercourse with the beautiful things of nature. All the latent properties of a warm, youthful heart, and of a superior intellect, had been gently called into action by the strange being who had gained such an ascendancy over her feelings. The Indian woman, who in herself combined all that was strong, picturesque, and imaginative in savage life, with the delicacy, sweetness, and refinement which follows in the train of civilization, had trod with her the wild beautiful scenery of the neighborhood. They had breathed the pure air of the mountains together, and watched the crimson and amber clouds of sunset melt into evening, when pure sweet thoughts came to their hearts as naturally as light shines from the bosom of a star. It is strange that the pure and simple religion which lifts the soul up to God, should have been first taught to the beautiful young white from the lips of a savage, when inspired by the dying glory of a sunset sky. Yet so it was: she had sat under preaching all her life, had imbibed creeds and shackled her spirit down with the opinions of others, nor dreamed that the love of God may sometimes kindle in the human heart, like fire flashing up from an altar stone; and again, may expand gradually to the influence of the divine spirit, like a germ to the dew and the sunshine, unfolding so gently that the soul itself scarcely knows at what time it burst into flower—that every effort we make, for the culture of the heart and the expanding of the intellect, is a step toward the attainment of religion, if nothing more. When the pure simple faith of the Indian was revealed

to her; when she saw how beautifully high energies and lofty feelings were mingled with Christian meekness and enduring faith in her character, she began to love goodness from its own exceeding beauty, and to cultivate those qualities which she could feel to be so excellent. Thus she attained a refinement which no school could have given, and which no superficial gloss could conceal: a refinement of the principles and feelings.

The Indian woman was lone and solitary indeed, for many months after her young friend departed for Manhattan. She had been so long accustomed to sympathy and social intercourse, that her heart drooped in the entire solitude to which it was left. She never went into the village, except to inquire if Arthur Jones had heard from his daughter; and then it was a subject of remark that she was becoming thin and melancholy, and that her step was languid, as she returned to the forest.

Sarah Jones had been absent several months, when a rumor got abroad in the village, that the school-girl had made a proud conquest in Manhattan. It was said that Squire Jones had received letters from a wealthy merchant of that place, and that he was going down the river to conduct his daughter home, when a wedding would soon follow, and Sarah Jones be made a lady.

This report gained much of its probability from the demeanor of Mrs. Jones. Her port became more lofty when she appeared in the street, and she was continually throwing out insinuations and half-uttered hints, as if her heart were panting to unburthen itself of some proud secret, which she was not yet at liberty to reveal. When Jones actually started for Manhattan, and when it was whispered about that his wife had taken a dress pattern of rich chintz from the store, for herself, and had bought each of the boys a new wool hat, conjecture became almost certainty; and it was asserted boldly, that Sarah Jones was coming home to be married to a man as rich as a nabob, and that her mother was beginning to hold her head above common folks on the strength of it. About three weeks after this report was known, Mrs. Jones, whose motions were watched with true village scrutiny, gave demonstrations of a thorough house cleaning. An old woman, who went out to days' work, was called in to help, and there were symptoms of slaughter observable in the barn yard, one night after the turkeys and chickens had gone to roost; all of which kept the public mind in a state of pleasant excitement.

Early the next morning after the barn yard massacre, Mrs. Jones was certainly a very busy woman. All the morning was occupied in sprinkling white sand on the nicely scoured floor of the out-room, or parlor, which she swept very expertly into a series of angular figures called herring-bones, with a new splint broom. After this, she filled the fire-place with branches of hemlock and white pine, wreathed a garland of asparagus, crimson with berries, around the little looking-glass, and, dropping on one knee, was filling a large pitcher on the hearth from an arm-full of wild flowers, which the boys had brought her from the woods, when her youngest

son came hurrying up from the point, to inform her that a sloop had just hove in sight and was making full sail up the river.

"Oh, dear, I sha'n't be half ready," exclaimed the alarmed housekeeper, snatching up a handful of meadow lilies, mottled so heavily with dark crimson spots that the golden bells seemed drooping beneath a weight of rubies and small garnet stones, and crowding them down into the pitcher amid the rosy spray of wild honeysuckle-blossoms, and branches of flowering dog-wood. "Here, Ned, give me the broom, quick! and don't shuffle over the sand so. There, now," she continued, gathering up the fragments of leaves and flowers from the hearth, and glancing hastily around the room, "I wonder if any thing else is wanting?"

Every thing seemed in order, even to her critical eye. The tea-table stood in one corner, its round top turned down and its polished surface reflecting the herring-bones drawn in the sand, with the distinctness of a mirror. The chairs were in their exact places, and the new crimson moreen cushions and valance decorated the settee, in all the brilliancy of the first gloss. Mrs. Jones closed the door, and hurried up to the spare bedroom, to be certain that all was right there also. A patch-work quilt, proud in what old ladies call "a rising sun," radiated in tints of red, green, and yellow, from the centre of the bed down to the snow-white valances. A portion of the spotless homespun sheet was carefully turned over the upper edge of the quilt, and the whole was surmounted by a pair of pillows, white as a pile of newly drifted snow-flakes. A pot of roses on the window sill, shed a delicate reflection, like the tints of a shell, over the muslin curtains looped up on either side the ash; and the fresh wind, as it swept through, scattered their fragrant breath deliciously through the little room. Mrs. Jones gave a satisfied look and then hurried to the chamber prepared for her daughter, and began to array her comely person in the chintz dress, which had created such a sensation in the village. She had just encased her arms in the sleeves, when the door partly opened, and the old woman, who had been hired for a few days as "help," put her head through the opening.

"I say, Miss Jones, I can't find nothing to make the stuffin' out on."

"My goodness! isn't that turkey in the oven yet? I do believe, if I could be cut into a hundred pieces, it wouldn't be enough for this house. What do you come to me for, don't you know enough to make a little stuffing, without my help?"

"Only give me enough to do with, and if I don't, why, there don't nobody, that's all; but I've been a looking all over for some sausengers, and can't find none, nowhere."

"Sausages! Why, Mrs. Bates, you don't think that I would allow that fine turkey to be stuffed with sausages?"

"I don't know nothing about it, but I tell you just what it is, Miss Jones, if you are a-growing so mighty particular about your victuals, just came your darter's a-coming home with a rich bew, you'd better cook 'em

yourself; nobody craves the job," retorted the old woman in her shrillest voice, shutting the door with a jar that shook the whole apartment.

"Now the cross old thing will go off just to spite me," muttered Mrs. Jones, trying to smother her vexation, and opening the door she called to the angry "help": "Why, Mrs. Bates, do come back, you did not stay to hear me out. Save the chickens' livers and chop them up with bread and butter, season it well, and I dare say you will be as well pleased with it as can be."

"Well, and if I do, what shall I season with, sage or summer-savory? I'm sure I'm willing to do my best;" answered the partially mollified old woman.

"A little of both, Mrs. Bates—oh, dear! wont you come back and see if you can make my gown meet? There—do I look fit to be seen?"

"Now, what do you ask that for, Miss Jones: you know you look as neat as a new pin. This is a mighty purty calerco, ain't it though?"

The squire's lady had not forgotten all the feelings of her younger days, and the old woman's compliment had its effect.

"I will send down to the store for some tea and molasses for you to take home to-night, Mrs. Bates, and—"

"Mother—mother," shouted young Ned, bolting into the room, "the sloop has tacked, and is making for the creek. I see three people on the deck, and I'm almost sure father was one of them—they will be here in no time."

"Gracious me!" muttered the old woman, hurrying away to the kitchen.

Mrs. Jones smoothed down the folds of her new dress with both hands, as she ran down to the "out-room." She took her station in a stiff, high-backed chair by the window, with a look of consequential gentility, as if she had done nothing but sit still and receive company all her life. After a few minutes' anxious watching she saw her husband and daughter coming up from the creek, accompanied by a slight, dark, and remarkably graceful young man, elaborately, but not gaily dressed, for the fashion of the time, and betraying even in his air and walk the peculiar traits of high-breeding and refinement. His head was slightly bent, and he seemed to be addressing the young lady who leaned on his arm. The mother's heart beat high with mingled pride and affection, as she gazed on her beautiful daughter thus proudly escorted home. There was triumph in the thought, that almost every person in the village might witness the air of gallantry and homage with which she was regarded, by the handsomest and richest merchant of Manhattan. She saw that her child looked eagerly toward the house as they approached, and that her step was rapid, as if impatient of the quiet progress of her companions. Pride was lost in the sweet thrill of maternal affection which shot through the mother's heart. She forgot all her plans, in the dear wish to hold her first-born once more to her bosom; and ran to the door, her face beaming with joy, her arms outstretched and her lips trembling

with the warmth of their own welcome. The next moment her child was clinging about her, lavishing kisses on her yet handsome mouth, and checking her caresses to gaze up through the mist of tears and smiles which deluged her own sweet face, to the glad eyes that looked down so fondly upon her.

"Oh, mother! dear, dear mother, how glad I am to get home! Where are the boys? where is little Ned?" inquired the happy girl, rising from her mother's arms and looking eagerly round for other objects of affectionate regard.

"Sarah, don't you intend to let me speak to your mother?" inquired the father, in a voice which told how truly his heart was in the scene.

Sarah withdrew from her mother's arms, blushing and smiling through her tears; the husband and wife shook hands half-a-dozen times over: Mrs. Jones asked him how he had been, what kind of a voyage he had made, how he liked Manhattan, and a dozen other questions, all in a breath: and then the stranger was introduced. She forgot the dignified courtesy which she had intended to perpetrate on the entrance of her guest, and shook him heartily by the hand, as if she had been acquainted with him from his cradle. When the happy group entered the parlor they found Arthur, who had been raised to the dignity of shopkeeper in the father's absence, ready to greet his parent and sister; and the younger children huddled together at the door which led to the kitchen, brim full of eager joy at the father's return, and yet too much afraid of the stranger to enter the room. Altogether, it was as cordial, warm-hearted a reception as a man could reasonably wish, on his return home; and, fortunately for Mrs. Jones, the warmth of her own natural feeling saved her the ridicule of trying to get up a genteel scene, for the edification of her future son-in-law.

About half an hour after the arrival of her friends, Mrs. Jones was passing from the kitchen, where she had seen the turkey placed in the oven, with his portly bosom rising above the rim of a dripping pan, his legs tied together and his wings tucked snugly over his back, when she met her husband in the passage.

"Well," said the wife, in a cautious voice, "has every thing turned out well—is he so terrible rich as his letter said?"

"There is no doubt about that; he is rich as a Jew, and as proud as a lord. I can tell you what, Sarah's made the best match in America, let the other be what it will," replied the squire, imitating the low tone of his questioner.

"What an eye he's got, hasn't he? I never saw any thing so black and piercing in my life. He's very handsome, too, only a little darkish—I don't wonder the girl took a fancy to him. I say, has any thing been said about the wedding?"

"It must be next week, at any rate, for he wants to go back to Manhattan in a few days; he and Sarah will manage it without our help, I dare say." Here Mr. and Mrs. Jones looked at each other and smiled.

"I say, squire, I want to ask you one question," interrupted Mrs. Bates, coming through the kitchen door

and sidling up to the couple, "is that watch which the gentleman carries real genuine gold, or on'y pinchback? I'd give any thing on earth to find out."

"I believe it's gold, Mrs. Bates."

"Now, du tell! What, real Guinea gold? Now if that don't beat all natur. I ruther guess Miss Sarah's feathered her nest this time, any how. Now, squire, du tell a body, when is the wedding to be? I won't tell a single arthly critter, if you'll on'y jest give me a hint."

"You must ask Sarah," replied Mr. Jones, following his wife into the parlor, "I never meddle with young folks' affairs."

"Now did you ever?" muttered the old woman, when she found herself alone in the passage. "Never mind; if I don't find out afore I go home to-night, I lose my guess, that's all. I should just like to know what they're a talking about this minute." Here the old woman crouched down and put her ear to the crevice under the parlor door; after a few moments she scrambled up and hurried off into the kitchen again, just in time to save herself from being pushed over by the opening door.

Sarah Jones returned home the same warm-hearted intelligent girl as ever. She was a little more delicate in person, more quiet and graceful in her movements; and love had given a depth of expression to her large blue eyes, a richer tone to her low sweet voice, and had mellowed down the buoyant spirit of the girl to the softness and grace of womanhood. Thoroughly and trustfully had she given her young affections, and her person seemed imbued with gentleness from the fount of love, that gushed up so purely in her heart. She knew that she was loved in return—not as she loved, fervently, and in silence, but with the fire of a passionate nature—with the keen, intense feeling which mingles pain even with happiness, and makes sorrow sharp as the tooth of a serpent. Proud, fastidious and passionate was the object of her regard; his prejudices had been strengthened and his faults matured, in the lap of luxury and indulgence. He was high-spirited and generous to a fault, a true friend and a bitter enemy—one of those men who have lofty virtues and strong counterbalancing faults. His ancestral line could be traced back to the noble blood of old England, and, though an American by birth, and a merchant by profession, his education had been that of an aristocrat. The prejudices of birth and station had been instilled into his nature, till they had become a part of it; yet he had unhesitatingly offered hand and fortune to the daughter of a plain country farmer. In truth, his predominating pride might be seen in this, mingled with the powerful love which urged him to the proposal. He preferred bestowing wealth and station on the object of his choice, rather than receiving any worldly advantage from her. It gratified him that his love would be looked up to by its object, as the source from which all benefits must be derived. It was a feeling of refined selfishness; he would have been startled had any one told him so; and yet, overweening pride was at the bottom of all. He believed himself generous and dis-

interested; while his affianced wife, and her family, were convinced that nothing could be more noble than his conduct, in thus selecting a humble and comparatively portionless girl for the sharer of his brilliant fortune.

On the afternoon of the second day after her return home, Sarah entered the parlor with her bonnet on and a shawl flung over her arm, prepared for a walk. Her lover was lying on the crimson cushions of the settee, with his fine eyes half closed, and a book nearly falling from his listless hand.

"Come," said Sarah, taking the volume playfully from his hand, "I have come to persuade you to a long walk. Mother has introduced all her friends, now you must go and see mine—the dearest and best."

"Spare me," said the young man half-rising, and brushing the raven hair from his forehead with a graceful motion of the hand, "I will go with you anywhere, but do excuse me these horrid introductions—I am overwhelmed by the hospitality of your neighborhood." He smiled, and attempted to regain the book as he spoke.

"Oh, but this is quite another kind of person, you never saw any thing at all like her—there is something picturesque and romantic about her. You like romance?"

"What is she, Dutch or English? I can't speak Dutch, and your own sweet English is enough for me. Come, take off that bonnet and let me read to you."

"No, no, I must visit the wigwam, if you will not."

"The wigwam, Miss Jones?" exclaimed the youth starting up, his face changing its expression, and his large black eyes flashing on her with the glance of an eagle. "Am I to understand that your friend is an Indian?"

"Certainly, she is an Indian, but not a common one, I assure you."

"She is an Indian. Enough, madam, I will not go, and I can only express my surprise at a request so extraordinary, I have never held equal communion with a colored race."

The fine cut lip of the speaker curved with a smile of haughty contempt, and his manner was disturbed and irritable, beyond any thing the young girl had ever witnessed in him before. She turned pale at this violent burst of feeling, and it was more than a minute before she addressed him again.

"This violence seems unreasonable—why should my wish to visit a harmless, solitary fellow being create so much opposition?" she said at last.

"Forgive me, if I have spoken harshly, dear Sarah," he answered, evidently striving to subdue his irritation, but spite of his effort it blazed out again the next instant. "It is useless to strive against the feeling," he said, "I hate the whole race; if there is a thing I abhor on earth, it is a savage—a fierce, blood-thirsty, wild beast in human form!"

There was something in the stern expression of his face, which pained and startled the pure young girl, who gazed on it: a brilliancy of the eye, and an expansion of the thin nostrils, which bespoke terrible passions when once excited to the full.

"This is a strange prejudice," she murmured, un-

consciously, while her eyes sank from their gaze on his face.

"It is no prejudice, but a part of my nature;" retorted the strongly agitated man sternly, pacing up and down the room, "An antipathy rooted in the cradle, which grew stronger and deeper with my manhood. I loved my grandfather, and from him I imbibed this early hate. His soul loathed the very name of Indian. When he has met one of the prowling creatures in the highway, I have seen his lips writhe, his chest heave, and his face grow white, as if a wild beast had started up in his path. There was one in our family, an affectionate, timid creature, as the sun ever shone upon. I can remember loving her very dearly when I was a mere child, but my grandfather recoiled at the very sound of her name, and seemed to regard her presence as a curse, which for some reason he was compelled to endure. I could never imagine why he kept her. She was very kind to me, and I tried to find her out after my return from Europe, but you remember that my grandparents died suddenly during my absence, and no one could give me any information about her. Save that one being, there is not a savage, male or female, whom I should not rejoice to see exterminated from the face of the earth. Do not, I pray you, look so terribly shocked, my sweet girl, I acknowledge the feeling to be a prejudice too violent for adequate foundation; but it was grounded in my nature by one whom I respected and loved as my own life, and it will cling to my heart as long as there is a pulse left in it."

"I have no predilection for savages as a race," said Sarah, after a few moment's silence, gratified to find some shadow of reason for her lover's violence, "but you make one exception, may I not also be allowed a favorite; especially as she is a white in education, feeling, every thing but color? You would not have me neglect one of the kindest, best friends I ever had on earth, because the tint of her skin is a shade darker than my own?" Her voice was sweet and persuasive, a smile trembled on her lips, and she laid a hand gently on his arm as she spoke. He must have been savage indeed, had he resisted her waning manner.

"I would have you forgive my violence and follow your own sweet impulses," he said, putting back the curls from her uplifted forehead, and drawing her to his bosom; "say you have forgiven me, dear, and then go where you will."

It was with gentle words like these, that he had won the love of that fair being; they fell upon her heart after his late harshness, like dew to a thirsty violet. She raised her glistening eyes to his with a language more eloquent than words, and disengaging herself gently from his arms, glided softly out of the room. These words could hardly be called a lovers' quarrel, and yet they parted with all the sweet feelings of reconciliation, warm at the heart of each.

Sarah pursued the foot-path which she had so often trod through the forest, with a fawn-like lightness of step, and a heart that beat quicker at the sight of each familiar bush or forest tree, which had formerly been the waymark of her route.

"Poor woman, she must have been very lonely," she murmured more than once, when the golden blossoms of a spice bush, or the tendrils of a vine trailing over the path, told how seldom it had been travelled of late, and her heart imperceptibly became saddened by the thoughts of her friend; yet spite of this, she stopped occasionally to witness the gambols of a grey squirrel among the tall branches, that swayed and rustled in the sunshine overhead, and smiled at her unusual timidity, when, thus employed, a slender grass snake crept across her foot and coiled itself up in the path like a chain of living emeralds; his small eyes glittering like sparks of fire, his tiny jaw open and a sharp little tongue playing within like a red hot needle cleft at the point. She forced herself to look upon the harmless reptile without a fear which she knew to be childish, and turning aside pursued her way to the Straka. To her disappointment she found the wigwam empty, but a path was beaten along the edge of the woods leading toward the pond, which she had never observed before. She turned into it with a sort of indefinite expectation of meeting her friend; and after winding through the depths of the forest for nearly a mile, the notes of a wild, plaintive song rose and fell—a sad, sweet melody—on the still air. A few steps onward brought the young girl to a small open space surrounded by young saplings and flowering shrubs; tall grass swept from a little mound which swelled up from the centre, to the margin of the enclosure, and a magnificent hemlock shadowed the whole space with its drooping boughs. A sensation of awe fell upon the heart of the young girl, for as she gazed the mound took the form of a grave. A large rose tree heavy with blossoms drooped over the head, and the sheen of rippling waters broke through a clump of sweet-briar, which hedged it in from the lake. She remembered that the Indian chief's grave was on the very brink of the water, and that she had given a young rose tree to Malaeska years ago, which must have shot up into the solitary bush standing before her, lavishing fragrance from its pure white flowers over the place of the dead. This would have been enough to convince her that she stood by the warrior's grave had the place been solitary, but at the root of the hemlock, with her arms folded on her bosom and her calm face uplifted toward heaven, sat Malaeska. Her lips were slightly parted, and the song which Sarah had listened to afar off broke from them—a sad pleasant strain, that blended in soft harmony with the rippling waters and the gentle sway of the hemlock branches overhead.

Sarah remained motionless till the last notes of the song died away on the lake, then she stepped forward into the enclosure. The Indian woman saw her and arose, while a beautiful expression of joy beamed over her face.

"The bird does not feel more joyful at the return of spring, when snows have covered the earth all winter, than does the poor Indian's heart at the sight of her sweet child again," she said, taking the maiden's hand and kissing it with a graceful movement of mingled respect and affection. "Sit down, that I may hear the sound of your voice once more."

They sat down together at the foot of the hemlock.

"You have been lonely, my poor friend—how thin you have become during my absence," said Sarah, gazing on the changed features of her companion.

"I shall be happy again now," replied the Indian, with a faint sweet smile, "you will come to see me every day, won't you dear?"

"Yes, while I remain at home, but—but—I'm going back again soon."

"You need not tell me more in words, I can read the secret in the tone of your voice, in the light of that modest eye, though the silken lash does droop over it like leaves around a wet violet—in the color coming and going in a rosy cloud on these cheeks: another is coming to take you from home," said the Indian with a playful smile. "Did you think the lone woman could not read the signs of love—that she has never loved herself?"

"You?"

"Do not look so amazed, but tell me of yourself. Are you to be married so *very* soon?"

"In four days."

"Then where will your home be?"

"In Manhattan."

There were a few moments of silence. Sarah sat gazing on the turf, with the warm blood mantling in her cheek, ashamed and yet eager to converse more fully on the subject which flooded her young heart with content, as odor dwells in the bosom of a water-lily. The Indian continued motionless, lost in a train of sad thoughts conjured up by the last word uttered, at length she laid her hand on that of her companion and spoke: her voice was sad, and tears stood in her eyes.

"In a few days you go from me again—oh, it is very wearisome to be always alone, the heart so pines for something to love; I have been petting a little wren that has built his nest under the eaves of my wigwam since you went away, it was company for me and will be again—nay, do not look so pitiful, but tell me who is he that calls the red blood to your cheek with so rich a glow? What are his qualities? Does he love you as one like you should be loved, with the whole strength of a warm, noble heart?"

"He says so," replied the young girl, blushing more deeply, and a beautiful smile broke into her eyes as she raised them for a moment to the Indian's face.

"And you?"

"I have neither experience nor standard to judge of love by. If to think of one from morning till night, be love—to feel his presence, color, each thought even when he is far away—to know that he is haunting your beautiful day-dreams—wandering with you through the lovely places which fancy is continually presenting to one in solitude, filling up each space and thought of your life, and yet in no way diminishing the affection which the heart bears to others, but increasing it rather—if to be made happy with the slightest trait of noble feeling, proud in his virtues, and yet quick-sighted and doubly sensitive to all his faults, clinging to him fervently in spite of those faults—if this be love, then do I love with the whole strength of my being. They tell me it

is but a dream, which will pass away, but I do not believe it; for in my bosom the first sweet flutter of awakened affection, has already settled down to a deep feeling of contentment. My heart is full of tranquillity, and, like that white rose which lies motionless in the sunshine burthened with the wealth of its own sweetness, it unfolds itself day by day to a more pure and subdued state of enjoyment. This feeling may not be the love which men talk so freely of, but it cannot change—never—not even in death, unless William Danforth should prove utterly unworthy!"

"William Danforth! Did I hear aright? Is William Danforth the name of your affianced husband?" inquired the Indian, in a voice of overwhelming surprise, starting up with sudden impetuosity and then slowly sinking back to her seat again. "Tell me," she added faintly, and yet in a tone that thrilled to the heart, "has he lately been in Europe?"

"He came from thence a year since, on the death of his grandparents," was the reply.

"A year, a whole year!" murmured the Indian, clasping her hands over her eyes with sudden energy. Her head sunk forward upon her knees, and her whole frame shivered with a rush of strong feeling, which was perfectly unaccountable to the almost terrified girl who gazed upon her. "Father of Heaven, I thank thee! my eyes shall behold him once more. Oh, God, make me grateful!" These words, uttered so fervently, were muffled by the locked hands of the Indian woman, and Sarah could only distinguish that she was strongly excited by the mention of her lover's name.

"Have you ever known Mr. Danforth?" she inquired, when the agitation of the strange woman had a little subsided. The Indian did not answer, but raising her head and brushing the tears from her eyes, she looked in the maiden's face with an expression of unutterable tenderness.

"And you are to be his wife? God bless you! God bless you both!" She fell upon the young girl's neck as she spoke and wept like an infant, then, as if conscious that she was betraying too deep emotion, she lifted her head and tried to compose herself; while Sarah sat gazing on her, agitated, bewildered, and utterly at a loss to account for this sudden outbreak of feeling, in one habitually subdued and calm in her demeanor. After sitting with closed hands musingly and in silence several moments, the Indian again lifted her eyes; they were full of sorrowful meaning, and yet there was an eager look about them which betrayed a degree of excitement yet unsubdued.

"Dead, are they both dead?—his grandparents, I mean?" she said, earnestly.

"Yes, they are both dead; he told me so."

"And he—the young man—where is he now?"

"I left him at my father's house, not three hours since."

"Come, let us go."

The two arose, passed through the enclosure, and threaded the path toward the wigwam slowly and in silence. The maiden was lost in conjecture, and her companion seemed pondering in some hidden thoughts

of deep moment. Now her face was sad and regretful in its look, again it lighted up with a thrilling expression of eager and yearning tenderness. The afternoon shadows were gathering over the forest, and being anxious to reach home before dark, Sarah refused to enter the wigwam when they reached it. The Indian went in for a moment, and returned with a slip of birch bark on which a few words were lightly traced in pencil.

"Give this to the young man," she said, placing the bark in Sarah's hand, "and now good-night—God bless you?"

Sarah took the bark and turned with a hurried step to the forest track. She felt agitated, and as if something painful were about to happen. With a curiosity aroused by the Indian's strange manner, she examined the writing on the slip of bark in her hand: it was only a request that William Danforth would meet the writer at a place appointed, on the bank of the Catskill Creek, that evening. The scroll was signed, "Malaeska."

Malaeska! It was singular, but Sarah Jones had never learned the Indian's name before.

The point of land, which we have described in the early part of this story, as hedging in the outlet of Catskill Creek, gently ascends from the juncture of the two streams and rolls upward into a broad and beautiful hill, which again sweeps off toward the mountains and down the margin of the Hudson in a vast plain, at the present day cut up into highly cultivated farms and diversified by little eminences, groves, and one large tract of swamp land. Along the southern margin of the creek the hill forms a lofty and picturesque bank, in some places dropping to the water in a sheer descent of forty or fifty feet, and in others sloping down in a more gradual but still abrupt fall, broken into little ravines, and thickly covered with a fine growth of young timber. A foot-path winds up from the stone dwelling which we have already described, along the upper verge of this bank to the level of the plain, terminating in a singular projection of earth which shoots out from the face of the bank some feet over the stream, taking the form of a huge serpent's head. This projection commands a fine view of the village, and is known to the inhabitants by the title of "Hoppy Nose," from a tradition attached to it. The foot-path, which terminates at this point, receives a melancholy interest from the constant presence of a singular being who has trod it regularly for years. Hour after hour and day after day, through sunshine and storm, he is to be seen winding among the trees, or moving with a slow monotonous walk along this track, where it verges into the rich sward. Speechless he has been for years, not from inability, but from a settled, unbroken habit of silence. He is perfectly gentle and inoffensive, and from his quiet bearing a slight observer might mistake him for a meditative philosopher, rather than a man slightly and harmlessly insane: as a peculiar expression in his clear blue eyes and his resolute silence most surely proclaim him to be. But we are describing present things, rather than the scenery as it existed at the time of our story. Then, the hillside and all the broad plain was a forest of heavy timbered land, but the bank of the creek was much in its

present condition. The undergrowth grew a little more luxuriantly, and the "Hoppy Nose" shot out from it, covered with a thick coating of grass, but shrubless, with the exception of two or three saplings and a few clumps of wild flowers.

As the moon arose on the night after Sarah Jones' interview with the Indian woman, that singular being stood upon the "Hoppy Nose," waiting the appearance of young Danforth. More than once she went out to the extreme verge of the projection, looked eagerly up and down the stream, and then fell back into the shadow again, and with folded arms continued her watch as before. At length a slight sound came from the opposite side; she sprang forward, and supporting herself by a sapling bent over the stream, with one foot just touching the verge of the projection, her lips slightly parted and her left hand holding back the hair from her temples, eager to ascertain the nature of the sound. The sapling bent and almost snapped beneath her hold, but she remained motionless, her eyes shining in the moonlight with a strange uncertain lustre, and fixed keenly on the place whence the sound proceeded. A canoe cut out into the river, and made toward the spot where she was standing.

"It is he!" broke from her parted lips, as the moonlight fell on the clear forehead and graceful form of a young man, who stood upright in the little shallop, and drawing a deep breath she settled back, folded her arms, and waited his approach.

The sapling had scarcely swayed back to its position, when the youth curved his canoe round to a hollow in the bank, and climbing along the ascent he drew himself up the steep side of the "Hoppy Nose" by the brushwood, and sprang to the Indian woman's side.

"Malaeska," he said, extending his hand with a manner and voice of friendly recognition, "my good, kind nurse, believe me, I am rejoiced to have found you again."

Malaeska did not take his hand, but after an intense and eager gaze into his face, flung herself on his bosom, sobbing aloud, murmuring soft broken words of endearment, and trembling all over with a rush of unconquerable tenderness.

The youth started back and a frown gathered on his haughty forehead. His prejudices were offended, and he strove to put her from his bosom; even gratitude for all her goodness could not conquer the disgust, with which he recoiled from the embrace of a savage.

"Malaeska," he said almost sternly, attempting to unclasp her arms from his neck, "you forget—I am no longer a boy—be composed, and say what I can do for you?"

But she only clung to him the more passionately, and answered with an appeal that thrilled to his very heart.

"Put not your mother away, bless you—God bless you—oh, my son!"

The youth did not comprehend the whole meaning of her words. They were more energetic and full of pathos than he had ever witnessed before; but she had been his nurse, and he had been long absent from her, and

the strength of her attachment made him, for a moment, forgetful of her race. He was affected almost to tears.

"Malaeska," he said kindly, "I did not know till now how much you loved me. Yet it is not strange—you were always good: I can remember when you were almost a mother to me."

"Almost!" she exclaimed, throwing back her head till the moonlight revealed her face. "Almost! William Danforth, as surely as there is a God to witness my words, you are my own son."

The youth started, as if a dagger had been thrust to his heart. He forced the agitated woman from his bosom, and bending forward, gazed sternly into her eyes.

"Woman, are you mad? Dare you assert this to me?"

He grasped her arm almost fiercely as he spoke, and seemed as if tempted to offer her some violence, for the insult her words had conveyed; but she lifted her eyes to his with a look of tenderness, in painful contrast with his almost insane gaze.

"Mad, my son?" she said, in a voice that thrilled with a sweet and broken earnestness on the still air. "It was a blessed madness, the madness of two warm young hearts that forgot every thing in the sweet impulse with which they clung together; which led your father to take the wild Indian girl to his bosom, when in the bloom of early girlhood. Mad! oh, I could go mad with very tenderness, when I think of the time when your little form was first placed in my arms; when my heart gushed with its wealth of maternal love to feel your little hand upon my bosom, and your low murmur fill my ear. Oh, it was a sweet madness. I would die to know it again, but for a moment."

The youth had gradually relaxed his hold on her arm, and stood looking upon her as one in a dream, his arms dropping helplessly as if they had been suddenly paralyzed; but when she again drew toward him, he was aroused nearly to phrenzy. "Great God!" he almost shrieked, dashing his hand against his forehead; "No, no! it cannot—I, an Indian? a half-blood? the grandson of my father's murderer? Woman, speak the truth, tell me all; word for word, give me the accursed history of my disgrace. If I am your son, give me proof—proof, I say!"

When the poor woman saw the furious passion she had raised, she sunk back in silent terror, and it was several minutes before she could answer his wild appeal. When she did speak, it was gaspingly and in terror. She told him all—of his birth; his father's death; of her voyage to Manhattan; and of the cruel promise that had been wrung from her, to conceal the relationship between herself and her child. She spoke of her solitary life in the wigwam, of the yearning power which urged her mother's heart to claim the love of her only child, when that child appeared in her neighborhood. She asked not to be acknowledged as his parent, but only to live with him, even as a bond servant, if he willed it, so as to look upon his face and to claim his love in private, when none should be near

to witness it. He stood perfectly still, with his pale face bent to hers, listening to her quick gasping speech till she had done. Then she could see that his face was convulsed in the moonlight, and that he trembled and grasped a sapling which stood near for support. His voice was that of one utterly overwhelmed and broken-hearted.

"Malaeska," he said, "unsay all this if you would not see me die at your feet. I am young, and a world of happiness was before me. I was about to be married to one so gentle—so pure—I, an Indian—was about to give my stained hand to a lovely being of untainted blood. I, who was so proud of lifting her to my lofty station. Malaeska!" he exclaimed, as vehemently grasping her hand with a clutch of iron, "say that this was a story, a sad, pitiful story got up to punish my pride; say but this, and I will give you all I have on earth, every farthing. I will be your slave, and love you, ay, better than a thousand sons. Oh, if you have mercy, contradict the wretched falsehood!" His frame shook with agitation, and he gazed upon her as one pleading for his life.

When the wretched mother saw the hopeless misery which she had heaped upon her proud and sensitive child, she would have laid down her life could she have unsaid the tale which had wrought such agony, without bringing a stain of falsehood on her soul. But words are fearful weapons, never to be checked when once put in motion. Like barbed arrows they enter the heart, and cannot be withdrawn again, even by the hand that has shot them. Poisoned they are at times, with a venom that clings to the memory for ever. Words are indeed fearful things! The poor Indian mother could not recall hers, but she tried to soothe the proud feelings which had been so terribly aroused.

"Why should my son scorn the race of his mother? The blood which she gave him from her heart was that of a brave and kingly line, warriors and chieftains, all—"

The youth interrupted her with a low bitter laugh. The deep prejudices which had been instilled into his nature, pride, despair, every feeling which urges to madness and evil, was a fire in his heart.

"So I have a patent of nobility to gild my sable birth-right, an ancestral line of dusky chiefs to boast of. I should have known this, when I offered my hand to that lovely girl. She little knew the dignity which awaited her union. Father of heaven! my heart will break—I am going mad!" He looked wildly around as he spoke, and his eyes settled on the dark waters, flowing so tranquilly a few feet beneath him. Instantly he became calm, as one who had found an unexpected resource in his affliction. His face was perfectly colorless and gleamed like marble as he turned to his mother, who stood in a posture of deep humility and supplication a few paces off, for she dared not approach him again either with words of comfort or tenderness. All the sweet hopes which had of late been so warm in her heart, were utterly crushed. She was a heart-broken wretched woman, without a hope on this side the grave. The young man drew close to her, and taking both her

hands, looked sorrowfully into her face. His voice was tranquil and deep toned, but a slight husky sound gave an unnatural solemnity to his words.

"Malaeska," he said, raising her hands toward heaven, "swear to me by the God whom we both worship, that you have told me nothing but the truth; I would have no doubt."

There was something sublime in his position, and in the solemn calmness which had settled upon him. The poor woman had been weeping, but the tears were checked in her eyes, and her pale lips ceased their quivering motion and became firm, as she looked up to the white face bending over her.

"As I hope to meet you, my son, before that God, I have spoken nothing but the truth."

"Malaeska!"

"Will you not call me mother?" said the meek woman with touching pathos. "I know that I am an Indian, but your father loved me."

"Mother? Yes, God forbid that I should refuse to call you mother; I am afraid that I have often been harsh to you, but I did not know your claim on my love. Even now, I have been unkind."

"No, no, my son."

"I remember you were always meek and forgiving, you forgive me now, my poor mother!"

Malaeska could not speak, but she sank to her son's feet, and covered his hand with tears and kisses.

"There is one who will feel this more deeply than either of us. You will comfort her Mala—mother, will you not?"

Malaeska rose slowly up, and looked into her son's face. She was terrified by his child-like gentleness; her breath came painfully. She knew not why it was, but a shudder ran through her frame, and her heart grew heavy as if some terrible catastrophe was about to happen. The young man stepped a pace nearer the bank, and stood, motionless, gazing down into the water. Malaeska drew close to him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"My son, why do you stand thus? Why gaze so fearfully upon the water?"

He did not answer, but drew her to his bosom and pressed his lips down upon her forehead. Tears sprang afresh to the mother's eyes and her heart thrilled with an exquisite sensation, which was almost pain. It was the first time he had kissed her since his childhood. She trembled with mingled awe and tenderness as he released her from his embrace and put her gently from the brink of the projection. The action had placed her back towards him. She turned—saw him clasp his hands high over his head, and spring into the air. There was a plunge; the deep rushing sound of waters flowing back to their place, and then a shriek, sharp and full of terrible agony, rang over the stream like the death-cry of a human being. It broke from the wretched mother, as she tore off her outer garments and plunged after the self-murderer. Twice the moonlight fell upon her pallid face and her long hair, as it streamed out on the water. The third time another marble face arose to the surface, and with almost super-

human strength the mother bore up the lifeless body of her son with one arm, and with the other struggled to the shore. She carried him up the steep bank where at another time no woman could have clambered even without incumbrance, to the projection, and laid him on the grass. She tore open his vest and laid her hand upon the heart. It was cold and pulseless. She chafed his palms, rubbed his marble forehead, and stretching herself on his body, tried to breathe life into his marble lips from her own cold heart. It was in vain. When convinced of this, she ceased all exertion; her face fell forward to the earth, and, with a low sobbing breath, she lay motionless by the dead.

The villagers heard that fearful shriek, and rushed down to the stream. Boats were launched, and when their crews reached the "Hoppy Nose" it was to find two human beings lying upon it.

The next morning found a sorrowful household in Arthur Jones' dwelling. Mrs. Jones was in tears, and the children moved noiselessly around the house, and spoke in timid whispers, as if the dead could be aroused. In the "out-room" lay the body of William Danforth, shrouded in his winding sheet. With her heavy eyes fixed on the marble features of her son, sat the wretched Indian mother. Until the evening before, her dark hair had retained the volume and gloss of youth, but now it fell back from her hollow temples profusely as ever, but perfectly grey. The frost of grief had changed it in a single night. Her features were sunken, and she sat by the dead, motionless and resigned. There was nothing of stubborn grief about her. She answered when spoken to, and was patient in her suffering; but all could see that it was but the tranquillity of a broken heart, mild in its utter desolation. When the villagers gathered for the funeral, Malaeska, in a few gentle words, told them of her relationship to the dead, and besought them to bury him by the side of his father.

The coffin was carried out, and a solemn train followed it through the forest. Women and children all went forth to the burial.

When the dead body of her affianced husband was brought home, Sarah Jones had been carried senseless to her chamber. The day wore on, the funeral procession passed forth, and she knew nothing of it. She was falling continually from one fainting fit to another, murmuring sorrowfully in her intervals of consciousness, and dropping gently away with the sad words on her lips, like a child mourning itself to sleep. Late in the night after her lover's interment, she awoke to a consciousness of misfortune. She turned feebly upon her pillow, and prayed earnestly and with a faith which turned trustingly to God for strength. As the light dawned, a yearning wish awoke in her heart to visit the grave of her betrothed. She arose, dressed herself, and bent her way with a feeble step toward the forest. Strength returned to her as she went forward. The dew lay heavily among the wild-flowers in her path, and a squirrel, which had made her walk cheerful two days before, was playing among the branches overhead. She remembered the happy feeling with which she had witnessed his gambols then, and covering her face

with her hands, wept aloud as if a friend had attempted to comfort her. The wigwam was desolate, and the path which led to the grave, lay with the dew yet unbroken on its turf. The early sunshine was playing among the wet, heavy branches of the hemlock, when she reached the enclosure. A sweet fragrance was shed over the trampled grass from the white rose-tree which bent low beneath the weight of its pure blossoms. A shower of damp petals lay upon the chieftain's grave, and the green leaves quivered in the air as it sighed through them with a pleasant and cheering motion. But Sarah saw nothing but a newly made grave, and, stretched upon its fresh sods, the form of a human being. A feeling of awe came to the maiden's heart. She moved reverently onward, feeling that she was in the sanctuary of the dead. The form was Malaeska's. One arm fell over the grave, and her long hair in all its mournful change of color, had been swept back from her forehead by the breeze, and lay tangled amid the rank grass. The sod on which her head rested was sprinkled over with tiny white blossoms. A handful lay crushed beneath her cheek, and sent up a faint odor over the marble face. Sarah bent down and touched the forehead. It was cold and hard, but a tranquil sweetness was there, which told that the spirit had passed away without a struggle. Malaeska lay dead among the graves of her household, the heart-broken victim of an unnatural marriage.

Original.

THE MINISTRY OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

We walked, my little ones and I,
Beneath the dewy morning sky.
The birds were singing in the trees,
And softly blew the summer breeze—
While whirring from each grassy mound
Small insect voices humm'd around.
Warm sunshine slept along the hill,
The little clouds were resting still—
The spirit of the earth and sky,
Wrought in our hearts their mystery—
I mark'd with joy the softened tone
With which the children loitered on,
As if each flower, and leaf, and tree,
To them all full of love might be—
The little foot so gently turned,
Nor harshly 'gainst the poor worm spurned—
The ant-hill spared with pious care,
For busy life was teeming there;
They felt the humblest thing on earth,
To one Great Father owed its birth.
We looked upon the earth and sky,
And then within each other's eye,
And felt of happiness a store;
It would have pained us had we more.
How beautiful thou art, oh, earth,
The cradle-place, the spirit's birth;
And, if we ope our bosom free,
How much of truth we learn from thee;
For thou canst work an influence deep,
That well may bid our passions sleep—
And thou dost woo our love to thee,
By slaying bird, and stirring tree,

By chime of waterfall and brook,
And flowrets grouped in sunny nook—
By moonlight playing on the sheen,
Where stars upon the waves are seen.
There is no spot in earth or air,
Thou hast not planted beauty there,
To call us out and make us be
A worshipper of God, through thee;
And thou dost o'er our spirits shed
A peace, that makes us calmly tread
The path of life, nor step aside
To covet wealth, or pomp, or pride.
No; richer far in loving thee,
And keeping hearts all pure and free.

But see, my boy has looked on high
To mark the bright clouds floating by.
A thoughtful child, scarce six, is he,
Who loves to talk of Heaven with me.
It is no distant land to him,
Enveiled in shadows dark and dim;
But clearly does the young child trace
The very spirit's resting-place,
And often does he long to be
Among that Angel company;
Except with childish love the while,
He there might miss his mother's smile:
He loves each bird, and flower, and tree,
And often brings his gifts to me—
The spider with its many eyes,
The butterfly with rainbow dyes,
The beetle with his mailed coat,
And cricket piping merry note—
The child, from idle fears, is free,
And what he loves he brings to me.
He pointed to the deep blue sky,
Where many clouds were floating by.
"Oh, mother, don't you think that they
Are Angels flying on their way?
They look so white and bright to me,
That Angel's wings those clouds must be."
Sweet child, thy gentle thoughts will rise,
To thy fair home beyond the skies;
Earth's brightest scenes must ever be
A type of better things to thee;
And she, who bows a child-like heart
To what her children's lips impart,
Will many a kindly teaching hear,
From infant voices prattling near;
For faith, undoubting, pure and high,
Will often gleam from childhood's eye.
Thus, while she points with pious love,
And leads the way to Heaven above,
Her simple child delights to trace
On every side a Maker's face—
The floating clouds, the opening flower,
The sunshine, and the falling shower,
All, all, in language clear and high,
Reveal to him a Father's eye.
Around the young child's guileless head
Full many an angel's wings are spread,
And children are to mothers given,
Like Angels ministering from Heaven.

MANY plans are devised, and even noted down, which are never put into execution; and this, not because they have been found unwise or impracticable, but because they have been forgotten. Enter at once upon the execution of plans; or else have a special depository for your written schemes, and a regular time for reviewing them.

Original.

HEROINES OF SACRED HISTORY.

NUMBER V.

THE HEROISM OF MIRIAM.

"Oh, my people! what have I done unto thee? And where-in have I wearied thee? Testify against me! For I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt; and redeemed thee out of the house of servants; and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam.—MICAH vi. 3, 4.

MANY and vast were the temples and palaces which arose in the ancient city of Zoan, in Egypt; but among them there was not one more stately and more gracefully proportioned than the palace of Pharaoh, the King.

In a room of lofty dimensions, richly hung with embroidered stuffs, plated and carved with gold, and filled with furniture of costly material, was the king of this renowned and fertile land. But not at ease was he among these regal trappings around him, nor cast he even one admiring glance at all this collected splendor. Walking restlessly about the room, he bent his brow, as if musing on some cause of deep annoyance, for cares and vexations will intrude, even in a royal palace. In this apartment, beside the king, were three persons; near a door stood two aged women, who cowered beneath their large dark mantles, as if anxious to screen themselves from observation; while, near a window, which opened upon a marble colonnade, was a man apparently absorbed in gazing upon the vast area of brick and stone which lay beneath him, and the thousands of human beings wandering among them, or the glittering waters of the Nile which flowed beyond.

"Sesostris," said the king, stopping abruptly before him, "why dost thou not counsel me in this matter? These Hebrew nurses, whom you see at the door, have refused my command to put the male children to death. I cannot force them to obey me, nor can I stoop to imbue my hands in the blood of these pitiful crones. What am I to do? If I suffer this Hebrew people to increase as they have of late, we shall be overrun with them, and they will take possession of our country?"

"Nay, my brother and my king," returned Sesostris, "it were not best to permit them thus to multiply, as in case of war they will join the enemy, and we shall be conquered. Can they not be forced to intermarry with our people, so that in time we may be one nation?"

"No, brother, this is an idle hope. They have other Gods, other laws, and keep themselves quite distinct. Besides, they rely on promises which they say their God gave their fathers, that they shall one day be a great people—conquerors of Egypt, mayhap!"

"They live too easy, oh, king. Why not give them all the heavy labor of the land. Let them be worn and wearied, and I will answer for it they will gradually die off."

This idea met the king's approbation. "It shall be done," he said. "And now, ye false and deceitful

women, leave my presence ere I relent of my mercy toward ye."

Silently and rapidly the ancient females withdrew. Task masters were set over the children of Israel, and they were compelled to work hard from morning to night, "in mortar and in brick, and in all services of the field." Their lives were rendered bitter by this cruel bondage, but it answered not the purpose of their masters, for "the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew." Determined to rid himself of this noxious race, Pharaoh now issued a decree which brought anguish to every Hebrew bosom.

Thus ran the decree: "Every son that is born, ye shall cast into the river, but every daughter ye may save alive."

In a mud hut on the bank of the Nile dwelt a Hebrew and his wife, Amram and Jochebed, both of the house of Levi. Here, in secrecy and bitter sorrow, was the unhappy wife delivered of a son. There was no joy in the house that a man child was born into the world, but groans of anguish burst from his parents' heart, that he was doomed to a miserable death. No smiles heralded his coming; tears fell upon his little face, and sighs broke forth from the sad bosoms around him. For three months Jochebed contrived to conceal the boy. Every sound he made, his merry laugh—which to other mothers would be rich music—brought a pang to hers. Dreading, lest any sound should bring the murderers to her door, she hushed him into silence. Miriam, the daughter of Amram, although quite young, was of the greatest assistance to her mother in keeping the child quiet, and in taking charge of her other young brother, Aaron. With a thoughtfulness beyond her years, she parried all intrusion even from their own kin, lest his existence should through their means become known. He could not, however, be always concealed, and his relations became aware they were suspected. He had been heard to weep during the night by a passer by, and Jochebed was continually questioned regarding the child. She was advised to give him up, but resolutely refused, until one day informed, the officers, who put the decree in execution, were asking about her. Then it became evident they must give up the child, or sure destruction would fall upon them, as well as him. After many a solemn conference together, this unhappy family came to the resolution of casting their child out upon the river, committed to the care of God.

At her father's bidding, Miriam brought from the river side an armful of the reed, Papyrus, which she tore off in strips and wove into a stout basket, and her father covered it over with pitch, which rendered it water tight. When they were thus engaged with their work, the unhappy Jochebed sat in a remote corner pressing her boy to her heart, while tears of bitterness streamed in torrents from her eyes. Unconscious of evil, the child smiled in its mother's face, presenting, by its joyousness, a strange contrast to his sorrowing family. "Cheer thee, Jochebed," said her husband, as he bent over his work, "we shall not be utterly extermi-

mated; some one will be saved to go to the promised land, and why not our boy? Remember the words of our noble Joseph, on his death-bed: 'God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land, and unto the land which he swore to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob,' and in my calculation the time is not far off. I rely on his promises, and believe the days of our bondage are coming to an end."

Jochebed only answered by her sighs.

"How know we not," said the young Miriam, "that our darling boy is destined to be our leader and Deliverer? Shake not your head thus sadly, mother. Hath he not been wonderfully preserved while our neighbors' children have perished? And if he yet be suffered to live, I shall believe it is a miraculous manifestation of Jehovah in his favor."

"Alas! how may he escape?" said her mother, sorrowfully. "If the waves do not engulf him, he will starve, or be devoured by a crocodile?"

"Nay, dearest mother, I shall watch him too well. As this little ark floats down the stream, I will follow it and guard it, even if it float for days or months; and perhaps it may be wafted beyond the dominions of this wicked king, and then I will take it up and nourish it."

"Thou, Miriam? How can so slight a girl as thou, do this? How wilt thou subsist? Thy father is the proper person."

"Not so, mother, for if father is missed from his work his task-master will pursue him, discover the child, and, perhaps, murder us all. See this long pole," said the heroic girl, "on the end is a hook, and with it I will drive away all that may impede the course of our barge; and when unseen, will draw my little brother to the shore, and feed him. Trust the boy to me, mother, I will even risk my life to save him."

"Blessings on my noble girl!" cried her father. "Thou hast inspired me, also, to hope our God will save the boy, for his faithful sister's sake, if not for ours."

The ark was finished, and Miriam, placing within it a soft bed, approached Jochebed to take the child. Sad was the parting scene between the mother and her darling boy; unable to see him go, she fled into an inner room to vent her anguish in sobs and bitter groans. After a last, long kiss, Miriam and her father and brother Aaron, launched the frail bark upon the Nile.

"Farewell, father," said young Miriam fondly; "cheer up my mother and tell her to trust in Jehovah, whom, I feel assured, will yet rescue the boy from the hands of his enemies. Depend on me. All that a tender, devoted sister can do to save him, shall be done."

"Farewell, Miriam," said her father, while the tears fell down upon his beard. "I trust in Jehovah, and in thee! May the God of Abraham protect thee and strengthen thee!"

Hour after hour the vessel floated on, its little occupant smiling as he played with his fingers, or devouring the food which lay around it. Hour after hour his firm-hearted sister walked on, under the blazing sun of Egypt, or sat upon the bank when it became obstructed in its

course, or lodged in the rushes which lined the river side. Heat and fatigue unheeded, her eyes and thoughts were fixed upon her charge alone, or lifted in prayer to God for its safety. At mid-day the tiny barge had been wafted near the city, where it was whirled among some rushes and remained stationary. Miriam concealed herself behind a pile of bricks, and sat down to watch it. Frequently she drew it to the shore and fed it, or drove away with her stick all dogs, crocodiles and serpents; or pulled it under the shade of the palm-trees, which grew on the bank.

How did her heart beat at every approaching step? dreading lest her charge should be observed ere it passed the city. But the hours passed on, and no eye fell upon it. The Nile flowed slowly past at her feet, its banks adorned by a fringe of Papyrus, whose tall and slender stalks bent to the summer breeze, or raised aloft the plume-like blossoms which crowned their heads. No sound disturbed the silence, except as the brilliant Flamingo passed, flashing his scarlet and orange plumage in the sun, or the stately Ibis pursued its chase of the water serpents.

A strong wind arose and the waves were cast upon the shore. Miriam started in horror, as she beheld a drowned infant thrown upon the sand. An instant passed, and rushing through the blue lotus flowers which floated on the stream, an enormous crocodile pounced upon the child: opening its dreadful jaws, the innocent was soon engulfed in its horrid chasm, and the creature disappeared. Aroused by footsteps, Miriam raised her head: a party of miserable Hebrews passed, half-naked and surrounded by overseers, they were bending beneath their heavy loads of brick and straw. The sound of music arrested her attention: a religious procession was passing, and she gazed with disgust, as she observed the priests were leading in golden chains the sacred crocodile! The back of this hideous monster was richly painted and gilded, while bracelets of gold and jewels adorned his shapeless legs. She watched him, as with his train he entered the temple. This superb edifice was surrounded by four noble porticoes, and was raised upon an elevated platform of steps. A long avenue of Sphinxes led to it, and before the edifice stood two obelisks of rose-colored granite, whose slender shafts seemed to reach the heavens, and whose sides were carved in raised hieroglyphics. The ceiling of this temple was painted blue, and studded with golden stars, its sides richly carved, gilded and painted; while in the centre stood a tank, for the service of the sacred crocodile, and on one side a room, where, lying on a costly carpet, the monstrous reptile was waited on and adorned by people of the first rank in the city. The sun was now sinking behind the hills of Rameses, when the sound of female voices met the ear of Miriam. She arose with delight, and looked forth. "Now is my sweet brother safe," she said, "for surely no female bosom could devise aught evil against so lovely a babe."

The females approached, and by the richness of their apparel and by their numerous attendants, she knew they were ladies of rank. Above the rest was one distinguished for her graceful and majestic form. She was

beautiful also, and the rich blood called forth by exercise, cast a brilliant shade over her slightly bronzed skin. As she came nearer, Miriam discovered it was the Princess Themestris. Then, for the first time, the heart of this loving sister died within her. It was the daughter of Pharaoh, of their relentless oppressor, who approached, and if she should discover the child she would not dare resist her father's decree, and save a Hebrew infant. Miriam looked around in despair, but the Princess was near, and concealment for her charge was vain.

Her heart upon the rack, Miriam saw the Princess seat herself upon the river's bank, quite near the flags among which was the barge containing her precious treasure. He was not observed, and again she breathed free; but, weary and hungry, the babe just then awoke from slumber and uttered a feeble cry.

"What noise was that?" said one of the ladies, and Miriam threw herself upon the ground in anguish.

"It was the cry of a crocodile," said another. "Let us fly ere we are devoured."

"Silence!" cried the Princess.

The wail of an infant was distinctly heard.

"It is a child," said Themestris, "and now I desecrate a basket among yonder rushes. Bring it hither, some of ye."

The attendants hastened to obey her, and the basket was soon laid at her feet. When opened, a babe of wondrous beauty lay within; it was weeping bitterly, and raised its little hands imploringly at the curious faces who were looking upon him. The Princess gazed at the child, and tears streamed from her eyes over her beautiful face.

"Oh, my father, this is thy cruel policy!" she cried. Then turning to her women, she said, "this is doubtless one of the Hebrew children, whose parents were forced to throw him into the Nile, and have thus sought to preserve it."

"Shall we throw it back again?" asked one of the attendants.

"Throw it back again! Have ye the heart for such a thing?" exclaimed the Princess in indignation. "It is no doubt preserved by the gods for some especial purpose, and I accept the charge. Osiris! God of the Nile! if thou hast sent this babe to me, behold I accept it, and will rear it as my own."

Who shall describe the emotions which passed through the heart of Miriam, during this scene. Tears of gratitude and joy burst from her eyes, and she knelt to thank that merciful God, who had saved her brother from destruction, and her parents from misery.

With a fortitude beyond her years, she left her hiding-place and approached the group. Sauntering carelessly along, she paused, as if gazing at them, when one of the ladies pitying her childish curiosity, called gaily to her.

"Come hither, girl, and see the young crocodile we have caught."

Miriam came forward, uttering many expressions of admiration and wonder.

"And is my royal lady going to adopt the child?"

she asked, dropping her eyes to conceal the emotion which she feared would betray her. "She is: for she is as benevolent as she is beautiful. Then, if she will listen to her handmaid, I know a Hebrew nurse who dwells near, and who is very skilful. I will fetch her, if the noble Princess please!"

"It is well thought of, girl," said Themestris. "If it be a Hebrew infant, a nurse of that nation were more fitting. Be quick, child, and see thou hast her here by the time I have finished bathing in the river."

Miriam needed no spur, but springing forward was soon on her way homeward. The bark had been many hours on the river on account of its frequent stoppages, but Miriam was at her door in a much shorter time.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, rushing into the presence of Jochebed, "did I not prophecy truly? God has saved our babe, and he is, as I predicted, destined to greatness, for the Princess has taken him!"

The suddenness of her appearance, and the unexpected good news, so overpowered her mother, that she fainted at Miriam's feet.

Reviving soon, she was on her way to the city, her joy enabling her to keep up with the bounding step of Miriam. With a tolerable degree of fortitude, Jochebed saluted the daughter of Pharaoh.

"Take this child," said the charitable Princess, "nurse it for me, and let it want for nothing; for it is the adopted son of a Princess. I will pay thee bountifully. I will call him Moses, because he was drawn out the water."

As Jochebed received her child again, her emotions overcame her, and she dropped her head upon that of her infant, while a sudden palor spread over her face. Miriam ran to her; and the Princess whispered, "Poor creature! doubtless she has been forced to give her child up to death. I hope this will awake her affection, and heal her wounded heart."

The Princess and her train returned to the palace, while Jochebed, supported by her heroic daughter, returned to her own happy home.

By what simple means did God bring his purpose to pass! A tender girl and a charitable female, were apparently the preservers of this child; but God had selected them as fitting agents. And this infant, who that looked upon him then, could imagine the great and mighty deeds he was destined to perform? A great multitude was to be taken from a powerful and unwilling nation; a countless army overthrown; kings and nations swept from the land, to give place to this wandering host!

But I shall not touch upon the story of Moses, except where Miriam is concerned. Who, after seeing the heroic conduct of the young Miriam, and her devotion to her brother in which she certainly risked her life, would imagine her capable of her after conduct? Who could recognize the watcher by the Nile, in the rebel of the Desert of Zin? In this one shade upon the character of Miriam, we may behold the taint of that indwelling sin, which is seen to shadow the fair fame of earth's wisest and best, and which in after years

required the great atoning sacrifice of our merciful Saviour.

Ambition seemed the form in which the tempter came to Miriam. We have seen her constant prediction to her mother, that Moses would be a *great man*, which prophecy displays the tenor of her thoughts and hopes. By this overweening ambition, she fell from her high estate. Let her fall warn us to look into our own bosoms, and remember.—“The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?” When the nurse of Moses was no longer needed, he was taken to the Princess, and soon raised to power. But he always clung to his nation, and refused to be called an Egyptian, or the son of Pharaoh’s daughter.

It is unnecessary to say any thing more of the preceding events of the life of Moses; or of the wondrous miracles wrought by him before Pharaoh, to induce him to let his people go; as my readers are, or *I hope they are*, sufficiently acquainted with them. Pharaoh was dead, and a new king arose, who fully appreciated the worth of the Hebrews as hewers of wood and drawers of water. It seemed for a time as if these miracles only irritated the king, and induced him to render the Hebrews’ bondage more bitter. Then was Miriam of great service to her countrymen, for, confident in the promise of God, she inspired courage into their hearts by her unswerving faith. As a reward for her trust in him, God bestowed upon her the gift of Prophecy, and placed her beside her brothers, Moses and Aaron, as leaders, instructors, and judges of the children of Israel.

The Hebrews departed, but were soon followed by the Egyptian army. Few were the hearts which then failed not, when they beheld themselves hemmed in between a raging foe, and a vast ocean! A seditious murmur arose. “Were there no graves in Egypt!” they cried, “that we are brought hither to die? It were better to serve the Egyptians, than perish in the wilderness.”

“Fear ye not!” said Moses. “Stand still; see the salvation which God will now bring you. The Egyptians whom ye see this day, ye shall never see again! The Lord will fight for you! Hold your peace.” Awed into silence, the people gazed up at Moses, who was standing upon a ledge of rocks above them. Moses stretched out his miraculous rod over the sea—there came rushing a wind—with a mighty roar the waters fell back on each side, and the Israelites beheld a dry path through the midst of the deep, rolling sea! Directed by Moses the people passed over this wondrous pathway, looking fearfully up at the lofty wall of living emerald which arose on each side; while far above was a fringe of white foam, as if the waves were struggling and chafing to dash themselves down to their natural depths, and overwhelm the intruders into their secret haunt.

The eastern shore was attained in safety, and the Israelites turned to look upon the sea, when lo! like a crimson cord spanning the great ocean, the scarlet-clad hosts of Pharaoh were already on their track. The feet of the foremost touched the shore, when, with a

mighty crash the mass of waters fell, and the armies of Egypt were whelmed beneath the waves!

Filled with gratitude and triumph Moses broke forth in the following song, accompanied by the exulting Miriam, and other women striking their timbrels:

MOSES AND MIRIAM’S SONG.

To Jehovah I will sing,
Who hath triumphed gloriously;
Horse and rider conquering,
He hath cast them in the sea.

My salvation is my song,
By Jehovah rendered strong.
He is my God,
I will praise him;
My fathers’ God,
I will exalt him.

God is a man of war,
Jehovah is his name;
Pharaoh’s chariots and his hosts
He hath brought to fear and shame.
His captains over ten
In the Red Sea found a grave;
To the depths his chosen men,
Like stones sank through the wave.

Thy right hand, oh, Jehovah!
Is glorious in its power;
Thy right hand, oh, Jehovah!
Made the sons of Egypt cower.
In thy excellency, Lord,
Thou hast sent thy wrath abroad:
And as stubble burned those,
Who ’gainst thy glory rose.
Thy nostrils breath,
The waters heap;
And fraught with death,
Uprose the deep!

The enemy said:
Their path I’ll pursue,
And the Israelite dead,
The desert shall strew.

I will draw forth my sword!
On the Hebrew abhorred
My wrath shall be poured.

The east wind sped—
Through the waves, their dead
Fell sinking as lead.

Who is like unto thee
Among Gods, oh, our Lord!
Who is like unto thee?
Thy name be adored.
Glorious in holiness;
Radiant in splendors;
We, in our fearfulness,
Gaze on thy wonders.
At thy stretched out right hand,
And thy mighty command,
The earth swallowed their band!

Forth, by thy mercy, the ransomed are led;
And under thy wing for refuge have fled.
The people shall hear,
And tremble with fear,
And Philistia sorrow that Israel is near.

The great dukes of Edom will shrink at the tale;
The mighty of Moab before us will quail;
And the Canaanite race from the country shall fail.

Fear and dread shall on them fall—
Still as stones then stand they all,
While thy people shall pass over
Thy purchased people, oh, Jehovah!
By them led on, we shall attain
Our promised heritage—and gain
The Holy Mount where thou wilt reign.

Jehovah shall rule and worshipped shall be,
As surely as Pharaoh was cast in the sea
With his horses and chariots and warrior band,
While the children of Israel pass through on dry land.

Then shook Miriam her timbrel, and sang the chorus:

To Jehovah I will sing,
Who hath triumphed gloriously;
Horse and rider conquering,
He hath cast them in the sea!

Sadly turn we now to relate the fall of Miriam. We have said she was ambitious—this ambition was fully gratified when she saw herself associated with her brothers, Aaron and Moses, as leaders and judges of the Israelites. She was revered by all, as a prophetess; and enjoyed especial honor as the sister of Moses. Zipporah, the wife of Moses, whom he had left in the land of Cush, with her father, Jethro, had lately arrived and joined her husband, and of course, obtained much of the people's good will as wife of their leader; and Miriam stood not alone in their regard or in that of Moses. She, however, reigned without a rival when Moses judged the people; for he needed help, and Aaron was engaged with his priestly duties. When the father of Zipporah arrived, he advised Moses to lighten his toil by dividing his people in tens, fifties, hundreds and thousands, and appointing rulers over each band. Miriam then no longer saw herself a distinguished associate of her brothers, as her office was divided, and she became merely one of the many rulers. Forgetful she owed all to God, and that he might take back again all his gifts, Miriam looked upon Jethro and Zipporah as usurpers and rivals. Day and night she devised plans to overthrow their counsels. She endeavored to interest Aaron in her cause; and, much attached to his sister, and of a gentle nature, he listened to her, and pitied her, when, perhaps, he would have done better to have reproved her harshly.

The Israelites were now in the wilderness of Zin, a large, level plain, surrounded by eminences which shot up their bare granite peaks to the Heavens. The twelve tribes were encamped by threes on each side of this immense plain, having at each corner the

standards erected. Judah bearing upon his banner a Lion, while the other three bore the figures of the Ox, Eagle, and Man. In the centre stood the wondrous Tabernacle, glowing in purple, and blue, and scarlet, and gold embroidery. It stood within a large space, enclosed by a fence of linen curtains, suspended upon pillars of brass. Within this enclosure stood the brazen sea and great altar of brass, and tables of marble. Miriam was sitting at the door of her tent, uttering complaints of Moses, in the ear of Aaron, and within hearing of many witnesses.

"Moses hath transgressed, seeing he hath married this Midian woman," said Miriam. "Who is she that all honor her thus as if there were no other women in the camp? And who is her father that he deviseth mischief against me?"

"I am sorry for thee, my sister, and will speak to Moses regarding thee; for didst thou not save his life?"

"Yea, what were Moses, were it not for me? He taketh too much upon him. Hath the Lord only revealed his will by him? Hath he not also given thee and me the spirit of prophecy?"

"Yea, indeed he hath," said Aaron.

Suddenly a cloud came down and rested at the door of the Tabernacle, and the people knew the Lord was among them. Then every one stood still in his place, and listened as the Lord commanded Moses and Aaron and Miriam to come into the court of the Tabernacle. Tremblingly they obeyed the mandate, and walked up in silence undisturbed except by the tinkling of the golden bells upon the robe of Aaron. They stood before the Tabernacle in the face of the whole congregation. The tall and stately figure of Moses was enveloped in a large mantle of white linen, fringed with blue; while Aaron was arrayed in the gorgeous vestments of the High Priest—the breast of his blue upper-dress dazzling with the emblematic jewels, while the bottom was hung with pomegranates and golden bells—his white linen mitre circled by a golden band, and his girdle and linen under-dress richly embroidered with scarlet, and blue, and purple. Miriam glorying in her situation, and expecting new honors, stood between them, with her head elevated so that the golden horn which ornamented her forehead, was erected on high.

"Hear now my words," said the Lord. "If there be a prophet among you, I, the Lord, will make myself known unto him in visions and dreams only; but my servant, Moses, who is faithful to me, shall be spoken to, mouth to mouth—not in dark speeches as to you, but is honored above you by beholding the similitude of the Lord. Knowing this, were ye not afraid to speak against my servant, Moses?" Then trembled Aaron and Miriam, for they saw the anger of the Lord was kindled against them.

The cloud departed from the sanctuary; they turned to gaze upon each other, when lo! they saw that Miriam was a leper! The color was gone from her blooming cheek, and her skin was turned to the livid hue of the dead! Aaron threw himself at the feet of Moses.

"Alas, my lord," he said, "I beseech thee forgive us our sin, for indeed we have spoken foolishly against

thee. Take pity upon Miriam, and do not let her remain thus as one dead ere the tomb have closed over her."

Moses interceded for her with God. "Heal her now, oh, God, I beseech thee," he cried. The Lord refused to heal Miriam, but ordered her to undergo the usual cleansing of lepers, and to live seven days without the camp.

In the sight of all Israel was the humiliated Miriam carried without the limits of the camp, where a tent was erected for her. Here she remained seven days, undergoing the usual lustrations and sacrifices of those tainted with leprosy. Her long and beautiful hair was shaven off—her clothes were washed as well as her body. On the seventh day the Priests visited her, and on examination, she was pronounced whole. The usual ceremony then followed, in which one of Aaron's sons, Miriam's nephew, officiated. A vessel of pure water was brought, which had been taken from a running spring. The Priest then took two birds, one of which was killed over the water—a piece of cedar wood, some scarlet wool, and a sprig of hyssop were, with the remaining bird, dipped into the blood, and sprinkled upon Miriam. The bird was then let loose in the desert. Being pronounced clean, Miriam was again led into the camp. The next day she presented at the altar a lamb to be sacrificed, and some oil. She was anointed with the oil after it had been offered up, and the Priests absolved her from all other duties.

Miriam was thoroughly repentant, and humbled. Her character was much improved by this chastening; and pride and ambition were for ever at rest within her bosom. Let this one shadow upon her fair life be forgotten, for she was one of God's chosen agents for the furtherance of his great and wonderful purposes.

The children of Israel once more broke up their encampment, and journeyed through the wilderness. At Kadesh they again encamped in the desert of Paran, and there Miriam died. The Hill of Paran is a remarkable pile of rocks, whose slender, jagged spires give it, at a distance, the appearance of a cathedral. In the side of this rock, they cut out a tomb for Miriam. It was richly carved within, and over the door was her name, and the date of her death, surrounded with ornamented work. Her body was bound with linen bands, and laid upon a bier, and she was followed to her tomb by her weeping relatives of the house of Levi, and a train of hired mourners whose death-wail awoke the desert echoes. A carved Sarcophagus, filled with spices received her body—the door was closed—the train dispersed, and the Israelites resumed their march, leaving Miriam in her lonely resting-place.

E. E. S.

It is a practice entirely too prevalent in this queer world that we inhabit, to condemn the performance of others, when we know that the task could not be better accomplished by ourselves.

Original.

THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

A LEGEND OF GERMANY.

A SMALL hamlet rested upon the side of one of the lofty mountains of the Julian Alps, which thence towering aloft, concealed from view its snow-crowned peak amid the encircling clouds of night.

Three persons still lingered around the scanty fire in the cheerless kitchen of the inn, though it was midnight. Silence had fallen upon them as they gazed on the decaying embers, which now blazed up, then sank again, sending forth no warmth, nor creating any sound indicative of their presence, save now and then a sharp crackling as the landlord stirred them up. They smoked their pipes with that meditative look peculiar to those who have just heard, as they had, a wild and fearful narrative. The narrator, and the most remarkable of the three, was a stranger, only just arrived in the vicinity after some years of foreign travel. Want and hardship in other lands had given him the appearance of an older man than in reality he was, by usurping a few of the wrinkles of Time to trace them on his visage. The fierce rays of a tropic sun had bronzed his complexion, and constant familiarity with danger had bestowed upon him the reckless, undaunted air of a warrior not unused to scenes of blood and strife. Yet the soldier's manly frankness was wanting; for, in the quick, glancing eye and compressed lips, might be seen the workings of a mind capable of devising any thing subtle and villanous, allied to the resolution necessary for the execution of any of his schemes.

"Look ye, my good friend," putting aside the lamp which rested upon the table placed behind himself and the person he addressed, "did you deny your belief of what I said concerning the spirits who walk among our hills at night? Do you not believe in them?"

"Certainly not," replied he, with a sort of forced scornful smile, as if by it he would discover a mind of superior mould; yet that were foolish, since by the attempt at a sneer, he did but betray the superstitious weakness he strove to conceal.

None of the horrible tales of his native land seemed capable of receiving any credit in the stranger's mind, for in the quick glance of recognition which passed—unobserved by their companion—between the old host and himself, the cause of his conduct became evident, since some plot seemed hatching between them which could bring no good to the other—who was a miller—as he was the person imposed upon.

"I'll tell you what, my worthy friend," said the host, interrupting their continued discussion, "'tis full time to part; so, my good Franz, canst take a hint?"

"Why, yes," said the miller, in an uncertain tone, as though he doubted whether to go or to remain; but rising, he walked to the window and looked out upon the sky, then with a cold shudder he closed the casement and returning to the hearth, sat down in silence.

"Well, miller, what's your mind?"

"I think I'll remain here to-night."

"Couldn't think of it, miller."

"Well, Hans," said he, after a little while, "I sup-

pose I must go, as you will not let me stay; but let me tell you, I shall not soon forget this," and hastily wishing the stranger "a good night's rest," he turned his steps homeward.

No sooner had the last echo of his footsteps died away, than the host, shaking the stranger cordially by the hand, exclaimed, "Right glad am I to see you again, my worthy Kleiner; a fine game you've played upon our friendly miller."

"Ay, truly, old friend; little does he think that he has spent the whole evening listening to the words of a rival, returned to claim the bride he strove so long to win."

"Ah, my good boy, strange things have happened since you left us, to seek a fortune in foreign lands."

"What? what? my lovely Marie has—"

"Married the miller."

"By all the spirits of the Hartz, and fiends of hell! I would have slain him while he stood before me, had I but known that he had dared to wed my promised bride!"

The demon of passion, with magic hand, changed the expression of his visage. Where previously reigned the calm, contented look of the traveller, returned to his native land to seek his affianced wife, now predominated the thirst for vengeance. He rushed to the door as if to pursue the miller, but the host threw himself before him.

"Be calm, good Kleiner; I have a scheme which shall, by one blow, destroy the miller and his family. Listen now."

Gradually, as the fell plot discovered to the traveller a new way of revenge, his whole appearance changed, and when the host concluded, his external fierceness had disappeared; but the calm that pervaded his countenance showed the consuming fire that glowed within. Let us leave them, hastily preparing for the execution of their plot, and accompany the miller as he ascends the rugged path which leads to his mountain home.

There are those who will utter their disbelief of something they pretend to consider ridiculous, who, when alone in some wild glen, or trackless forest, will ponder on the subject, in spite of their wish to think of something less fearful, till, from very fear, they own to themselves their belief in what they have heard, and thus hope to exorcise the phantom which haunts their minds. Such was the miller, and frightful were the images which filled his imagination as he pursued his mountain path. He became convinced of what he had before denied, and from every rock and hillock, from every bush and tree, he expected some awful spirit to appear and overwhelm him in his wrath.

His nature was fierce and fiery: though in his cooler moments he had been styled cowardly, and even justly so; yet, when aroused by an imagined injury, he could, like many others in this world, perform feats on the impulse of the moment, which, when calm, he had not the heart even to attempt. He was quick and vindictive, and it was always as convenient for him to forget a favor, as it was natural for him to remember an injury. He was alive to suspicion and jealousy, and as his cha-

racter was an exception to the national one, he was hated and despised by all save one sweet soul, who seemed to love him most when most she saw him spurned.

Who can account for woman's love? Who can describe that sweet flower, growing unnoticed upon a tender stalk, blooming the while for the most worthless object upon earth—a jealous husband, but she who owns the passion?

In her case, she loved not her husband merely because he had once been the very god of her affection, but because she saw in him the scape-goat, as it were, of his fellows, and she knew he needed all her love to make him happy: When passion had endowed him with more than his usual strength and courage, and he burst out with threats and imprecation against some neighbor, she, poor, ill-used creature, would cling to his neck, his arms, his *knees*, praying him to be calm, and detaining him, till reason had again assumed her empire. Sometimes incensed at her interference, he would with brutal violence dash her from him, then *curse* her for her—*love*! Yet, though the violent love he always professed for her before marriage, ceased with the ceremony, and did not even dwindle into the solid admiration and esteem it often does, he watched her with the same vigilance that a boy would a new-purchased dog, to see that none should dare be kind to him, lest some one should wrest his growing authority from him.

He neared his home; it was truly a grand and magnificent retreat, and yet, of course, had been sought by him, merely on account of its utility; and therefore in gazing upon it, its use gratified his desire for gain, more than its sublimity fired his imagination. The scene was wild but beautiful. Some hundred feet above where he stood, a mountain torrent dashed over a precipice, and on each side of the ravine through which it took course, lay two immense rocks, hemming in and protecting the pretty stream below; a few stunted evergreens partially covered the steep rocks, affording but scanty room to take root in their cliffs.

For one moment the miller deliberated whether he should take the usual yet rather dangerous footpath up the rock, or follow the more circuitous horse-road which was much safer; he chose the latter, which was not much used. He gained at length the rocky summit, and plainly saw the light burning in his dwelling, but as he turned his head to look in another direction, the pulsations of his heart ceased, his hair stood on end, for he beheld a tall, stately figure, whose white dress seemed besmeared with human blood; in his right hand he held a scull, within which glowed a light; in his left, a massive fleshless bone.

Fear crept upon him as he gazed. A cold, death-like chill ran through his veins, and his shaking knees prevented his accomplishing the purpose of his heart. A sepulchral-toned voice thus with measured accents sounded in his ear:

"Stand and listen, man of clay; the fiery spirit of vengeance who rides upon the thunder-cloud, and directs the forked lightning, bids ye listen and obey! The rival ye thought dead, will this night return; the wife of your bosom will fly with him."

An unbroken pause ensued; at last, the miller raising his head, glanced at the spot where he had seen the misty spirit; it had vanished. For one moment he did not seem to realize what he had seen and heard; the next, as the assertion of his wife's infidelity occurred to him, he rushed toward the house; the door yielded to his might, but no wife greeted him; he seated himself, the sense of fear left him, but the determination of revenge had taken possession of his mind, for jealousy had stung him deeply; he believed his wife guilty, and then a thought struck him; with the fury of a maniac he knocked at his bed-room door until it flew off the hinges. *She was not there!* His worst suspicions seemed confirmed, and in his bosom reigned that species of phrenzy, the person affected with which, often says and does things of which he is unconscious. The noise he had made awoke his little babe, whose wail now met his ear.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he shrieked, "art thou there, child of a guilty mother." He snatched the infant from its pillow, and for a moment gazed fixedly upon it; but not one spark of parental fondness was in that gaze, for if any had ever existed, his passion smothered its influence. Unmindful of his screams, he shook the boy as he exclaimed, "Death were better for thee, boy, than life, embittered by the knowledge of a mother's crime!" Madly he flew from the house; a little beyond the threshold he beheld his wife approaching him.

"Ah, husband," said she, sweetly, "I have waited very, very long for you, beneath the rocks."

"Woman, it is false! You have been to see your paramour. Away!"

She saw her child, who cried as he heard his mother's voice, and discovering upon her husband's countenance, as she approached him, the fiendish marks of rage, she attempted to snatch her child, fearing for its safety. He pushed her from him.

"Husband—Frans, what would you do? Give me my child." But with one arm he held aloft his weeping boy, and with the other, clasped his wife.

"Come on—on with me, base woman! Upon yonder precipice's edge, you shall gaze upon his destruction! It will be so sweet to see thy sorrow!"

"My child! my child! Give me my child! Oh, Frans! by all you hold sacred, I pray you give me back my boy!"

She prayed, she screamed, she clung to his knees to deter him from his evident intention. In vain! Who, with one spark of humanity glowing in his frame, or who, with even the outward attributes of man, could have resisted that fair being's prayers for the safety of her child? Who could have disbelieved her protestations of innocence?

He gained the precipice's slippery edge, dragging after him his shrieking wife, who clung to him with more than woman's strength, striving to detain him.

"Spare him, Frans! spare our sweet child!"

But, unmoved as the firm rock he stood upon, he threw his left hand upon her shoulder and pressed her to the ground.

"Now, base adulteress, behold the death of your babe," he said, and at arm's length held aloft the unconscious boy. It was where the cataract dashed down into the foaming abyss, he cast his only child! A wild laugh burst from his lips. *His revenge was complete!*

Then, for the first time, reason threw one bright gleam to illumine his tumultuous bosom. He gazed upon the fair being who lay insensible at his feet—yet no pity evinced itself for her; he seemed indeed conscious of his act, for seeing her revive a little he exclaimed, "Go now and seek your paramour; your husband follows his child!" then giving one high leap into the air, fell deep into the wild, watery cataract.

Poor ill-used wife! innocent, yet believed guilty, what was then your state? Morning dawned and beheld the widowed wife, the childless mother, gazing vacantly into the grave of her husband and son. But two others, the stranger, the former rival of the miller, and the villainous host, were there.

"Behold, woman," exclaimed the former. "I am he, who in the guise of the spirit of Vengeance, fed thy husband's ear with stories of thy infidelity. I, once his rival, now the enemy of thee, base woman!"

He had approached so near to her as he spoke, that she leant her head as if to whisper to him; he bent low; with one bound she placed him between herself and the fatal brink, and, quick as lightning, pushed him toward it with all her force—for in one moment, although the morning had found her a raving maniac, she saw the cause of her husband's conduct. In vain he endeavored to regain his balance. He slipped, and then rolled over into the yawning chasm, to meet in death the victims of his wrath.

The country-people still point out the fatal spot to the traveller, and strange tales are told of a woman's spirit that still flies about the Miller's Cliff—and even now, though fifty years have passed since the occurrence of the events mentioned in this narrative, none dare venture near the rock of The Wife's Revenge.

J. T. M.

Original.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

NOT to a single erring mortal hand
Be curbless sway entrusted. On the seat,
Whence despot Power sees nations at its feet
Bowling obedient to its high command,
The head grows giddy, and the proud heart, fanned
By breath of adulation false, but sweet,
Dreams itself God-like, and disdains to beat
Freely with baser pulses; till the brand
Of justified Rebellion rudely wakes
The madman from his wild, delirious dreams;
Such ever be his fate who rashly takes
The functions of Omnipotence, yet seems
Forgetful that in Power's bright diadem
The light of Mercy is the fairest gem.

Original.

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.*

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE influence of Howard's crowning deed upon his thoughts, was gradually exemplified in his habits and actions. There had never been a struggle within him so intense, as when he made effort to think as he had thought, and do as he had done, after the destruction of Count Rebierra. It was not so much the voice of a wounded conscience, which cried out against him in the secret chambers of his mind—for that was comparatively dormant—but there was a concert of many faculties to condemn him, among which an ardent imagination was conspicuous. The character of his suffering, fully understood as it was by himself, was an added source of infliction; for he felt that he had no pang of guilty regret; would be ready to repeat the deed, did his spirit demand a second sacrifice, and that he should be bowed down by irresistible and yet unaccountable influences, made him gnash his teeth in fury. But time brought no soothing balm, and mental disturbance gradually induced outward disorder. The cautious and unremitted attention which he had uniformly bestowed upon his personal appearance, was no longer a characteristic; inasmuch that Isabelle was often pained at the change, and although she mingled with her love a considerable amount of fear, she ventured sometimes to remonstrate with him. This fear alluded to had attended their connexion from the beginning, but, heretofore, in a slight degree; now, his treatment of Isabelle was changed, by the event that had so affected his inner and outer man. Some times he was more ardent than ever, in the demonstrations of his love. But she dared not depend upon them; for the complexion of his manner would be suddenly transformed, and he would seem to delight in repelling her tenderness, or calling the tears to her eyes, by harshness of speech or action. She began, at last, to be uncertain what to expect from him, and to dread, in a measure, his coming.

His moodiness, to her unaccountable, and, therefore, the more harrowing, rather increased than diminished. He would often absent himself from her many days, and then appear before her, it might be, with apology and love; but with as much likelihood, with a negligence of dress and a wild hilarity of manner, harshly grating to her feelings, and rendering him for the time almost repulsive. It crossed her thought at times, poor, suffering girl, that unaffected nature seldom indulged in such freaks; that they were strangely in contrast with his general bearing; and that he was under the abhorrent stimulus of artificial excitement. She dared not nourish such dreadful surmises into belief, she drove them from her so soon as entertained; but she was miserable. She had centered every hope on Howard, had twined around him fond anticipations and aspirations of the future, too closely, to tear them at once

away. Had the conviction been forced upon her that he was unworthy of her, was accustomed and devoted to habitual indulgence, she would not have delayed to snap herself, without reserve, the ties that connected them: but it had been to loose with her the silver cord, and to break the golden bowl.

But Howard was indeed a new man. Vanity, ever acting before, and stimulating to the extreme of wariness to avoid in word and deed whatever might excite the slightest animadversion, and equally to embrace what gave promise to advance him in estimation, was conquered and repressed by a more fiercely controlling power: the memory of the blood his hand had shed. The same uncertainty of conduct which signalized his communion with Isabelle, made him the theme of wonder in society. Sometimes he withdrew himself from social intercourse—again, moved among its vanities, a cold automaton, in them but not of them; and then, comet like, he rushed suddenly into every scene of enjoyment, free, hilarious, brilliant, only to extinguish at once his radiance, and hide himself again in solitude. His friends had gradually withdrawn from him, unwilling to be subjected to the endurance of his misanthropic whims. Elthorpe had lingered longest, but even he too had finally become estranged.

The unhallowed mind pursues whatever anodyne may be offered to its anguish, without questioning the propriety of its use; and Howard, as thousands had done before him, and thousands have done since, grasped the intoxicating cup, steeping remembrance in the oblivion of sensuality. But to his iron mind, intoxication never displayed itself in its accustomed appearances: the unsteady step, the senseless laugh, and wandering and foolishness of speech; but imparted to his eye a wild lustre, to his nerves an irresistible energy, and to his mind a restless impulsiveness of action, dark, morose and malicious, toward his kind. He was incited to this indulgence, and indeed to the extreme of mental anguish which finally harassed him, by other causes than reflection alone; the most influencing of which was the torturing impotency for money, accompanied and enforced with threats of confession, to which he was subjected by the instruments of his crime, Leggetson and Fletcher. It might seem strange that he had not anticipated such a result; that he should not have considered how fatally he was fettering himself to their mercy. But he had assured himself of Mathew's attachment, and had determined to effect Fletcher's removal to some distant colony, beyond the reach of power to harm him. But circumstances had awakened the ruffian's suspicions, and induced him to employ the instrument he possessed, to extort means for constant indulgence. Howard had deemed it prudent to yield, and had liberally supplied his demands for money. But they were increased at every renewed application, until violent language had occurred between them. Fletcher thenceforward united revenge to selfishness, and inflicted a vital blow by seducing Mathew from his allegiance, and inciting him to combine with him against his master. Mathew had long remained intractable; but the evidence of Fletcher's success, far surpassing his

* Concluded from page 245.

own wages and gratuities, had finally outweighed his lingering attachment. His first application had been a matter of infinite exertion to him. He had so long been overawed by Howard's superior mental powers, and more soaring impulses of character, that the thought to oppose him, incur his anger, and to make himself, in a respect, the master of his master, was more terrible than to execute the foulest deed Howard might have commanded or desired. But Fletcher accompanied him to keep his courage alive, and succeeded in effecting a breach. Howard had been revelling at a hotel in St. James' Street, and when he returned to his lodgings in Pall Mall, where he had continued from his first arrival in London, he found Mathew and Fletcher seated at ease in his parlor. He was not in a state for deliberation or reflection: but, instinctively apprehending evil, he asked, with a sardonic smile, what was the object of their visit. Fletcher volunteered as spokesman, while Mathew sat twisting his legs in all imaginable directions, and now and then casting stealthy glances at his master, who stood with his hand upon the door, after shutting it, listening to Fletcher with evidences of the intensest passion, as he fearlessly, and in the low slang which distinguished his conversation, detailed their joint determination. When he had concluded, Howard instantly strode forward, grasped him by the throat, and shaking him violently, ordered him with an oath to begone. Perhaps the maturest reflection could not have suggested a more feasible means to overawe Mathew; but even this was ineffectual. Mathew hesitated a moment whether to assist Fletcher, who had risen up, thrown off Howard's arm, and made a pass at him: but, in answer to Fletcher's call upon him for help, he finally seized his master's arm in restraint, as he was about to return Fletcher's blow. Howard never had exhibited before the fullness of demoniac fury which he now displayed. He was sobered in a moment, and a sense of the utter degradation to which he was reduced, in being the creature of such beings, inspired for the time utter recklessness of consequences. He would have fought desperately for the mastery, even against such fearful odds, and his superiority of skill in all appliances of self-defence would have protracted the contest, had he been possessed of opportunities to employ them. But before he could obtain room to act, both closed with him and forced him to the floor, preventing him from rising, until he had pledged his word to hear them without further violence. He listened as he had promised, for what could he do but yield? He complied with their extortionate requirements, and obtained peace from injury. But the income of his fortune was incommensurate to his support, and to comply with the requisitions of the harpies that preyed on him; and he was forced to draw largely on the principal. It will be remembered that he was, through his impetuous revenge, peculiarly in the power of these his accomplices, in the murder of the Count. He had held the instrument—his hand had struck the fatal blow; and although, upon a development, he might be able to prove their engagement to execute the deed without his slightest participation, it would not assist his escape;

while the fact that they were in reality innocent of the actual death of the Count, might prompt the law to be lenient with them, provided they should appear in evidence against their more guilty employer.

But his means to purchase silence were fast passing away. He had sold stocks; had disposed of acres; the proceeds had vanished in the hands of Fletcher and Leggetson, and the cry was still "give, give." It was now his design to let indulgence do its work. Fatal diseases, he reasoned, must certainly be induced by their brutal sensuality, and, perhaps, injury in some brawl, in which species of disturbance Mathew, and indeed Fletcher, was eminently conspicuous, might rid the world and him of one, perhaps, of both, his tormentors. But his resources were to be replenished speedily.

This was to be effected only by marriage. Isabelle was mistress of wealth, and it was essential that it should be at his disposal. But his late conduct had not inspired the confidence which would induce Isabelle to resign her chances of happiness into his hands, without hesitation. Of this he was conscious—bitterly conscious. He loved her as fervently as ever, but it was in her presence that the fiend of memory most wrestled with him. He had seldom of late dared to visit her, without previously fortifying himself by intoxicating stimulants; and the conflict he was compelled to maintain, will explain the contrasts of his conduct toward her at different periods. She had expostulated with him seriously, earnestly, and warningly at last; and his love had once or twice taken alarm. But reflection upon his more especial misery, when in company with Isabelle, had sometimes suggested the folly and self-sacrifice of continuing the connexion with her. He acknowledged to himself, with a shudder, that she had the power to excite most vividly, his mental sufferings; and why should he swallow, of his own accord, draughts of destroying agony? In compliance with such reflections he had striven, at various times, to forget his love, and sever himself for ever from its object: but before many days he had found himself again beside her, propitiating her favor and forgiveness. The spell she had woven about him was, indeed, a potent charm.

"But by —," he muttered to himself one morning, after a sleepless night, for Fletcher and Leggetson had the evening before emptied anew his coffers, "this state of things can be endured no longer. These knaves are masses of corruption, and yet they will not die—they live on to torment me. It were well to let this arm use hastier despatch—no! no! No more blood! This brain is half demented now! But from hence, I'll be myself again. I have the means of honor, respect, and gratification undiminished. While the tongues of these dogs are still, none are the wiser for what this hand has done. And was it not revenge—long sought revenge? What incubus is upon me? Conscience—repentance—bug-bears for fools! 'Tis none of these! Out upon it—out upon it! Yet, I am changed! Courage, hope, pride are gone. I am changed indeed. But no more—no more! From this moment I'll be myself again!"

He arrayed himself that morning with deliberation

and scrupulous attention, and still dwelling on himself and his fortunes, he wrapped his cloak about him and sallied out. It was a cool November day, and its breath was pleasant to him. He shaped his course toward the Strand, experiencing, for the first time for several months, a degree of the self-collectedness and composure which had been so prominent in his character.

"I have conquered," he continued, in meditation, "and I will curse myself no longer with the misery that has harrassed me. My sweet Isabelle shall soon be fast bound to me. What though she has upbraided me, and sometimes doubts me? A month of devotion and calmness will make all right again; and I will be calm. The fiend has gone! Ha, ha! the fiend has gone!"

Thus cogitating, he traversed a part of that great thoroughfare, the Strand, and was about to retrace his steps, when his eye fell upon the form of Isabelle on the opposite side, at some distance before him, proceeding in the same direction. Though he only judged it to be her from the gait and dress, all doubt was removed by the sight of Pedro Montenegro and a fellow servant, each with a basket, following in her rear. Howard's conjecture immediately satisfied itself, in regard to her errand. He knew that she was charitable in deed, as well as in word; that she was not satisfied with cold, heartless, and ostentatious subscriptions for charitable purposes, or with indiscriminate gifts to the beggar, at her door; but, stately, visited the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, to administer to helpless destitution. He had never accompanied her on such errands, for in the spirit of true humility and charity, her left hand knew not what her right hand did, and she had never communicated or suggested to him that she was accustomed to active benevolence. Her walks were generally taken, moreover, at an early hour in the morning, when he was seldom likely to be with her or to seek her. But he had, it matters not how, discovered the fact, although he preserved silence respecting it; for while he sneered in heart at all such "cursed nonsense and ridiculous pains taking," as he would have termed it, he knew well that it would be death to his hopes with Isabelle, to betray his views. He had ever been careful to disguise from her, his contempt of religion and its observances, for, unlike the majority of those with whom he mingled in social intercourse, he knew her to be governed by an earnest and guiding faith; that her morality was not limited to obedience to her instincts, but that she nourished an active principle of good within. His first impulse, when he discovered her on the occasion mentioned, was to leave her to pursue her objects uninterrupted; but after pausing and hesitating, he finally resolved to follow and discover the character of the recipients of her bounty, and, perhaps, by a *ruse de guerre*, to elevate himself in her opinion, and hasten the event to which all his efforts were now to be directed. Maintaining, therefore, a cautious distance, he walked on, keeping the trio ever in sight. They followed the Strand as far as Drury-lane, into which they turned, and crossing soon to the

right, they entered one of the dark lanes in the direction of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and disappeared, without pausing to knock, in a wretched hovel. Howard immediately knocked at the door of the dwelling contiguous, and his summons was answered by an Irishwoman of middle age, who invited him to enter. Accepting the invitation, but not seating himself, he introduced conversation by stating himself to be in pursuit of a certain mechanic, who, he had been informed, lived in that neighborhood. The woman answered that there was no such person about there, to her knowledge, and that her husband, who might be better able to direct him, had gone out to work. Howard then questioned as to who were the occupants of the next house. "Timothy Broad," was the name, and he had a wife and six children. He was not in need himself, but he had got a poor woman to take care of, who was sick and crazy. She had a little boy with her, of which she was very fond, and which she often cried over by the hour together. She was visited occasionally by an angel of a woman, who paid Mrs. Broad for her care of her, and brought medicines and had sent a physician to see her. Such, divested of the brogue and peculiarities of speech in which it was delivered, was the substance of the Irishwoman's communication. A small douceur, with Howard's thanks, was adequate compensation for the trouble he had occasioned her, and opened her heart too; so that while he lingered, watching from the patched and dirty window, Isabelle's re-appearance in the street, she enlarged upon "the poor crathur" of which she had spoken; told how she had been brought home by Broad, in a stormy night; how he was cousin to the maid of the lady who was so good; how he told the maid about it, and the maid told her mistress, and the mistress had come regularly ever since, to see her; how that the "swate angel" was at that very time in at Broad's, and the "jontleman could see her, wud he wait a bit; and troth, if he did, shure an' he wud nivir be at pace again for sight iv her, so jontall an' delicate she was, an' good nathur'd." At this point Howard cut her short, for he saw Isabelle coming from Broad's, and contrived to make his exit so as to come directly in contact with her. Mutual exclamations of surprise were uttered, and taking her arm, Howard accompanied her onward. She naturally questioned of his purposes in being where he was, but there was not the confiding earnestness of manner, which she would once have exhibited. Howard contrived to inform her, without ostentation, that he had been on an errand of mercy. She started, and gazed in his face in wondering surprise; and he took advantage of the occasion, to further his new designs.

"Isabelle," said he, "you doubt me, and have reason. I have appeared strange to you of late, and have seemed to slight and disregard your love. But I have not been well. Sometimes I have thought my brain to be disordered, and my mind wavering. Why it has been, I cannot tell. But the prescriptions of my physician have wrought wondrous effect, and I have felt, within a few days, like another being. In my intervals of full sanity, I have almost wept over your doubt of

me; but restore me, Isabelle, to favor, and let me prove how much you have mistaken me."

Isabelle's answer may be imagined from her singleness of character.

"Oh, Frederic, should you prove that I have wronged you; that when I thought you were careless and forgetful of me, you were unwell, and could not do otherwise, and you are still the same, and still love me dearly, it will be the happiest moment of my life. I am glad—so glad, to be told of this now, Frederic," she continued, the tears swelling into her eyes, "for I began to feel that I must try to love you less, and forget you, if I could do so—at least, that we could not be long as we have been to each other."

Howard left her at her door in Portland Street, exulting in the advance he had made to a full restoration of her trust, even in this short interview; while Isabelle's heart was hopeful and light, all that day, and smiles gilded her cheeks again. Howard was by her side through the evening, maintaining self-possession in every respect, and inwardly congratulating himself that he could command himself again. Reference was made to the events of the morning, and an appointment was made to visit the object of Isabelle's care in company, since Howard had petitioned for the privilege. The visit was appointed for the next day, and Howard exultingly took his leave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He slept that night without the fearful dreams that had been the accompaniment of his repose for so long; and when at the appointed hour in the morning, he made his appearance in Portland Street, Isabelle was delighted to observe no peculiarity in his conduct, and as they walked, her reserve wore away and her returning confidence betrayed itself in the most gratifying manner to her lover. On his part, elevated by a conviction that the last few days had wrought a change within him, and that he should never be visited by the mental oppression which had seemed to be driving him to an early and gloomy destiny, he was peculiarly attractive in manner and conversation. Both were wrapt in sweet contemplation during the walk, and, although it was nearly a mile to their destination by the course they took—across Soho Square—through Broad Street, Bloomsbury, and down Drury-lane, the time passed so rapidly, that Isabelle uttered an exclamation of surprise, when Howard paused before Broad's humble dwelling; for she had taken no note of their progress, wholly absorbed in the better light that seemed to be dawning on her path. Now, however, she turned her mind to the poor creature whose necessities had led her thither, and as the tidy and smiling Mrs. Broad, once a servant in Count Rebierra's family, and idolizing Isabelle, as, indeed, did every dependant who had ever served her, was setting forward chairs in her neat little parlor, and uttering her cordial welcome, she entered into some details in regard to her protégé. Many of them were repetitions of the communications of the Irishwoman, on the previous day, but some were new and interesting, even to Howard; who listened attentively

to the tale, apparently, however, to serve his ends, more pitying and concerned than he really was. Broad had been returning from some errand late on a stormy evening, when the wind was howling fitfully and fiercely round the corners of the streets, and the rain pelted against the unfortunate one, compelled to submit to its fury, and as he hurried through the broad space to the west of Temple Bar, he was suddenly startled by the apparition of a woman, crouching down in a narrow corner, and striving to shield with her tattered clothing, a little boy in her lap, whose moans had been drowned in the louder voice of the wind. Few could have been found, who, in that quarter of the city, would not have continued on, regardless of this isolated instance of the wretchedness teeming around them. But Broad was one of a thousand, and he stooped down to examine the vagrant by the dim light of a street-lamp that flickered near. The woman raised her naked head, and said with a half smile, careless of the storm that beat upon her face, "Hush, hush! He's asleep. Don't wake him, good sir! Don't wake him! Softly, softly!"

"Where is your home?" asked the benevolent man. "You will die if you stay here. Where is your home?"

"Home! When we get where he is, he will find a home for the baby."

"Come with me," said Broad, taking her by the arm.

The woman, without a word, rose and followed him to his own house, where his wife, equally kind with himself, made her change her wet and tattered garments for warm and comfortable clothing. They were soon satisfied that she was not in her right mind; for her talk was incoherent, and she concerned herself about nothing but the well being of her child, although she passively submitted to Mrs. Broad's directions and wishes. They gave her their only spare bed, and in the morning she seemed a little refreshed, still giving no evidences of sanity. In the course of the day, she had drooped and sickened; and before night, was obliged to be put to bed, to which she had been constantly confined until nearly the present time. She was never wild; but on the contrary, seemed to love all around her; and sometimes it was mournful to listen to her sad words addressed to her playful and rosy boy. Broad had deemed it best to communicate the matter to Isabelle, for he could not turn her into the street, and he was too poor to give her sustenance. Isabelle had immediately visited her, and also despatched a physician to her, who had pronounced her insanity to have been occasioned by mental distress. Isabelle had easily induced Mrs. Broad to keep her and take care of her for a few days, until a retreat could be provided; but as she had derived great benefit to her bodily health from the attention paid to her, and had manifested occasional glimpses of mental restoration, her benevolent friends had resolved to retain her awhile longer. She had been at Broad's about a fortnight; and it was conjectured that she was a poor girl who had been deceived and betrayed, becoming, at last, a friendless outcast, and houseless wanderer, with the fruit of her shame.

Such was the tenor of Isabelle's relation; and while it was in progress, Howard played with the little fellow, who tottered up to him, attracted by the glitter of his watch-seals. Mrs. Broad soon signified to Isabelle that the invalid was ready to see her; and while Howard was left by the females, he busied himself in amusing the child, whose beauty and brightness were remarkable. After a few minutes, Mrs. Broad opened the door, and asked if he would not like to see the poor woman. As his curiosity had been much excited, he followed up the narrow and winding stairs. The door of the chamber was open, and as he reached the first landing, the voice of the sufferer fell upon his ear. It was so like—so identical with a soft voice he had heard in years gone by, that he turned pale at the recollections it recalled; but he still mounted, and passed into the room, Mrs. Broad, with the child in her arms, halting without, in respectful deference, while he should enter. Isabelle was sitting by the invalid, who reclined in a low arm chair, amused for the moment, by drawing her fingers through the fringe of Isabelle's cape. She carelessly turned her head toward Howard as he approached, but suddenly started up, gazed an instant steadfastly on him, then clapped her hands, and with a cry of joy, sprang towards him and flung herself on his breast, clasping his neck. To Mrs. Broad and Isabelle, it was an incomprehensible action, but to Howard, it was terribly lucid. There, on his bosom, clinging to him in enduring affection, was his own wife—robbed of the treasure of her sense by his cruelty and desertion. His sensations were too acute for description. At one instant, a gleam of pity prompted to kindness; again, rage at the threatened overthrow of all his hopes and expectations, and at the presence of Isabelle, who testified in her looks her wonder and astonishment, impelled him to dash the maniac to the floor. But forcing a smile, he said, after a few moments, to break the dreadful pause, "The poor creature seems to mistake me for some friend. Perhaps I resemble her betrayer." He then gently endeavored to disengage her from him.

"No, no," she cried, bursting into tears; "not again—we'll never part again!" and weaved her arms closer about him.

"Humor her fancy, Frederic," said Isabelle, moved to tears by the mournfulness of the scene.

Relieved by this evidence that she entertained no suspicions, Howard assented, and awaited the will of his wife. Her eye soon fell on her child, and drawing Howard to a seat, she snatched the boy from Mrs. Broad, and placing it on its father's knee, kneeled down, glancing repeatedly from the child's to Howard's face, eager to catch the feeling written there. That feeling was an agonizing one. Howard's eye had sought the child, as she brought it toward him, with a quick, inquisitive look, while the conflict within him was more dreadful than ever. There, indeed, was his own offspring; there were his own dark eyes, and contour of forehead, and glossy hair. When it was on his knee, he turned its face towards himself in pretence to sport, but in reality, to prevent Isabelle from tracing that resemblance which he felt to be so manifest. But the

consciousness that any appearance of trepidation would be the strongest evidence against him, emboldened him to an assumption of indifference to his wife's tenderness, as though his wonder equalled that of the two females, gazing upon the group. "Her conduct is very strange," said he, as Mary clapped her hands again, repeated the cry of joy which she had uttered when she first saw her husband, and repeatedly kissed his forehead, exclaiming:

"No cold nor hunger more. All together, all together, never to part again!" Then sinking again down upon her knees before Howard, and holding up her hands in petition, the tears fell fast, while in a pleading tone, she continued, "Don't scold poor Mary! Her feet are sore with walking, and the cold ground has been her bed, and all to find her love once more!" She then sank fully down, regardless of all around her, and wept bitterly.

Isabelle was by this time sobbing with a sympathetic grief she could not repress, and even Mrs. Broad repeatedly drew her hand across her eyes. As for Howard, he dared not speak of departure, or change his position, lest a second scene should ensue, though he could scarcely endure his agony longer. Once he could have sustained the extreme of suffering without a quiver or a change of feature; but his mind had now a morbid action, and his diseased nerves were not obedient to his unaltered will. Mrs. Broad relieved him by taking Mary's arm and raising her up. Fortunately for Howard, her face was turned away from him as she rose, and placing the child upon the floor, he stole away. Isabelle joined him below after a short time, and they started on their return. Isabelle conversed freely respecting the conduct of her protégé, but Howard was almost wholly mute. He could not assume to any extent, a careless air, at this overwhelming juncture, with so uncertain a prospect before him. A remark from him, however, that "he never had been witness of a scene which so oppressed him," accounted to Isabelle for his silence, and prevented any renewal of suspicion.

After he had parted from her, he sought his lodgings by the shortest course, proceeding at a furious rate, so as to attract the stare of the passers-by. Arrived at home, he locked himself in his chamber, and gave a loose to his feelings in extravagant gesture, and fearful words: cursing himself, his fate, and more than all, the wife who had come up before him as from the tomb. When he had become somewhat calm, he tried to reflect upon his situation, and fathom a way of escape. But thought revolted from the task; and after repeated efforts to overleap the barrier of foreboding dismay, he relinquished the endeavor, and sought oblivion in repeated draughts of brandy, until he turned his brain indeed, and raved like a very madman. He remained closeted until near midnight, and then, in disordered dress, went abroad—dashing up one street and down another, until he had coursed half the city over in his frenzy. It was nearly morning when he returned and flung himself upon his bed, where the sleep of his exhaustion was disturbed and unrefreshing.

When he awoke, his first act was to fortify reflection

by recurrence to intoxicating draughts; and in the wild and unnatural workings of his mind under their influences, he resolved on a half dozen different courses of procedure, adhering to none of them more than a few moments. A vague determination to get rid of Mary's presence, by persuading her to leave London, or bribing Broad to carry her away privately, maintained the longest hold; and in obedience to it, he left his lodgings and proceeded in a straight course to Broad's at a similarly rapid pace to his peregrinations of the preceding evening. Midway in the strand, Elthorpe, who was coming in an opposite direction with two or three brother officers, encountered him; and struck by his strange appearance, he did not pass him with the cold salutation with which he had felt it his duty to greet him of late, but laid his hand upon his arm and arrested his steps.

"Howard, is this you? What in Heaven's name is the matter? Forgive me for the interruption, but I claim the right of an old friend to demand a reply. Indeed, Howard, you look strangely. What is the matter?"

Howard would have brushed by him with scarce a sign of recognition; and when he was brought to a full stop by Elthorpe, he manifested his impatience if not anger, by a severe frown and repeated attempts to interrupt his friend even in his short address. He replied:

"I recognize the right of no friendship to pry into my concerns; and by —, no friend shall do so. If you are a friend, let me continue on, unquestioned."

The violence of his manner, united to his ghastly features and wildness of eye, so unnatural to him, excited Elthorpe's suspicions of some evil. He had no authority to detain, and the crowded street in which they stood, was an unpropitious spot for any thing except the gentlest persuasion. But his fears were so strong that he dreaded to separate from his former companion. Although he was no longer on intimate terms with him, he had never lost sight of his courses. He had never forgotten his love to Isabelle; and absorbing interest in her, created proportionate interest in the being to whom she had given her heart. He entertained no unwarrantable jealousy; he knew not of any treachery on Howard's part, and considering fortune as against him—in glorious humility, too, acknowledging Howard's superior merit, he had yielded in silence, and endeavored to smother his affection. But he could not divest himself of an active regard for Isabelle's happiness; and as that was so dependant on the character of her lover, he had been pained at the change in Howard, and his assurance of those indulgences which Isabelle had only suspected. But he could not interfere; and with renewed interest in her, from this, he had continued to the present time.

Howard cut short his dilemma by pushing his hand from his arm, and darting on without a further word. Elthorpe watched him for a moment, as he dashed along the crowded walk, forcing his way when any interruption or delay occurred, and fixing all eyes upon him, and with a hasty word to his associates to excuse

himself, he followed after. It was with infinite difficulty that he could keep him in sight; but by crossing the street at a favorable opportunity, and assisted by a delay which occurred to Howard in passing over to Drury-lane, he succeeded in tracing him directly to Broad's. His entrance into such a place, stimulated his doubts, and to satisfy himself, he had recourse to the same Irishwoman to whom Howard had applied. He, however, commenced inquiries by no subterfuge, but directly questioned as to who was the occupant of the next house, his occupation, etc.; and whether she knew the gentleman whom she had, perhaps, seen to enter it within a few minutes. She had not seen any gentleman go in, but she was a garrulous woman, and she told all she knew of Broad and his wife, and the young woman who was crazy there; and also of the young lady who visited her, and the gentleman who had called two days before, and who had yesterday come to Broad's in company with the young lady. From the description of the gentleman's person and dress, Elthorpe had no hesitation in deciding it to be Howard. The young lady was doubtless Isabelle, and his cheek glowed at the Irishwoman's praises of her. The information he had received, was rather opposed to the supposition of Howard's being actively or passively connected with any evil; and his mind was considerably relieved. But his curiosity was excited in equal measure with the allaying of his suspicions, to become further acquainted with the circumstances of the recipient of Isabelle's charity: and, perhaps, a desire to listen to her further praises was joined to the curiosity which was the acknowledged motive to his own heart for proceeding directly to Broad's the moment that Howard, with the same wildness as before, had hastened by. When in Mrs. Broad's presence, he would have been at an utter loss to excuse his intrusion, but she greeted him by name, for she had often seen him at Count Rebierra's, and removed all difficulty. It was then easy to inquire for Miss Isabelle's protégé.

Mrs. Broad stated the particulars which are known to the reader. She narrated, also, how singularly the invalid had behaved on the preceding day, in Howard's presence. "But it was more singular to me," she said, "that Captain Howard should have visited the house but a few minutes before and appeared as he did, and said what he did. He asked how the woman was, and when I told him that she had talked like other folks, and all her craziness seemed to be gone, he turned very pale, and then asked what she had said. I told him how she had looked about the room when she waked up, as if in search of some one, and then said to me, 'Where is he? Where am I? Was not Frederic here a little while ago?'—and then he struck his hand against his forehead, and hinted something about how imprudent it was to have anything to do with vagrants, and that this woman might be a thief—that we must look out for ourselves. When I asked him if he would not go up and see her, he snatched up his hat, saying, 'No, no. I'll have nothing to do with her, and you had better not;' and putting a five pound note into my hand, went out without another word. When I went up-

stairs to the woman, she was standing by the window watching him as he walked down the street, and she said with tears in her eyes, 'There, that is he—he has been here—that is my dear Frederic. He will not see me still.' She had heard his voice, and opened the door and listened. I have felt very strange about it," concluded Mrs. Broad, "but I thought I wouldn't question the woman about it until Miss Isabelle should come. But, perhaps, you would like to see her, sir? I'm sure I should like to have you."

"It is very strange, indeed," answered Elthorpe, "it is very strange. Perhaps it is well I should see the woman; for if—no matter, but it is truly, very strange!"

He would have said, if there had been any connexion between Howard and the woman, it would be well that some one else should communicate it to Miss Isabelle; but he checked himself, before he had thus revealed the suspicions which these circumstances had vividly excited. When he went up stairs, in compliance with Mrs. Broad's request, Mary was reclining on the bed, sobbing and moaning; she rose upright when she saw him, and in reply to some kind and soothing remark, she uttered some unmeaning sentences, which led him to fear that her mind was gone again, and a bar was interposed to the revelation of this singular mystery. But she shortly pressed her forehead with her hand, and said, "Excuse me, sir? I have been wild, I know, a long time. I know not how I came here, and my little boy is taller—much taller, than when I remember last: and that was far away, too. But I am not mad now; only, sometimes, I lose myself for a few moments. Oh, sir," she continued, in a quivering voice, "he has been here. I saw him this morning—he, my own Frederic. I have been in search of him all this while, and if I can only see him, and show his boy to him, who is so like him, I know he will love me again. Do you know him, sir? Will he come again? Am I among friends?"

"You are, indeed, among friends," answered Elthorpe, "who will do every thing for you, and help you, to the best of their power. But you have given only the half of his name. I cannot tell whether I know him or not. What is he named, besides Frederic?"

"Howard," replied she, earnestly, "Howard: Frederic Howard; my husband. He is an officer in the army. I saw him this morning, indeed, I saw him."

"Your husband, young woman, your husband?" cried Elthorpe, starting up and throwing off the indifference he had assumed. "Beware of what you say! Do you speak the truth? Your husband?"

"Yes, sir. Do you think it false? It is truth, indeed, sir." She then put her hand in her bosom, in search of something, but withdrawing it she wrung her hands, crying, "It's gone—its gone! I am honest, sir, but my proof is gone—gone—gone! I have no hope now!"

Upon this Mrs. Broad brought from her closet a small folded piece of cloth, and handed it to Mary. She seized it with avidity, expressing her earnest thanks, and untying the string that confined it, and un-

folding the cloth she took from it a paper, which she handed to Elthorpe. It was a certified and formal certificate of marriage, between Frederic Howard and Mary Lincoln.

"I took it from her," said Mrs. Broad, "the first night that Tim brought her here. She has inquired for it several times since, but I thought it might be of consequence, so I kept it."

"It is of the utmost consequence," answered Elthorpe. "A wife!" he continued, half to himself, "Howard a wife? What deceit, that he should never have mentioned it. If it be true, what has not Isabelle escaped? Was your husband in the army when he married you?" he asked.

"No, sir. He bought an Ensigny afterwards. He grew proud then, and scorned poor me. But he will love me again, I know he will."

A thought now suggested itself to Elthorpe, of a means to decide conclusively respecting the truth of this story, which bore already so many marks of authenticity. He remembered Mathew Leggetson to have been Howard's servant, on his first entrance into the regiment. It was probable that he had accompanied him from home, and if so, could be brought to give his testimony.

"Did you know Mathew Leggetson?" he asked of Mary.

"Oh, yes, sir. Don't speak of him! Don't speak of him!"

Elthorpe then took his leave. He begged of Mrs. Broad not to mention to Isabelle, a word of what had occurred in relation to Howard, and enjoined upon her to induce Mary to conceal her connexion with him from Isabelle, if she should call before he had an opportunity to see her again.

Mary extended both her hands to him, when he bade her farewell, saying, "You don't think I am false? I hope not, sir, oh, I hope not! But you won't do any thing to make Frederic angry with me, will you? I cannot live, if he should be unkind any longer. Don't make him angry! Let me see him—let me speak to him, pray do? And I know he will be kind, and love me again!"

Elthorpe's reflections, as he walked from the house, were of a peculiar nature. He felt that a deep and painful responsibility was resting upon him. How completely had the events of a half hour, rooted up what had seemed fixed and secure? There seemed almost a Providence in the manner in which his agency had been procured. He was too noble ever to act as a spy upon any one; and he had followed Howard to the house, from an unusual and irrepressible impulse. From what a dreadful doom was Isabelle to be saved? And yet how was the warning to be conveyed to her? An unwelcome task was to be imposed on the messenger, who should communicate to her the astounding tidings of her lover's worthlessness; and, perhaps, one evil would be averted, only to make her a victim to another, as certain and devastating. The breaking of her hopes, the ruin of her love, might leave a wreck too frail to support its misery. And what course was to be pur-

seed in relation to Howard? How would his proud spirit endure, that the light should come to his misdoings? The hope clung to Elthorpe's mind, that he might be reclaimed to virtue, and return to his deserted wife and child; but fear was paramount.

The first step was to corroborate Mary's statements, by an appeal to Mathew Leggetson; and Elthorpe determined to explore his haunts, and resolve as soon as might be, every doubt.

CHAPTER XIX.

To return to Howard. Mary's sanity destroyed every plan that he had formed, and the announcement of it, as Mrs. Broad had described, excited him to wildness. He had enough of reason left to perceive, that any communication with Mary, to induce her to leave London, could not be effected without Mrs. Broad's knowledge, or that concealment which would carry its own condemnation, and, more frenzied than ever, he rushed into the street. With a vague feeling that he stood convicted in the eyes of all the world, he avoided every thoroughfare, and hurried through the more deserted streets to the northward of Covent Garden—deserted, at least, by those who would recognize him. When he issued into the Haymarket, through Suffolk Street, he glanced around him with an anxious look, like that of the pursued criminal, then crossed with a more rapid pace to Pall Mall. Again he applied to his maddening comforter, brandy; eager to postpone the workings of an excited mind. But the acuteness of mental pain was fast conquering the power of extraneous stimulants, and draught after draught of the fiery fluid was swallowed, at short intervals, without effect.

A new turn was given to his thoughts by the unceremonious entrance of Mathew and Fletcher, who carelessly nodded to him, and sat composedly down. The two were now hand and glove in degradation, rioting and gambling until their funds were exhausted, then applying in confidence to their unwilling banker. They had but a very short time before drawn largely upon him, and they could not have chosen a more unpropitious season than the present to renew their demands, for besides being in the depth of acute suffering, he was almost penniless. His funds in London were absolutely exhausted, and a direction he had sent for the sale of some property at the north, had not yet been answered. The reception he gave the two was no indication of his mood. He regarded them with a stare from bloodshot eyes, while his brow was tightly pursed, and his lips compressed together. His thoughts were manifestly elsewhere; and those who had once the power to inflict the severest pain, were rendered of little account by some superior evil.

"Servant," said Fletcher, nodding again. He then jerked his cap toward Mathew, who, it seems, was this time to commence operations, as a signal to begin.

"Well, maister Howard," said Mathew, "nae doot ye're illsorted to see us twa', sae sune agin, baith jinking forbye; but I ken weel ye winna' be unco' angry anent it, sin' we're a' siccan gude freends in luve. Ye'll mak' us muckle obleaged wi' gie'ing us twenty punds,

for which, nae doot, maister Fletcher here, wha kens weel the use o' pen an' ink, wull gie his name."

If it was an ill time to importune Howard, it was yet more ill-timed to jest with him; but Mathew, who had no very nice discrimination as to what policy would best secure his ends, but blundered on in callous recklessness, would have his joke and laugh, although he must have had in his memory the frequent defiance of them which Howard had exhibited, and his subdued passion, even when most disposed to purchase their silence. Fletcher, grovelling and degraded as he was, was possessed of a keener wit, and though he responded somewhat to Mathew's broad laugh after the above speech, he shook his head in rebuke at the same time. But Howard did not seem to hear a syllable. His eye was still fixed on Mathew, and his look was unchanged, while he scarcely moved his position. Failing of a reply, or any acknowledgment of his presence, Mathew stared back at his former master, and then cast wondering glances at Fletcher, who exhibited equal amazement.

"Its unco' strange," said Mathew, in an under tone; while Fletcher muttered to himself, with an oath, "we'll bring 'im to, before long!"

"Maister Howard," said Mathew, inquiringly, and yet hesitatingly, for he now took notice of Howard's appearance and was somewhat startled. "Do ye ken what I hae said? Deil," he added, after a pause, during which Howard remained as before; "is he daft—or donnet? Maister Howard?"

The more surly Fletcher was disposed to consider this some species of deception, to prevent the success of their errand. He was in a position where he did not have a full view of Howard's face, and, therefore, was not influenced by its expression; so, slowly rising, he moved a few steps toward Howard and gruffly said,

"Shall we 'ave the blunt, or not?"

Howard started slightly at the impudence of his tone. It appeared to arouse him from a kind of trance. He passed his hand over his brow, and looked from Fletcher to Mathew, as one, half-awakened, regards those who may be standing by his bedside. He then waved Fletcher back with his hand, and walking to the opposite side of the room, opened a small drawer in a cabinet, and was for a few moments busied before it. Fletcher obeyed the motion, and returned to his chair, fancying that his decided tone had accomplished the object, for he winked at Mathew in a triumphant manner; but he had not settled himself in his seat, before a repeated click as of the cocking of a pistol, made him start, and Howard at the same instant turned, and extended his arms, pointing the muzzle of one of these deadly instruments toward each of his persecutors, exclaiming at the same time, in a low and firm voice:

"Now, out with you; or, by G—, I'll make but one reckoning of it!"

"Deil!" cried Mathew.

"Damnation!" said Fletcher, both simultaneously springing upright, and impassively dodging in the direction of the door. Both were courageous and daring in an extreme degree, but few

will oppose the will of a resolute man, holding the means of certain destruction in his hand. As they moved, the pistols moved, and there was that in Howard's manner, that warned them he was not to be trifled with.

"Drop that pistol—don't hact like a fool!" said Fletcher, still edging toward the door.

"If you dare to open your mouth again, I'll fire!" answered Howard, advancing a pace or two. The renewed threat hurried the two, and they shuffled from the room; no sooner crossing the threshold, than Howard hastily shut the door, and turned the lock. Fletcher would not relinquish his errand, without parleying through the door, to soothe Howard, and induce him to admit him again without violence, but he could obtain no answer. He was in too public a place to threaten, and finally descended the stairs, muttering fierce oaths of revenge. Howard, after he had sprung the lock, laid back the pistols in the drawer, exclaiming in dread despair, "Go and do your worst! You cannot make a hotter hell, than burns within me now!"

He did not close the drawer, and contemplated the pistols with grim satisfaction, as the thought crossed him, that by their agency he could in an instant end all earthly sufferings. He did not shudder at the enormity of self-destruction. To him there was no future, beyond the gloom of the grave. He knew little of Revelation and its momentous truths: for in the home of his boyhood, the holy book was a stranger, and even in his manhood, he had never opened it. He looked to death as a chaotic blank—a refuge for the guilty, as well as the suffering and the miserable.

As Fletcher and Mathew walked away from Pall Mall, the following conversation ensued between them, with, however, the omission of many of Fletcher's oaths.

"If that 'ere haint comfortin', Mat, I'm d——d! Curse me hif 'e sha'n't be scragged for this 'ere! I'll 'peach, by G—, and that afore sundown! What say, Mat?"

"Winna' we be bested oursel's, and twist the gy about our ain hauses? We arena' ower clear o' the matter. I'm nae sae sure anent it, but it wud be muckle better to let that fleec stick i' the wa'!"

"You be d——d!" answered the gentle Fletcher. "Not a bit of it. 'Cause vy? He vos chief cook o' that dish, vile ve vos hundertrappers. Ve'll turn States' bevidence, Mat. They'll put us in limbo, p'rap, to keep us snug for vittesses, but vot ov it? They'll let us hout agin; and I doesn't care for limbo, a month or two, so I 'as wengeance on this covey! But ve'll talk it hover at 'the Pot,' Mat. I vant's summat to vash my throat hout. I've a bob or two, left; but vot's ve to do, now our rum cove stands fire? D—n 'im!"

The precious pair ceased their conversation on the topic for the present, and, hastening on, soon entered "The Pot," a low gin shop, or ale house, in a narrow, dirty lane, leading out of Fleet Street toward the Thames. Fletcher called for drink, pipes, and tobacco, and the two sat seriously down to discuss the proes

and cons of an application to the police. There we, with pleasure, leave them for a time.

CHAPTER XX.

Elthorpe was somewhat at a loss, by what means to get track of the wretch, whom it was so necessary to consult. He remembered having once stopped with Howard in the days of their friendship, at the shop of a Scotchwoman near Covent Garden, who was a distant relation to Mathew, and thitherward he bent his steps. He was little delayed in recognizing the shop again, but upon application to the snuff-taking vender of goods in a small way, who stood behind the counter, she shook her head and anathemized Mathew in broad terms, as a "ne'er do weel" from his infancy, and now especially given to evil ways. He rarely came to see her now, and she did not regret it, for although a relation, he reflected no honor on her, who was a respectable woman and above reproach. Where he was she could not tell, as his ways had been unsettled since his separation from Captain Howard: a separation, for which she could by no means account. But he had, at one time, lodged at a widow woman's, No. —, Bow-lane, for the respectability of which lodging house she would by no means avouch. She had ceased to feel any interest in her backsliding relation. Such was her information.

Elthorpe could not do better than to post to Bow-lane, and prosecute further inquiries. Throwing himself into a hackney-coach at the nearest stand, he was speedily conveyed to his destination, in a neighborhood affording *prima facie* evidence that lodgers and lodgees must be of very questionable character. We cannot pause to describe the widow woman or her tenement; suffice it, that the former was evidently given to the bottle, and the latter to uninterrupted decay. Elthorpe left her, apparently no nearer his mark than before, for Mathew had vacated Mrs. Warner's premises some weeks before, "and never had shown himself there since; but, perhaps, he could be found or heard of at No. 10, Gerrard Street." Nothing daunted on so important a mission, Elthorpe re-entered the hackney-coach, and directed the coachman to the more respectable quarter in which Gerrard Street was situated. No. 10 proved to be a very good looking brick building without, and a low hell within, where decayed gamblers found a vent for the madness that had not vanished with the loss of their fortunes, and now played shillings and pence, for the pounds and guineas that had departed at more fashionable establishments in St. James's Square. Here, indeed, no questions were asked, money being the great "open sesame," and gentility at a discount. Elthorpe passed through the coffee-room, wherein a motley company were indulging in their potations, and every description of language, in every variety of tone and intonation, fell upon the ear like the confusion of Babel, to a small counter in one corner, from whence a deputy host dispensed liquors to the guests, and commands to the under servants. That dignitary bowed low to Elthorpe, for there was nothing in his manner in common with the creatures he usually

dealt with, and bent low to listen to his business.

"Leggetson—Mathew Leggetson?" he repeated, to himself, eyeing the ceiling; his memory did not serve him, and he appealed to a waiter, who at that moment approached the counter.

"A long-legged Scotchman?" asked the waiter, of Elthorpe.

"Yes," was Elthorpe's glad reply.

"Yes, yes," said the man behind the counter, "I know now. He hasn't been here for some days, but we shall see him before long."

"My business is urgent," replied Elthorpe.

"Ye'll find him, maybe, at the 'Mug,' in Waterlane, and, maybe, at the 'Swallow,' in He'born; but more like, at the 'Mug,' for a man lodges there as he likes very much to be with."

Once more in the hackney-coach, Elthorpe was rattled back over a portion of the same ground he had just traversed, and was rejoiced to observe Mathew in the coffee-room of the 'Mug,' in busy conversation with Fletcher. Ordering the coachman to wait his further pleasure, he accosted Mathew, and approached the subject on which his heart was fixed, with much wariness, as he did not know but that he would have objections to communicate whatever knowledge he might possess. Mathew's obtuse intellect could not penetrate circumlocution, but when Elthorpe, in despair, bluntly proposed the question, "whether he knew one Mary Lincoln before he came from the North," he answered,

"Hoot awa', why didna' ye say sae at ance? Mary Lincoln! Gang your gate, Colonel Elthorpe, to Captain Howard, an' spier what he kens of her. I wad, did ye say, sic a rampaging as wud come after, ye wudna' see again. Mary Lincoln! The pair body deed lang syne, an' didna' come to a fair-atral death. But gang to the Captain. Speir o' his wife—speir o' his wife!"

"She was his wife then?" exclaimed Elthorpe.

"Yes, an' the deil tak' him! He lived wi' her gude a twalmouth, then gaed to the army. Her bluid is on him. He didna' put hand to kill her, but aye worried her, till she made way wi' hersel."

"She's alive. I parted with her not two hours since!" said Elthorpe, faint at heart at the confirmation of his worst fears.

"Ye dinna say sae!" ejaculated Mathew. "Gir, I had kenned that yestreen, Bill; we couldna been wraurd this morning."

Fletcher, whom Mathew thus addressed as Bill, muttered a few oaths in reply, and then turning to Elthorpe, stammered out, as if half afraid of his own voice, while he laid the first stone of exposure:

"If you hax Captain 'Oward about the blawer, Colonel, hinqwire at the same time, vether a certain man, as was father to vun 'e hadmires, died heasy."

The last words were spoken close in Elthorpe's ear, so as to be inaudible to every one else; and as the ruffian seated himself, he enforced his meaning by a succession of winks. Elthorpe caught that meaning in a moment; for the recent and unexpected revelations of Howard's character had prepared him for any thing,

however base, that might be said of him. But of all things that could have been said or intimated, this was the most terrible; and he absolutely started back, turned pale as death, and trembled for an instant, like an aspen leaf, but recovering himself, he beckoned Fletcher into a corner at a greater distance from observers, and said,

"Speak out. What would you have me believe? Oh, God, speak out!"

"No, yer honor; I'm blowed If I 'peach till I 'as yer honor's solemn promise to keep us hout o' mischief!"

"I do promise, I do promise," cried Elthorpe, hastily—willing to promise any thing, or do any thing to arrive at the whole truth.

"P'raps yer honor can spare a few quids beforehand?" said Fletcher, on the alert to reap the most advantage from every turn of fortune.

"Quids?" said Elthorpe, inquiringly.

"Guineas," answered Fletcher. "I calla 'em quids. It's all vun to me, so as they hiesn't counterfeit, vot theys called."

Elthorpe drew out his purse and emptied its contents—guineas and shillings, into his hand. The amount was considerable, but the stake was tremendous.

"Vell now, Colonel, that's doin' the genteel thing; and considerin' the promise vich you has made, hall objections is wanished."

Glancing then about him to ensure their isolation and security, he drew Elthorpe's ear to his mouth, and distinctly stated Howard's agency in Count Rebierra's death, and the parts he and Mathew had acted. He did not enter into many particulars, and when he paused, Elthorpe was indisposed to ask any questions. He knew enough to make him sick to the very soul.

"Thank you, thank you," was all his reply, and he would have departed without another word; but Fletcher followed, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, "You wont forget the promise, Colonel?"

"No, I pledge my honor."

"That's all a gemman haxes," replied Fletcher, and the door closed between them.

Elthorpe ordered the coachman to the Strand, and there dismissed him, at an utter loss what to do—what to think. The astounding nature of the facts that had come to the light, deprived him for a time, of the power of reflection or decision. He was borne along with the current down the Strand, like one in a dream. Howard—Isabelle—Count Rebierra—Mary—all these, so linked together, came up in array before his mind, and passed away, to come like shadows, again. This painful state was dispelled by the greeting of a friend; and he then brought his powers to bear on the fearful crisis. His own necessary concern in it was no trifling thing. But how was he to act. Howard was, beyond a doubt, a murderer; guilty beyond the ordinary pale of depravity. Justice, trumpet-tongued, demanded the just offering. But could he be the means of entailing infamy on the friend whom he had loved and assisted, and yet more, who had enjoyed the dear treasure of Isabelle's love? And she—what wo, what agony was to be entailed on her! Howard's disgrace would be reflected on her;

her name would be in men's mouths at every repetition of Howard's infamy. It could not be! But yet Howard must be warned that he was master of his great secret; that he knew Mary to be his wife. Besides, the wretches who had been associated with Howard in the murder, would probably communicate the tale to others, if they did not indeed proceed directly to the officers of justice; for it was plainly their intention that he should do so for them. There was no alternative but to hasten to Howard—declare the position of things in as few words as possible, and bid him fly with all practicable speed. It was an agonizing task, but he hastened to execute it.

He knocked at Howard's door. No answer was returned. He then tried the handle; the door was locked. He then called Howard by name. Upon this there was a stir within, betokening an occupant; and as he knew that Howard had had no servant since Mathew's departure, he felt assured that it was himself. "Howard," said he, again, impatiently, "for Heaven's sake, open to me! It is I—Elthorpe; and I have that to say which you must hear!"

After a pause the door was unlocked, and he entered. Howard turned in the centre of the floor, and preventing a face whose ghastliness seemed as of an animated corpse, while the fiery gleam of his eye was terrible to behold, he stood in silence, giving to Elthorpe, as on a previous occasion to Fletcher and Mathew, no token of recognition. Elthorpe, however, was filled with his absorbing object, and took little cognizance of inferior things. "Howard," said he—

He turned away, for his lips trembled, his eyes filled, and he could not speak. His emotion had no effect on Howard, who stirred not, and spoke not.

"Howard," began Elthorpe, again, when he had conquered his emotion, "you have—you must have nerves of steel, therefore, you need little preparation for what I have to reveal. In one word, I know all—your whole history. If you would be fully satisfied, let it suffice that I have seen your wife—once Mary Lincoln, and have had an interview with Fletcher and Leggetson, who have held back nothing. The secret is safe with me, provided you leave London for ever. If you are in want of funds, say what you need and it is yours. But your own safety and the peace of those whom you best love, requires that you should fly—now—at once!"

There was little change in Howard's manner at this abrupt announcement. Indeed, he had experienced all the agony of discovery, and Elthorpe's communication was but the consummation he had anticipated; and it needed but this to lead to another more fearful consummation for which he was equally prepared. He smiled—a dreadful smile. Then he walked to the cabinet, and in a moment turned and pointed one pistol at his own head, the other at Elthorpe.

"If you move to prevent me you shall go with me to hell!" he said in a hoarse voice.

"Madman!" shouted Elthorpe, rushing forward. Both pistols exploded at the same instant; but the one intended for Elthorpe missed its victim, while the other

lodged its murderous contents in Howard's brain; and ere he touched the floor, he was wholly dead!

CHAPTER XXI.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Elthorpe, to vindicate him from the slightest suspicion of agency in Howard's death, having been alone with him at the fatal moment, that a gentleman, who occupied a suite of rooms similarly situated with Howard's, across the entry, should have just opened his door as the report of the pistols echoed through the house, and had instantly rushed into Howard's apartment, reaching his side almost as soon as Elthorpe himself. Howard presented a shocking spectacle. The pistol had been held so near his head, in the direction of the right temple, that it had literally blown away the half of the frontal bone, and the coats of the brain having been torn off with it, the brain itself was oozing from the frightful wound. His hands still grasped the pistols. It was questionable with Elthorpe, whether he actually intended to do him injury; whether he had not involuntarily pressed the trigger of the pistol in his left hand, as he fired that in his right, with fatal aim against himself; for he had raised his arm at the same time, and the ball had passed entirely over Elthorpe's head, and lodged in the cornice behind him. He nourished this doubt, for with all the depravity which the lifeless being at his feet had exhibited throughout his life, he would fain have exonerated him in his own heart, the imputation of so foul and gratuitous a murder; and he was careful to retain to himself the threat he had made, that his memory might be spared this added reproach in the eyes of the world.

Having tarried until he had seen proper attentions paid to the remains, and given his testimony before the coroner's inquest which was immediately held, he returned directly home, for he was exhausted with the labors and emotions of the day. Another painful duty, to him, perhaps, more painful than any yet performed during this terrible drama, was yet to be executed; to inform Isabelle of the death, and it might be, of the character of her lover. His mind was engaged for several hours upon the consideration, how much it would be necessary to reveal to her; what it would be excusable to detain. Of the relation in which Mary stood to him, when it was estimated how deep an interest she had taken and still took in the situation of the latter, it would seem that information would be conveyed to her from some source or other; and it would certainly be advisable to make it known at once, rather than that she should be exposed to greater suffering from arriving at the knowledge by some indirect channel. But with his concern in the murder of her father, there was no demand that she should be made acquainted. The further concealment would only exert an influence in sparing her from the dangerous revulsion of feeling which she would otherwise experience, and in ameliorating her contempt and horror of the dead; which would be sufficiently active at the reflection that he had sought and won her love under such criminal circumstances. Elthorpe was unequal to the exertion of mind

and body of an interview with her on that day, and yet was so fearful of the probability that busy rumor might bring the appalling news of the suicide to her ears, perhaps aggravating the truth, that he penned a disclosure, carefully as possible, which his mother, Lady Landor, immediately proceeded to convey to her; and a more discreet ambassador than her ladyship, for such a mission, could not have been selected.

Elthorpe then threw himself upon a sofa, but could not calm his agitation. Uppermost, was a dread that Isabelle might, by some means, sooner or later, discover Howard to have been her father's destroyer. She had listened to his vows of affection; his kisses were upon her cheek; and what was not to be anticipated from her apprehension of this withering truth. But three persons in the world were possessors of the secret; himself, Fletcher and Mathew. Their secrecy might be secure; "it shall be," thought Elthorpe, "and that before an hour has fled." So soon as a coach could carry him, he was in the coffee-room of the ale-house, the retreat of those he sought. Fortune favored his benevolent intents. The wretches were yet there. He announced Howard's death, which they heard with no small degree of wonder.

"And now," said Elthorpe, "I feel wholly absolved from my promise of protection to you, by this event. Rest assured that the fangs of justice which would have fastened on him, are sharpened for you. Here is a check for three hundred pounds; with it, leave the kingdom. Delay not one day; for if you do, you are lost. If you are in London the day after to-morrow, the law shall do its work."

Without pausing to listen to their oaths and entreaties, he left them to ponder on his words, well knowing what would be their effect. Two days thence, they were on board the Calais packet.

CHAPTER XXII.

Poor Isabelle drank the first draught of her cup of misery before Howard had rushed unbidden to the presence of his God. Mrs. Broad had promised Elthorpe that she would prevent Mary from any revelation of her connection with Howard; but as Mary had been so agitated during her interview with Elthorpe, she deemed it best to delay any further conversation until she had enjoyed repose. But Isabelle had almost immediately called; and it was too late. All was told; and when Lady Landor, refusing to be repulsed by representations of her illness, entered her chamber at evening, she found her really prostrated by the shock. But the more awful communication which Lady Landor was charged with, did not exert so powerful an effect as might have been anticipated. Her lover's treachery and dishonor were more terrible to her than death itself; after dishonor, it was scarce a misfortune. Its manner, and the unfitness of the departed for the bourne he had so rashly sought, were harrowing considerations; but all did not pierce so deep as that first conviction of unworthiness. She was visited, however, by a violent fever, and again her mind was shattered from its seat; but youth and a vigorous constitution, were

triumphant; and she slowly recovered. Lady Landor was instant in attentions to her, for she knew Elthorpe's feelings, and his anxiety for her safety. Elthorpe, too, was not wanting in expedients to beguile and sooth her sorrow. But it lingered long in poignancy; and for two years burying herself in seclusion, she was lost to the world she had so adorned. She travelled then in Lady Flemming's companionship; and Elthorpe, on furlough, left England with Lady Landor, soon after her. They met in Paris. Isabelle was rejoiced to join their party, since they were to proceed in the same direction. Together they visited Italy—together viewed its relics of former glory; its wondrous treasures of art. They mingled sympathies—imagination—and at last, they mingled loves. Isabelle would never have done violence to the memory of a virtuous lover—would have consecrated her heart to it, and no second affection could have found a place. But with health came reflection; and that reflection gave birth to an honorable indignation—a wrestling with her heart—an ejection of its unworthy tenant. Need we say that now she reposed her trust where it was treasured in honor and truth?

Mary was established from the death of her husband, in a little cottage not far from London, by her untiring benefactress. She lived to rear her boy to usefulness and now, after thirty years have passed, he is a respected and talented member of the London bar. His most intimate friend is the son of Lord Landor, once Colonel Elthorpe, his patron, and, indeed, he shares that nobleman's delightful family-circle, now that he has laid his revered parent in the grave, almost equally with its immediate members. Indeed, report says he is to be the husband of Lord Landor's beautiful daughter; but of that fact we are not yet assured, although we have our strong suspicions.

Original.

GLIMPSES AT GOTHAM.—NO. IV.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

THE most remarkable portion of Gotham is that long, winding thoroughfare, which, commencing at the Park, under the fashionable name of Chatham Street and Bowery, extends northward, into unexplored regions. The distinctive appellation of Chatham Street is getting to be lost in the latter, and the whole now usually goes under the name of Bowery—under which title we shall consider it. Every little child knows, or ought to know, that Broadway runs straight as a line through the heart and centre of Gotham, from one end even to the other thereof. But every child does not know, and therefore should know, that the Bowery defects and infects on the east of it, like a crescent, or, in plainer terms, that the Bowery is a great bow, and Broadway its string, in the pastime of shooting with which, it is said, none but his Honor, the Mayor, and their worthies, the Aldermen, are allowed to engage. This last is a dark sentence, and requireth to be digested with long and patient thought, ere it be well understood! Let not

the ignorant begin to imagine that because the Bowery is a bow, it is therefore called *Bow-ery*. It has a far more romantic origin. Somewhere in the *incognita* terra, where it loses itself, a century ago was a "Tea-Garden," as the "Niblos," of that primitive age, were denominated. It was far-famed for its liquors and its teas, of which there were to be had black and green of every kind, Bohea, Congo, Campo, Pekoe, Souchong and Hyson, and Gunpowder; but the Bohea was the most fashionable. But what rendered this garden most famous, was its *bowers* of evergreen. At the foot of every walk was a green bower, shady and retired, inviting lovers to bill and coo beneath its verdant covert. Nor were the sides of the shady avenues without them; for every twenty feet on either hand, a green arbor invited the eye. Indeed, it was a garden of *bowers*, and far and near was known by the romantic name of "The Bowery." Citizens of Gotham—habitant of Chatham Street—denizen of Bowery! didst ever before associate romance and sentiment with *The Bowery*? Rejoice, oh, ye knights of the *long-bow*! for the aroma of green arbors and the perfume of flowers fill your street! Snap your fingers at the unsentimental sound of "Broadway," and glory in your own. Wreath your shops with garlands, and, maidens, mingle with your hair, roses and evergreens, as figurative of your origin—and like the Shamrock to Erin—the rose to England, and to Scotland the thistle—let a sprig of hemlock henceforward be your crest!

"But what has the 'garden of bowers' to do with giving the name to the Bowery, *par excellence*?" says a cavilling dweller in Broadway. "Prove me that, master Brooke."

"Much, sir. It was the only road, long before your boasted Broadway was cut through to Canal Street, that led from town to the Tea-Garden or 'Bowery,' and hence was called 'the Bowery road,' now cut down to 'Bowery.'"

Having settled this objector, we will take a glimpse at the Bowery as it is. It properly commences at the head of the Park, opposite the Astor House, corner of Ann Street and Broadway; but it does not begin to wear the distinctive and peculiar features which characterize it, till you get to old Tammany Hall, which stands like a lion guarding the entrance. Nevertheless, we shall begin with the *neck* of the bow which is at the Astor House; for verily and alas! one half of this noble pile of granite shows its aristocratic face on Bowery, while the other half fronts Broadway; thus, like an impartial father, holding in one embrace the two great thoroughfares of Gotham, and to each equally dispensing the light of its benign countenance!

Bowery begins, then, at a solitary lamp-post, supported on either side by a small granite obelisk, which stands in the centre of the square, opposite the Astor House, and was erected to shelter pedestrians from passing vehicles. This post divides the current of carriages and pedestrians, two thirds on an average, flowing into Broadway, the remaining third into Bowery. For an eighth of a mile from this post, on the left, the Bowery is bounded by the iron railing of the Park, and oppo-

site, on the right, is a long row of lofty buildings, used as boarding-houses, hotels, refectories, etc., in the centre of which rises the white, plain front of the Park theatre—the aristocratic theatre of Gotham! Be patient, ye patrons of the drama legitimate, and frequenters of the Park! Exquisite sir! compose yourself. Did it ever occur to you that when you were sitting in your crimson-curtained boxes, that you were at a theatre in the Bowery? I dare say not. Your eyes are now open to the appalling fact! Sir, there is no disputing it. Night after night when you have been listening enraptured to the celestial strains of Celeste—to the melody of Caradori—to the syren voice of Wood; seeing and hearing with delight the sublime Forrest—the elegant and majestic Clifton—the charming and fascinating Tree—and when you thought yourself at times in palaces or in gorgeous villas, or in Italian fields, or the senate-chamber of Rome, or e'en at times in Heaven—you have been sitting in a theatre in Chatham Street—in the Bowery! Did you know this, and yet fondly delude yourself with the belief that it fronted on Broadway, notwithstanding the Park and the Bowery lay between. Assuredly, no man would be expected to say his house fronted on such a curb-stone or such a gutter, but on such a street, to which the curb-stone and gutter were appurtenant:—doubtless the Bowery and the Park have hitherto been to your elevated vision, only the curb-stone and gutter to divine Broadway. In this case, there is some excuse for you. Perhaps, though, you have admitted the Park to be a park, and the Bowery to be a street, but disdaining their inter-location between your idol theatre and Broadway, have deluded yourself with the belief that the faint illumination shed from Broadway across, is a bright and glorious sun-light, that dispels the vulgar mists that hang about the beloved temple of your adoration! Alas, for the Park! Little Franklin, hold up your head and shake hands with your neighbor! Bowery, rise once more from your ashes, and extend the hand of fellowship to your brother! Alas! alas! Aristocratic Park, how are thy glories faded! Alas, lordly Astoria, how has thy fine gold become dim!

From the block which contains the Park Theatre, the pedestrian passes Lovejoy's famous lodging-house for country gentlemen, on the corner of Beekman Street—down which a glimpse is caught of the Clinton Hotel, famous for its excellent dinners and superior wines. Passing Dr. Spring's Church, surrounded by its small grave-yard, so thickly set with tomb-stones that a finger cannot be laid between them, and a large brick edifice next, north of it, called the Missionary Rooms, you enter an open space from which several streets run in different directions; but the Bowery passes straight through it, and beyond it first begins to assume the peculiar characteristics that distinguish it from every other street in Gotham. As you cross the square on a line of flags, half-way across you will pass an apple stand, where you can exchange a penny for an apple, which you may eat as you go along the Bowery. For the conventional rules that govern Broadway do not obtain, as the lawyers phrase it, in this thoroughfare. Besides,

it will show your independence, which is a quality you will find by no means rare as you proceed. Tammany Hall, as you gain the side-walk—presuming you to be walking on the eastern pave—meets you with its high brick front, looking like, what it is, a large hotel: the “Hall” being one of its upper rooms. But Tammany Hall is too well known, to require any notice here. Now begins Bowery, proper! The Park, which has followed you on the left hand so far, draws to a termination, and in the place of its marble town-house and granite public buildings, close rows of buildings shut in the west side of the street. How sudden the change! Shops, small as cages, and filled with the odds and ends of every thing and a little more, are crowded as thick together as they can stand. Here is a second-hand jeweler’s: his wares faintly sparkling to the eye through a narrow, dirty, bow-window; and next door is a second-hand clothes man, with garments of every hue, and size, and condition, hanging out from long poles, as if their owners had dropped out of them like an Eel out of its skin. Then comes a peddling hatter, perched in a box seven-by-nine, his stock in trade consisting of three score castors, that have grown grey in service, and of the fashion before the last war. The three gilt balls hanging over the next door, points out the occupant as a pawnbroker. The door is narrow, and darkened by “oilt claithes” suspended around it, and opens into a dimly lighted shop with a row of closets facing inside on the counter, ranged from the door to the rear. These boxes serve to screen the unfortunates from their neighbors, where each can transact his business unseen by others. In and out of the door are continually passing those, whom temporary or daily necessity has compelled to part with their personal chattels. What a picture of human life, and of the strange reverses of society, one year’s history of one of these pawn-shops would exhibit! He who can draw the veil and expose its secrets, would present a volume of thrilling and painful interest, without parallel in the annals of domestic suffering. Their utility has often been questioned. Yet they have their uses as well as abuses. The lower and middle classes, and sometimes those of higher condition, throng to them when under temporary pecuniary embarrassment. Thousands of poor women, whose improvident husbands neglect to provide for their families, have repeatedly been saved from the last stages of misery by the aid of these institutions, if I may term them such. The assistance they afford to the destitute, generally counterbalances the encouragement they offer to the thief. As I shall give a chapter wholly to this subject, I will not anticipate it by further observations, but continue the outline sketch I have commenced of the Bowery.

The pawnbrokers’ shops “most do congregate” in this quarter, and with the old clothes and old wares’ shops, gave to this part of the street a peculiar aspect. Both sides of the Bowery, to Chatham Square, may be called the Jews’ quarter, for nearly every other shop is kept by one of the sons of Israel—their families for the most part living in the rear, or above stairs. Here may be found whatever hath gone out of date in Gotham—

second-handed furniture and clothing, books and bedding, watches, clocks, musical snuff and work boxes, gold-chains, seals, keys, rings, diamond and other studs, pins, ear-rings, finger-rings, miniature frames, neck chains, eye glasses, and opera do, strung pearl, coral, and other necklaces, silver tea, coffee and milk pots, sugar bowls, tea, table, salt and dessert spoons, forks, soup ladles, pitchers, goblets, waiters, castors, spectacles, pencil-cases, pictures, surtouts, frock and dress coats, cloaks, pea and great coats, pantaloons, vests, shirts, roundabouts, summer clothing, shoes, boots, hats, remnants of cloths, cassimeres, silk, linen, calico, muslin and flannel, handkerchiefs, silk and calico frocks, shell combs, merino and other shawls, scarfs, veils, peladines, caps and capes, bead bags, parasols, umbrellas, violins, bugles, clarionets, flutes and guitars, spy glasses, quadrants, sets of instruments, liquor cases, bibles and other valuable books, rifles, fowling pieces, muskets, pistols, swords, table clothes, napkins, sheets, quilts, counterpanes, blankets, curtains, feather beds, carpets, hearth rugs, knives and forks, looking glasses, and-irons, shovels and tongs, fenders and irons, chairs, tables, bureaux, sofas, bedsteads, and (if you are not out of breath, reader, for we are,) coffins, cradles, and tombstones, for what we know to the contrary.

Chatham Square is worthy a volume by itself, but we must not linger here, notwithstanding the “Little Franklin,” as Mr. Dinneford’s pet is affectionately denominated, honors it by fronting it; nor must we turn into East Broadway, which rivals in its breadth, and in the elegance of its private buildings, the old Broadway proper; but leaving them to the right continue on, taking the western pave, into the entrance of the bonafide Bowery.

After leaving Chatham Square and its numerous shops for the sale of ready-made clothing, and boots and shoes, the latter with mammoth boots for signs, (on one of which, the gaping passer-by is astounded by the words, “The largest Boot in the World,” written on it large as life,) the street assumes a different aspect.

The buildings are loftier, but are devoted principally to coffee-houses—so called, because no coffee is ever sold there—eating houses, “oyster halls,” as cellars are christened, and all their genus. Not quite a block from the Square the ruins of the Bowery, stately in their fall, meet the eye, a striking and interesting object in the midst of the surrounding life and bustle. The remainder of this street, for nearly two miles, is devoted to milliners, mechanics, and people of small business; yet the shops are elegant, and more brilliant at night than those in Broadway, the side-walks spacious and clean, and, altogether, affording one of the most interesting promenades of an evening (especially Saturday) to be found in Gotham. At its upper extremity it turns again into Broadway, at Union Square, two miles or more from the Astor House—though there are some that contend that it loses itself, instead, in Third Avenue, and so continues on into the regions about Harlem.

The peculiar and distinguishing features of the Bowery, will be “glimpsed at” in another number.

N I A G A R A .

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

It is seldom that we publish any thing that is not original, but the lines below are so very beautiful, that we cannot refrain from giving them a place. When we find such poetry going down to oblivion in the corner of a newspaper, we are inclined to believe, with a talented friend, who asserts that the best poetry of the day is floating through the newspapers and magazines of our country, unclaimed and almost unnoticed like leaves floating on the autumn wind: when, if carefully preserved, it might become a rich national treasure. It is to be regretted, that with the exception of three or four of our earliest writers, Halleck, Sprague, and a few others, the best poets connected with our literature are compelled to appear before the public in the present desultory fashion, and from a want of proper appreciation, consequent to an imperfect medium of approach to the reader, are deprived of their just station among the leading poets of the land. It gives us great pleasure to learn, that Mr. Samuel Colman has commenced the publication of a library of *American Poets*, which will comprise not only the pioneers in the more lofty department of our literature, but such as have an equal claim to a just representation before the public. A beautiful volume, containing a poem, rich with genius, and a tragedy by Rufus Dawes, has already appeared. This will be followed by our poetical writers in succession, till the whole body of native poets be presented before the public, in a manner worthy of them and of our literature.

I

Oh God! my prayer is to thee—amid sounds
That rock the world! I've seen thy majesty
Within the veil! I've heard the anthem shout
Of a great ocean, as it leapt in mist
About thy thunder-shaken path! Thy voice
As centuries have heard it, in the rush
And roar of waters! I have heard thy step
Fall like a trampling host, above, around,
And under me. Thy call is to the worlds
Thou hast created, for their reverence,
From out this awful shrining of thy away.
Shall they not hear it!

I have bent my brow
Within thy rainbow—and have lifted up
My shriek 'mid these great cadences! I've seen
What is the glory of Eternity.
And what the vision'd nothingness of man.

II

Where is the pilgrim who has walked the earth
Unmov'd and thinking nothing, yet can stand
Upon these battlements, untouched by prayer!
Amid these clouds, when moonlight fills the air—
And the beams seem to tremble as you gaze!
Within these caves, where whirlwinds marshal them,
And spirits, as from hell, seem centinel,
Nor feel his heart cower in him, as his eye
And ear catch this stern language as it falls!

III

Man! do you talk of majesty! Look up,
And see that ocean leaping from the cloud—
Crowned with a rainbow on its foaming front!
Talk you of strength! Gaze on that Tartarus
Where shadows wreath and congregate, far down

Into that heaving, fathomless abyss,
Where nought of life has journey'd. Could your arm
Buffet that billow! Would the mad'ning sea
Sink at your voice—and the white rivers hold
Back at your mandate! Is it given you
To feel like Atlas as you poise along
Those towers that quiver o'er that charming flood;
Volcano of great waters! Is it yours
In terrible security to dream
There is no rapid to another shore,
That lifts beyond this mortal!—whose whirlpools
Go deeper than the vortex the Red Man
Dar'd in his dim canoe!

Oh, ye, who tread
Your bold way through the noises of this world,
And deem they tell of wonder as they pass—
Ye who esteem his nobler panoply,
That armor man puts on for his small strife
And tournament that mark his little years—
Come here—and feel how mean his battling is
Compar'd with Nature's in her solitude!

PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

WHOEVER has attentively meditated on the progress of the human race cannot fail to discern, that there is now a spirit of inquiry amongst men which nothing can stop, or even materially control. Reproach and obloquy, threats and persecution, will be in vain. They may embitter opposition and engender violence, but they cannot abate the keenness of research. There is a silent march of thought which no power can arrest, and which it is not difficult to foresee, will be marked by important events. Mankind were never before in the situation in which they now stand. The press has been operating upon them for several centuries, with an influence scarcely perceptible at its commencement, but by daily becoming more palpable, and acquiring accelerated force, it is rousing the intellect of nations; and happy will it be for them, if there be no rash interference with the natural progress of knowledge; and if by a judicious and gradual adaptation of their institutions to the inevitable changes of opinion, they are saved from those convulsions which the pride, prejudices, and obstinacy of a few, may occasion to the whole.

Original.

H A T E .

HATE is a little murmuring stream
That smoothly glides at first,
But soon a torrent it will seem
From deep, dark channels burst.
The weakest, ere it swelleth, may
With ease the stream pass o'er—
The strongest, when it hath its away,
Can seldom ford to shore.

P.

Original.

THE LOVERS. --- A BALLAD.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

Oh! why droops the banner on Bothwell's tower?
And why comes that mournful wail?
Oh, the gallant William has breathed his last,
In Cadzow's oaken dale.

He went to hunt the bonny red deer,
And the ptarmagin to snare:
But a bonnier bird in Cadzow's dale,
Awaited the warrior there.

Ellen, the maid of the raven locks,
And the eye of raven hue;
At the trysting tree with beating heart,
Was waiting for William true.

Through the hazel copse, the moon's bright beams
Scarce darted their silver glow;
And the bloody Clyde in his rocky bed,
All heavily did flow.

Oh! why gleams the bale fire on Cadzow's tower?
And why rings the warder's horn?
And why are the shouts of the hunter band
Through wood and valley borne?

"To horse! to horse!" old Cadzow cries,
"To horse, my merry men all;
Thy ladye young—my daughter fair,
Has fled from her father's hall.

"Wind ye the woods and craggy cliffs—
Stem ye the angry Clyde;
Through the Avon's breast of hoary foam,
My gallant clansmen ride.

"Oh! woe to my house, and woe to the hour,
When the pride of my widowed heart;
My Ellen pure from my roof did fly,
And from honor's path depart.

"Seek ye the hind whose'er he be,
Who has dared one stain to fling
On the scutcheon of my house's line,
And the tear from my old eye wring.

"Seek ye the hind whose'er he be,
Though of power and princely fame;
His hated form to the eagle throw,
And bury in blood, his name!"

And the hunters ride through the tangled copse,
Through the forest all dark and drear;
And they climb each crag and towering cliff,
And their bugles ring far and near.

"Now couch ye, couch ye, my William bold,
Couch here in this birchen bower;
For the chase is up, and thy life is sought—
Couch here till the morning hour.

"And I will be thy bride, William,
To Bothwell with thee go,
And be the ladye of thy hall,
And share with thee weal and woe."

He kissed the tear from her raven eye,
And he parted her raven hair;
And he clasped her to his manly heart—
"God bless thee, my Ellen fair!"

With beating hearts the lovers lay,
And listened the hunter's cry,
And heard the voice of Cadzow stern,
Ring in the midnight sky.

And far on the breeze the wild hollos,
In distance was dying away;
And the little stars their torches quenched,
In the fount of the dawning day.

"Now haste ye, haste ye, my Ellen dear—
Haste with thy William brave;
Have ye the heart the Clyde to stem?
To ride o'er its bloody wave?"

"Oh! I will dare with thee, William,
The wrath of the howling storm;
Though all Nature warred I would not fear,
While I clasped my William's form!

"But hark! what means that cry, William?
Hear ye the blood-hound's bay?
Couch ye, again, my warrior love—
Bend ye thy knee, and pray."

He clasped the maid in his manly arm,
And he drew his sword amain;
But the moment next the feathered shaft
Had cleft his heart in twain.

"Traitor, be that his guerdon dear,
Who robs me of my fame;
'Tis thus that Cadzow pays the stain,
Cast on his house's name."

Red welled the blood from his warrior heart,
As he sank on his mossy bed;
A withering shriek from the maiden burst
And reason her spirit fled.

"I come, I come," my love, she cried,
"I'll stem with thee the tide;
Oh! it is blythe on the angry wave,
With my gallant love to ride."

Wildly she gained the hanging cliff,
Then plunged in the weltering wave;
One frantic laugh from the river rose
As she sank in her watery grave.

Old Cadzow gazed in horror wild,
While the tear from his stern eye ran;
Then sorrowing sought his childless halls,
A sadder and wiser man.

There is weeping and wailing in Cadzow tower,
There is mourning in Bothwell hall,
For the lovers young that have sank to rest.
Like flowers that too early fall!

Original.

THE ARAB'S HORSE,

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

THE affecting circumstance on which the following lines are founded, is too well known to require repetition here.

I BRING thee here, my desert steed,
Queen of her matchless race;
None better framed than her, to lead
The battle's fiery chase.

I bring thee here, my desert steed,
In beauty and in health;
And great indeed, should be my meed,
For she is all my wealth.

I love her, Christian! She hath braved
The stream of deadly strife.
Think how I love her—she hath saved,
Ay, more than once, my life.

And well doth she repay my care,
When chains and death are nigh;
The eagle through the trackless air
Moves not so fast as I.

How youthful are my courser's charms!
It seems but yesterday
Since first, beside the Well of Palms,
I taught her to obey.

At first she spurned the desert sand
In high and proud disdain,
But soon she bowed to my command,
And owned the practised rein.

The light djerreed above her flies—
It cannot make her quail;
And next, before her fearless eyes,
Floats Ada's silvery veil.

Then, when I found her true of heart,
An Arab, void of fear:
I slack'd her rein, and bade her part
Full on her fleet career.

Like arrow from the archer's hand,
She sprang, away! away!
A hundred miles of scorching sand
Were traversed on that day.

And full beneath the noonday sun,
There gleamed a lonely pool:
'Twas there, her headlong journey done,
I plunged my steed to cool.

No shiver in her swelling flank!
No dimness in her eye!
Unharm'd, she of the water drank,
Beneath the burning sky.

My Zuleima! and must thou feel
A Christian's strange caress,
Or suffer from his goring steel,
When faint from weariness?

And can'st thou, far away from me,
Thy food in comfort take?
I know thy heart will heavy be,
And mine, alas! will break.

My wife beside the lonely well
Will make her bitter moan,
E'en when the bright red gold I tell,
If I come back alone.

Can gold perform my courser's task,
Replace the peerless gem?
My children for their playmate ask—
How shall I answer them?

Our Arab tents adorn the plain—
A plain without a track;
Shall kings control thy broider'd rein?
Or wilt thou bear me back—

Back to our desert and our home,
Our fountain and our tree,
Again the fiery waste to roam,
Contented, poor and free?

My Zuleima! she neighs assent—
She snuffs afar the breeze
That waves the canvass of our tent,
And sings among our trees;

And pleasant voices greet her ear,
And pleasant visions shine
Before her eyes—you see—you hear—
Take back your gold! *She's mine!*

LET not the guilty man, who may now be enjoying the pleasant sunshine of prosperity, flatter himself that he shall escape a self-inflicted punishment for guilt. 'Tis when adversity comes, that remorse, with its poisonous fangs, begins to gnaw at the heart of its victim.

THE idea that religion is a kind of slavery, to which none can submit without sacrificing the natural enjoyments of life, has ever been the greatest hinderance to its advancement among mankind. How much wiser and better should we be if we could carry along with us, from infancy to old age, the full conviction that happiness springs from the substantial cultivation and exercise of the Christian virtues.

MANY of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and in a future age their futility or absurdity is acknowledged, when they no longer retain a hold on the prejudices and passions of mankind.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Mr. Hamblin's engagement still continues. "Rienzi," the spectacle, has been revived in a style of splendor and perfection, which if more common to this house, would ensure for it a more liberal patronage. When this drama was produced, the theatre was well attended. The artists were all in the spirit of the piece, and performed in harmony with each other. Mr. Hamblin's personation of the Tribune, was excellent, embracing a variety of features which contribute to add greatness and interest to the hero. Mrs. Richardson and Miss Oushman were instrumental in carrying the drama forward, and Messrs. Richings, Wheatley and Hield, added to the scenes, qualities which stamped them as highly meritorious and skilful members of the profession. The minor parts were, also, acceptably filled. Mr. Fisher played the character allotted to him with truth and fidelity to nature, and relieved the tediousness of the action by his numerous sallies of wit and merriment. The chorus, too, was pleasing, and did not, as generally it does, diminish the interest of the drama in consequence of its slovenly character.

Mr. Hamblin has appeared in one or two other characters, but we have been unable to witness his performances, in consequence of other engagements. We regret to say, that about the middle of the month, he was taken seriously ill, and consequently could not appear as *La Fite* in the drama of that name. The part, however, was undertaken by Mr. Richings, who sustained it to the satisfaction of the audience, for several nights. Miss Cushman's *Theodore*, in the same piece, was a fine performance; but all that was done for the play, failed to excite that attention from the auditors which was anticipated. The burning of powder—and bad powder, especially—is enough to destroy the patience of any audience, and for one, we think it effective only in two ways—in disturbing nerves and driving individuals from the theatre.

A successful farce has been played at this theatre, founded on events which, it is said, have lately transpired in this city. It was played to the gratification of large audiences, for three nights—its title, "The Old Clock; or, Here she goes—there she goes." We have seldom known a farce, the scene laid so near home, so successful as this has been.

The engagement of Mrs. Sloman is now looked upon with interest, and the admirers of tragedy will no doubt avail themselves of the opportunity afforded, to witness the revival of some of the best plays in the language. We shall endeavor to speak of Mrs. Sloman's powers next month.

Near the close of the month, Mr. Hackett played to a large audience in "Henry IV.," personating Falstaff. It was the last appearance of the actor, as he sailed immediately after, for England, where he is to reside for the future. His performance was quite acceptable, although some very glaring faults were discernible. Not one in twenty of those who attempt to play Falstaff, can be successful. The character requires a singular combination of qualities to be represented to the satisfaction of the readers of Shakespeare, for the ideal Falstaff is a creation of a peculiar nature.

NATIONAL.—In our last notice, we spoke of the talents of the vocalists, Mrs. Seguin, Miss Shirreff, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Seguin; and we now advert to the engagement of another pleasing singer—Mrs. Bailey. In conjunction with those before named, she has appeared in several operas, and has continued to sustain her previous eminent position. Mrs. Bailey sings very prettily, but with little force. Her style is neat, and her execution graceful. She always succeeds satisfactorily in whatever she attempts, and is not ambitious to display her powers by the lavish introduction of embellishment—a fault into which vocalists are apt to run.

The chief feature, in opera, has been the appearance of Mrs. Seguin and Miss Shirreff, together, in the same piece. "The Marriage of Figaro" was the opera selected to bring them forward thus conjoined, which, with a tolerable cast among the male characters, and Mrs. Bailey as *Cherubino*, excited the musical world to such a degree, that the theatre was thronged every night that this galaxy of talent appeared. The opera,

after the first night, was very tolerably performed, although much music was introduced from other operas, and Mozart was shorn of many of his beams. Mr. Wilson, on the whole, added nothing to his reputation by *Almaviva*. His soul did not seem to be in the little which pertained to his situation. He sang some parts, nevertheless, with good taste. Mr. Seguin's *Figaro* was very poorly acted, being made up of grimace and tittering. Occasionally, he sang with skill, but the character did not seem suited to his powers. Mr. Latham had a good comic character, but whether he failed from too much or too little exertion, he, alone, can judge. Mr. Andrews improves as he becomes familiar to the stage, and we confidently predict his advancement, for he seems aware of the "means which surest help the climber to the top, and keep him there"—industry and perseverance in well doing. Mrs. Seguin and Miss Shirreff were in the attitude of rivals, but it was that kind of rivalry which the lovers of science and art like to see exhibited. Both these vocalists appear to the best advantage in their position. Each is superior to the other in different ways, and each contributes to show the accomplishments of the other. They furnish annotators on public performances with a lesson that ought not to be forgotten, viz: that artists should always be judged by the effects which they produce, not by their reputation, nor by any bias in their favor. These vocalists shine in each other's presence. If Mrs. Seguin has the greater finish of style, Miss Shirreff excels her in the power of exhibiting her own. If the former has the greater knowledge of music, the latter is superior in making use of that which she possesses. The one sings as if it were her nature that prompted, the latter, as if she were a pupil of art. The former thrills you with her execution, simple and direct, the latter charms you with her manner, elegant and fanciful. Mrs. Seguin captivates, Miss Shirreff charms. One steals into your heart, the other steals your heart from you. You are in doubt whether to yield to the mastery of the one, or to be conquered by the fascination of the other. The one is a sun lighted by a sunshine of glory, beaming in undulations, the other is a rivulet, leaping in the sun, and dazzling with the brilliancy of its motion.

Mrs. Seguin sustained the *Countess*, so far as the vocal part is considered, with great ability. Here and there she broke a little in her music, but such accidents cannot be very well avoided, especially on an exciting occasion. Miss Shirreff sang well, also; her faults, too, were slight. She acts with ease and a familiarity to the stage, which ever make up for many deficiencies. Mrs. Bailey's *Cherubino* was a very acceptable piece of acting. The chorus, as a whole, was very well trained. We are pleased to see that Mr. Penson has resumed his position as leader of the orchestra. He is well fitted to be dictator over it, and without such a man, an orchestra can be nothing.

A new drama, called "La Fite," has been played several nights. It seems to have been written in a hurry, and accepted by the manager more in consequence of its name than the intrinsic merit it possessed. Perhaps this was done to destroy the prospect of a play of the same name, in rehearsal at the Park, about the time of its production. If such was the case, it exhibits a disgraceful and unpardonable spirit of rivalry.

FRANKLIN.—The manager has brought forward in rapid succession many new plays, with the occasional revival of some popular old melo-drama. About the middle of the month, an engagement was effected with that fascinating lady, Mrs. Gibbs, who is sure to prove popular wherever she goes. She has appeared in "The Emerald Isle," a neat vaudeville of her own composition, in "The Beggar's Opera," "Don Giovanni," and other operatic pieces, sustaining her reputation as one of the best vocal actresses in the country. Mr. and Mrs. Bannister have, also, been brought forward, and several odd productions, from the pen of the former, have been performed, as the bills phrase it, "with immense applause." Mr. Bannister, in time, will rival Lope de Vega himself, in the number of his dramatic productions—but he will scarcely be placed in comparison, we think, as a writer. However, scenic display and balderdash seem far more popular at our theatres than the charms of verse, the melody of diction, or the beauty of thought.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST, by *D. Urquhart*: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart*.—Any one desiring information respecting the nations of the East, will find this work graphic and faithful. We have read a large portion of it with almost unalloyed pleasure. The author is, evidently, a careful observer, and has a well-stored mind.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND, by *Mrs. Ellis*: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart*.—This work is by the author of the "Poetry of Life," and she has treated with much ability upon the social duties and domestic habits of women. The views of the author are generally tolerably correct, and the reader will find many ideas worthy of attention and reflection in her pages.

STERLING AND PENRUDDOCK: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart*.—This novel, by the author of "Tremaine," is spoken well of by English reviewers, but we think it a mediocre production, and scarcely worth reading. The quotations, which are numerous, are the best part of the work.

JACK ADAMS, by *Captain Chamier*: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart*.—The story of the mutineers of the "Bounty" will ever be remembered, if not for the adventures of the actors, at least for the manner in which those adventures have been described and embellished by the author. This is the best novel of the season. The author of it is one of the strongest novelists that we are acquainted with, when he launches upon the ocean. He is the Pilot of the sea.—*Wiley & Putnam*.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart*.—We cannot be expected to do justice to the nice typography and paper of this octavo volume of seven hundred pages. The admirers of Scott, literary men, in particular, will find this volume one of rare value. We have turned its pages over and over, and our delight increases with the renewed progress. The work embraces all his poems, and his miscellaneous writings on the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

THE WISDOM AND GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart*.—Shakespeare's works, in any form, are always acceptable, but this work is most decidedly useful, and is so arranged as to present a vast fund of information on a million subjects. We know not that we can better aid the publishers than by expressing it as our serious conviction that no family should be without this volume. We are enthusiastically pleased with it.

INDECISION, and Other Poems, by *J. K. Mitchell*, *M. D.*: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart*.—We have read only a portion of this volume. The first poem is a long one, written, for the most part, in Lake school pentameters. The story appears to be interesting, but we are not able, from the parts that we have read, to say any thing further in its favor. The minor poems in the volume are not very striking. One stanza we have found, which is execrable, and is sufficient in itself to condemn the author.—*The Carvills*.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HAREM, by *Miss Pardoe*: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart*.—This work comprises several excellent Oriental fictions, and purports to be the veritable narratives of the professed story-tellers of the Turkish Harem. From Miss Pardoe's former work, we are led to the belief that this book will be perused with pleasure by a host of American readers. One obtains a vivid impression of life in Turkey from the pages of this production.—*The Carvills*.

THE AMERICAN IN PARIS, by *John Anderson*: *Carey & Hart*.—This work and "Reminiscences of a Tour," published in Boston last fall, are excellent works to give the reader an insight into Parisian life. We have found very valuable information in this book, and cheerfully recommend it.—*The Carvills*.

ANALYTICAL ORTHOGRAPHY, by *A. D. Wright*: *J. Orville Taylor*.—This is a clever little work for children, and, if introduced into schools, with a good instructor, would prove of service to the youthful mind.

GURNEY MARRIED, by *Theodore Hook*: *Lea & Blanchard*.—They who have read "Gilbert Gurney," will be pleased to read this continuation, although they will not find it quite so agreeable as its predecessor.

JACK SHEPPARD, No. I.,—*illustrated*: *Lea & Blanchard*.—This story, by Almsworth, so far as we have read, is exceedingly amusing and entertaining. The promise of the first chapter is very great.

TALES OF THE PASSIONS—*illustrated*: *Lea & Blanchard*.—We have before spoken of the author, James, and of these stories. The volume before us, however, is elegantly printed and embellished, and is also very suitable for a gift. The sight of so beautiful a work gives us great pleasure.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, by "Boz": *Lea & Blanchard*.—This work is now published in a volume, and, undoubtedly, will prove more acceptable to the public in this form than in numbers.

CONVERSATIONS ON NATURE AND ART: *Lea & Blanchard*.—A book containing valuable instruction upon very many important subjects. We have not read much of it, because it is dialogue, a species of writing not much to our fancy, except when the drama is concerned.—*The Carvills*.

MY NIECE; OR, THE STRANGER'S GRAVE: *Edmond Walker*.—A thrilling story, with an awful catastrophe, well told, and original. This work was very popular among novel readers about six years ago.

EDITORS' TABLE.

ANOTHER VOLUME.—This number terminates the tenth volume of the Companion. We have closed the stories which have been continued for several months, and, in order to do this, many articles intended for this number, have been laid over for our next publication.

The May number will be printed on new type, and will contain a variety of contributions from many of the best writers in the country. Among our new contributors, we have the pleasure of announcing John Neal, Professor Henry W. Longfellow, Seba Smith, well-known as the original "Jack Downing," Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, and Hannah F. Gould. Our readers are advised that no expense will be spared to engage writers to furnish papers which will be of general interest and utility, and which will add to the character of the periodical literature of the country.

In the department of embellishments, we intend to place the magazine far above any other periodical in the country. Each plate will positively be engraved expressly for the work, and the subjects will be selected with reference to the interest with which we anticipate they may be examined. The one now in the hands of the engraver is an eminently beautiful view of Saratoga Lake. The plates of the Fashions, too, will be given every quarter, thus making sixteen elegant embellishments in a year, which, if purchased at the print-shops, would cost the amount of a year's subscription.

TUITION IN MUSIC.—It will be a source of satisfaction to a large portion of the public, to know that the popular vocalist, Mrs. Bailey, intends to be a permanent resident in this city, for the purpose of faithfully devoting her talents to the art of teaching music to ladies. Teachers are so apt to leave the city that pupils lose much time and money in consequence; but as Mrs. Bailey will continue to reside here, no fear on this account need be indulged in. The attention to the duties of her station and her qualifications must contribute to make her object in every way successful.

MRS. BLEECKER'S FEMALE SEMINARY.—We regret that want of room prevents us saying all of this institution at Yonkers that it so richly deserves. We can only refer our readers to the advertisement on the cover, with an assurance, from personal knowledge, that all the advantages set forth in it, fall short of those really to be found in the establishment.

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